

F7 Oversize

1991
***DIRECTOR'S BOOK ***
BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

INTRODUCTION AND BASIC INFORMATION

Opening Night Address
Basic Information *Crumb*
Introduction *Yeast*
1991 Address List
1991 Schedule of Classes
Program for the 1991 Summer

LETTERS TO THE FACULTY

Reserve Books
Independent Reading Project - Students/Professors
Salary and Tax Information
Memo Alan Mokler MacVey re: Theatre
Invitation to Opening Reception
Letter Regarding Grades
Memo Regarding Auditors
Assistant to the Director Letter
Memo Regarding Meal Plan for Children
Memo Regarding Exams
Memo Regarding Faculty Guests
Memo Regarding Academic Regalia
Information for Faculty on Copyright Compliance

LETTERS TO THE STUDENTS

Dear Bread Loaf Student Letter
Medical Letters and Forms
Insurance Letter
Sexual Harassment Letter
Drug-Free Workplace Statement
New York Times Subscription Order Form
Linen Service Letter
Arrival Card
Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends Letter
Croutons
Middlebury Recreation Department Flyer
Dear Bread Loaf Waiter/Waitress Instructions
Computer Room Assistant Instructions
Memo on Packing and Shipping for Computer Room Assistants
Computer Equipment Resale Program
Green Ribbon Greeter Letter
Semi-Complete Guide to Food, Fun, Frivolity, Frugality, Etc.
Memo Regarding Orientation Meeting (Not done this year)
Memo from Bread Loaf Nurse
Dear New Bread Loaf Student Letter Regarding Grades
Statement of Family Education Rights
Waiver Statement
Memo Regarding Senior Class Meeting
Letter Regarding Classroom Research Support Grants
Memo Regarding Andover/Bread Loaf Writing Workshop

LETTERS TO THE STUDENTS (Cont'd)

1991 Off-Campus Bread Loaf Students
1991 Evaluation - Bread Loaf Assessment

ENTERTAINMENT

Summer Calendar 1991
Theatre Programs

STATISTICS

First-Year Students
Scholarship/Financial Aid Reports
Work Aid
Named Scholarships and Explanation of Awards
General Statistics
Appendix A - Bread Loaf/Oxford Comparisons
Enrollment Figures
Faculty Load
Course Enrollment
Undergraduates/Continuing Education
Course Load - Students
Independent Projects
Degree Candidates
1991 Program in Writing Students
Program in Writing Students by Years (1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc.)
Off-Meal Plan Students
1991 M. Litt. Students
Public School Teachers and Private School Teachers
Middlebury College Alumni at Bread Loaf - Students and Staff

EXAMS

Declined to Waive Rights
Exam Given List
Exams

COMMENCEMENT

Procedures for Commencement
Farewell Banquet Address
Commencement Program
Introduction of Commencement Speaker
Commencement Address

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

TIN CUP LETTER

THE CRUMB

*****OXFORD*****

CORRESPONDENCE

1991 Address List
Dear Bread Loaf Student Soon to be at Oxford (April)
Dear Bread Loaf Student at Lincoln College (May)
Medical Information (ran out of these)
Insurance Sheet
Information Sheet
Maps of Lincoln College
Bus Schedules
Life at Lincoln: Housekeeping Fact Sheet
Invitation to Opening Reception
Letter to Faculty Regarding Grades
Declined to Waive Rights
Evaluation - Oxford

STATISTICS

First-Year Students
Scholarship/Financial Aid Report
Named Scholarships and Explanation of Awards
General Statistics
Faculty Load
Course Enrollment
Continuing Education
M. Litt. and M.A. Candidates
Program in Writing Students

COMMENCEMENT

Program

PANICULUM

*****SANTA FE*****

CORRESPONDENCE

1991 Address List
Faculty Letter (May)
Dear Bread Loaf/Santa Fe Student (May)
Health Form
Accident Insurance
Dear Santa Fe Student Regarding Meal Charge Change
ShuttleJack Schedule
Invitation to Opening Night
Gates Foundation Flyer
Memo Regarding Auditors
Memo Regarding Academic Regalia
Letter to Faculty Regarding Grades
Declined to Waive Rights
Evaluation - Santa Fe

STATISTICS

First-Year Students
Students Off-Campus and Off the Meal Plan
Scholarship/Financial Aid Report
Named Scholarships and Explanation of Awards
General Statistics
Faculty Load
1991 Candidates for the M.A. Degree
M. Litt. Students
Program in Writing Students

COMMENCEMENT

Program

BREAD LOAF/SANTA FE NEWS (The Morsel of a Crumb)

THE YEAST

OPENING REMARKS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

25 JUNE 1991

Good evening. Welcome to the opening of the 72nd session of the Bread Loaf School of English. We're meeting here this evening for one of those occasions--rather pleasant occasions, I believe--that punctuate and ritualize the Bread Loaf summers. Tonight gets the summer going; tonight introduces us to each other; and, for the first-year students here tonight, if you are fortunate and sensible enough to fall in love with this place and this School, tonight is the first beat of a pulse that will last through five summers and end sometime around August, 1995, when you're standing approximately where I am right now, experiencing what it is to swelter under these God-awful lights on a summer night, and receiving your diploma from the Bread Loaf School of English.

Actually, you first-year students are the main victims of my address, for it's always the first-year people I most want to speak to on opening night. I want to explain a few things about this school with the strange name, and I want especially to welcome you to the community. But, so that we may all know just who it is I'll be talking to, please stand up, all 110 of you first-year students, and be welcomed by the rest of us.

There's actually another first-year student, who didn't stand up with you. I'd like to welcome him as well, on this his first official visit to the Bread Loaf School. He is Timothy Light, who is still in his first year as

President of Middlebury College. He has kindly agreed to say a few words.
Please join me in welcoming Tim Light.

Now let me make a few more introductions. In fact, I'm going to introduce so many people that there will be only three or four of you left to clap. You'll find, by the way, that this is a pretty characteristic feature of Bread Loaf public occasions.

The Bread Loaf faculty is justifiably famous as a great teaching faculty. Over the last year or two, there has been a perceptibly developing movement in this country to insist that colleges and universities shift their predominant emphasis away from research, toward teaching. We would be in something of a quandary here at Bread Loaf were that distinction forced upon us, since our faculty is made up of teacher-scholars who are known equally well for their brilliance in their writing and--as you will begin experiencing tomorrow--their brilliance in the classroom. I want to introduce them now. They may rise and be seated--and I would ask you to hold back any applause until they have all been recognized.

Isobel Armstrong

Michael Armstrong will arrive in the second half of the term

Richard Brodhead, who will be the interim director of the School this summer

Michael Cadden

Dare Clubb

Stephen Donadio

John Fleming, who this year made a second donation of a printing-press to

Bread Loaf, so that we really and truly once again have a Printer's Cabin.

Jonathan Freedman

Dixie Goswami

David Huddle

Jefferson Hunter

Alvin Kernan, who will be the Elizabeth Drew Lecturer this summer

Walton Litz

Edward Lueders

Andrea Lunsford

Alan MacVey

Carol MacVey

Lucy Maddox

Nancy Martin

Carole Oles

Robert Pack

Jacqueline Royster

Margaret Soltan

Robert Stepto

There they are.

I want now to introduce the Acting Ensemble. If you are new to Bread Loaf, you will soon learn what the Acting Ensemble is all about. They will be visiting classrooms all across the curriculum. One of Bread Loaf's truly innovative moves in recent years has been to explore the use of acting in pedagogy, not only in classrooms reading drama, or even just in classrooms reading

4

literature, but also in classrooms involved in the teaching of writing. And those classroom visits will be only preparatory to the major dramatic effort of the summer, King Lear. This promises, in short, to be a great year for the Ensemble and the theater at Bread Loaf. The members of the Acting Ensemble.

Irwin Appel

Ed Baran

Rafeal Clements

Helmar Cooper

James Lobdell

Brian McEleney

Carol MacVey

Anne Scurria

Tina Shepard

Paul Zimet

I want to introduce as well the three people whom you first-year people probably know better than anyone else at Bread Loaf, the office staff, who are the life-blood of our whole program. They are:

Elaine Hall

Betsy Evans

And someone who has left the office staff, effective yesterday, in order to become the kind of person he has been envying for years. In short, he is becoming a Bread Loaf student. He is someone who has made a deep mark on the School, and he will be missed in the office, but welcomed in the classroom:

Hugh Coyle

And I want to introduce two people whom you will not see too much of during the rest of the summer. One will be in the theater, building the sets, and then operating backstage, and the other will be in the costume shop, preparing the wardrobes for the Lear and Gloucester families. They are:

Technical Director Walter Boswell

and Costume Designer Ellen McCartney.

Let me now take just a few more minutes to offer to the new students here some comments that might be called Bread Loaf: A User's Manual. The site you are assembled on now once belonged to a man whose name, if you're very watchful, you'll see crop up in all sorts of ways around Middlebury: Joseph Battell. He was the son of one of those nineteenth-century families who grew wealthy through industrial patents and who seem to us today as mythic as Jay Gatsby; indeed, Battell was from the kind of family that in its wealth would have seemed mythic to Jay Gatsby himself. Battell's family had made most of the money; Joseph set about spending some of it. His hobbies were keeping Morgan horses, looking at landscapes, entertaining his friends, and spending the aforesaid money like it was going out of style. He combined all these hobbies right here where you're sitting; for Bread Loaf wouldn't exist without Joseph Battell. Battell bought up land in the Green Mountains of Vermont by the tens of thousands of acres. Indeed, if you exclude the distant view of the Adirondacks that you have from the meadow in front of the Inn on a clear day, then it's true that Battell owned all the land you can see from the Bread Loaf campus. And here, in the midst of it, he built a resort for his friends to come to in the summer. He looked off to the north and saw a mountain with a heroic, monolithic shape; and, in perhaps his least imaginative moment, he

called it Bread Loaf Mountain. And there we are. You see, everything has an explanation.

For years, the friends of Battell came to pass their summers here, and some even built their own cottages. Some of the cottages around campus still bear the names of those families--Cornwall, Treman, Bridgman, Frothingham, Fritz. The buildings painted yellow were parts of Battell's original resort; the buildings painted white are of somewhat later date.

It's not amiss to mention a few other things about Battell. Millionaires seem to have a right to be eccentric, and Battell believed in exercising that right. When he wanted to be alone here at his resort with his friends, he simply went out and blocked off the public highway, Route 125--and the hell with the rest of the world. He also wrote a book, with perhaps an undeserved notoriety. It is called Ellen, or Whisperings of an Old Pine. In it, Battell imagines himself as a wise if rather cantankerous old pine tree who gives sage advice to Ellen, a Victorian virgin. I have in my years at Bread Loaf heard a fair amount of innuendo about this book, accompanied by a certain raising of the eyebrows and backward rolling of the eyes--the implication clearly being that old Joe's elevator may not always have stopped on every floor. But I've seen the book; indeed, if you haunt second-hand bookstores in this part of the world, you'll eventually come across the book. I've even half-heartedly tried to read parts of the book; and I'm convinced it can't be done. The book is unreadable. The tragedy here is that the book is so turgid that we will never know whether it is the psycho-sexual treasure trove that so many of us literary folks suspect that it may be.

When Battell died, he left his entire holdings in the Green Mountains to Middlebury College. Whether regrettably or not, Middlebury soon set about selling most of the land, which is now a part of the surrounding National Forest. The Bread Loaf site itself the Middlebury trustees retained--although I rather fancy that they retained it with something of the uneasy smile of someone who discovers he has just become the proud owner of a large dead whale. What does one do, in the twentieth century, with a deserted nineteenth-century resort? But then the stroke of genius came. If Bread Loaf was a campus like no other, the logic ran, then let us start a school like no other, which meets only in the summers and studies literature, writing, and theater. And so the school grew. Its most famous friend was Robert Frost, at whose house we'll all be picnicking in a couple of weeks. But besides Frost, the place was also visited by Willa Cather, Hamlin Garland, Sinclair Lewis, Archibald MacLeish--and such famous teachers as Elizabeth Drew, Laurence Holland, and the late president of Yale and baseball commissioner A. Bartlett Giamatti, who used to be a ferocious coach of women's softball on the fields just outside here. Today the school has almost 400 students enrolled on its three campuses and is, to the best of my knowledge, the largest program offering the masters degree in literature in the country.

I will also blurt out a few other things that don't quite get covered by the kind of resume I've just given. I have never known a place where learning is pursued with such intensity and such excitement as here. In the days, which I shall always pine after, when I was on the faculty here, I had the best classes of my life. The place is extraordinary. There is no other place quite like it. You don't have to believe that. Just wait and see.

So far I may seem to have been insisting that the uniqueness of Bread Loaf depends upon its parochial nature, its provincial nature--its intense Vermontness. And to an extent this is true. Much of the uniqueness of your experience here will be inseparable from what Joseph Battell himself would have known about Bread Loaf: the incredible greenness of the fields and the woods; the auditory signatures of the place, which are the calls of the killdeer, the whitethroat, and the hermit thrush; and the world-class, land-speed-record, industrial-strength Vermont mosquitoes. But there is another characteristic of Bread Loaf which is exactly opposite this parochial, insular quality. And I would like to lead into that quality through a personal anecdote.

The first summer I came to Bread Loaf, 1979, Lucy had to spend the first several weeks back in Washington, where she had academic duties. So when I got here I wrote to her long letters about my impressions of going to northern New England, where I had never been before. I had taken the non-superhighway scenic route, and I had ended by coming through Lake George, New York, and had crossed the bridge over into Vermont at Crown Point. I remember writing back to Lucy about a vivid impression I had as I crossed over from New York to Vermont. It actually seemed that, as soon as I hit Vermont soil, everyone was out cutting hay or mending stone walls; the division between New York and Vermont on that trip was so absolute that the whole thing seemed cooked up by the Vermont tourist board. Or maybe I was just trying to make Lucy jealous; I don't remember. Well. This year, for the first time since 1979, we took the route that lay through Lake George, New York, and so we retraced the 1979 route. Maybe it was because this time I knew Vermont considerably better than I had in 1979, but at any rate, this time impressions were different. When we

were still at some distance from Vermont but already anticipating the river at Crown Point, we passed a small herd of black-and-white Holsteins, the cows that are to Vermont what birthmarks are to Mikhail Gorbachev. "They've escaped from Vermont!" Lucy exclaimed; "they must have come over the bridge." (As Dave Barry says in his columns: "I am not making this up.") Then, ten miles further on, there stood an isolated house, giving off an impression of gauntness: a house of thin-cut clapboard, yellow, with green shutters, looking as if each generation for five generations had added on yet another section, all higgledy-piggledy. It was, unmistakably, a Vermont farmhouse. In New York State. More Vermontiana began to proliferate in New York. We slowly realized that an entire thirty-mile swath of New York wasn't really New York at all. We began to reflect on the ubiquity of Vermont's Ben and Jerry's ice cream. We thought of how Woody Jackson's Vermont Holstein has replaced the plastic flamingo as the country's favorite lawn ornament. The conclusion was inescapable: Vermont was invading the United States.

Now since, on that drive through eastern New York, I was only some 10 days away from giving an opening-night address--the very address under which you are currently luxuriating--I was in the mood to recognize a metaphor when I saw one. Nothing is lost on me. The metaphor is, I assume, perfectly obvious. If Bread Loaf draws us to it like a magnet, it's of course true that the real mission of Bread Loaf is to invade the United States and to invigorate American classrooms with what happens here. So let me just mention a few ways in which Bread Loaf reaches out from Vermont. Most obviously, Bread Loaf is no longer just Bread Loaf, Vermont. Yesterday classes began for the thirteenth summer at the Bread Loaf School of English in Lincoln College, Oxford. And tomorrow night, for the first time ever, there will be an opening

ceremony at Bread Loaf/Santa Fe. And, believe it or not, Tim Light, who has already addressed you tonight, will be addressing your peers in Santa Fe at about this same hour tomorrow.

Santa Fe is our biggest news this year, the most obvious evidence of Vermont's invading the United States; and the Santa Fe branch of the school is symptomatic of the directions in which I want Bread Loaf to move in the coming years. In the rest of these remarks I'll try to make clear what I mean by that.

Bread Loaf/Oxford is in every conceivable way the most "English" of the Bread Loaf branches. Not only its location but also, overwhelmingly, its curriculum make our school at Lincoln College virtually a school in British studies. Bread Loaf/Santa Fe is our most intensely American school. A considerably larger percentage of Santa Fe's courses are in American literature than is the case in Vermont; and one of the many reasons for locating in Santa Fe in the first place was to take advantage of the meeting-point of different American peoples in the Southwest--most obviously Native American, Hispanic, and Anglo.

The Santa Fe Bread Loaf only highlights what has been gradually happening at the original Bread Loaf, the Bread Loaf, here, in Vermont. Bread Loaf has always been intensely self-conscious of itself as an American institution, bringing together an extraordinarily diverse group of students, most of whom are themselves secondary-school teachers. The underlying awareness is never very far from the surface that what is talked and argued about in classrooms at Bread Loaf will be taken back to be talked and argued about in classrooms

11

from Florida to Alaska, from isolated settlements in Montana to East Coast inner cities. It is a powerful truth, then, that a constant subtext in Bread Loaf classrooms, whether the subject is Chaucer or European fiction or classroom research, is the diversity of American education, the diversity of American experience. A subtext of the Bread Loaf classroom, I take it, is the multicultural nature of American culture.

I use that word "multicultural" advisedly. As recently as a year ago, I used "multicultural" with blithe naivete, as a convenient way of describing a culture that is in fact made up of many cultures. Over the course of this past year, however, I have discovered--as perhaps many of you have discovered--just how politicized this word "multicultural" has become. I have on some occasions--and on some occasions acting as the director of the Bread Loaf School of English--run into a buzzsaw over the use of this word. The word is seen in some quarters as a code-word, a buzz-word describing the agenda of people, and especially academic people, who have a desire to splinter the conception of America into dozens of bitterly warring constituencies. That reading of the word "multicultural," I confess, almost always strikes me as paranoid; and my reaction to that reading is always one of suspicion as to why that critic of the word wishes to hold to an insistence upon a monolithic, non-pluralistic society. I think that the very idea of the multicultural is one of the most hopeful ideas we have in the contemporary world, implying as it does an attentiveness to a plurality of cultures and a plurality of voices arrayed in dialogue. I think, moreover, that if we turn the word into analogy, it provides us with a metaphor for what is most valuable in teaching: it is a metaphor for a plurality of voices within a classroom; it is a metaphor for a plurality of voices within a text; it is a metaphor for the virtually infinite

possible ways to stage a scene. The one critic who, it seems to me, has hovered most universally over both the literature and the writing classrooms here at Bread Loaf, Mikhail Bakhtin, is the great spokesman for the necessity of hearing the multicultural voices within a text--and within a culture.

That's why I think the multi-cultural location and curriculum of the new Santa Fe Bread Loaf actually tell us something about what we've been doing all along, at Oxford, and here at the Ur-Bread Loaf, the great good place itself. Even though I spend my academic year in the nation's capital, at a university named after the first president of the nation, I never feel so plugged into the entirety of the country as I do here at Bread Loaf, exactly because so many voices are heard and so many voices are encouraged to speak here. That's why the opening of Santa Fe tomorrow night is only a reminder of the most valuable things we've been doing right here in Vermont since 1920.

That's enough. Welcome once again. Please come down to the Barn now for some refreshments; meet Tim and Joy Light; meet another good friend of the School, John McCardell, Provost of Middlebury College; meet the faculty; meet each other. Thank you.



On the last day of some writing classes
writers are customarily asked
to give advice to newcomers.
Here are selected pieces from the past.

Some names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

Number 1 Summer 1991
Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

TAP YOURSELF

Good news: The most difficult thing you will have to do at Bread Loaf, you have already done. You got out of your car. Now, all you need to do is remember why. And now that you are here, be like a sponge. Absorb. There are so many pools of thought here to soak in and grow. Stimulating candlelight dinners are not a myth in this Camelot. Tap yourself like a Vermont sugar maple and let those juices flow.

ONE OF YOUR BEST DAYS

Just relax. Most of the people around you will probably be new, too. You've probably already witnessed several couples hugging within a few minutes of your arrival. Hopefully, one of those pairs will be me and someone I've always wanted to hug but never had the courage or excuse to do it. But really, just relax, because the people here, old and new, will take care of you.

You probably feel like a lot of college freshmen, but just think how much more mature you are than back... whenever. If you find yourself standing in a line or alone in a room, my suggestion is to be somewhat socially aggressive. Smile and say, "Hi." You'll probably be relieving someone of the same anxiety that you're feeling.

If you happen to be alone in your room, then don't be alone. Go for a walk. It's not that big here. You won't get lost. And there will be people, Bread Loaf people, great people, somewhere close. Ask any question—it has to turn out right. If it is addressed to an old student, you'll have it answered and you'll know one more little thing about life on the Mountain. If you approach a new student, you'll both feel relief in knowing you're in the same boat. It may seem hard to believe right now, but this will be one of your best days. Make it happen.

SOME HANDY ADVICE

When you came around that curve in the road and saw the big blue sign that says "Caution! Students!" did you wonder who was being warned? The Bread Loaf students or the rest of the world? I did.

Actually, it was a good thing I slowed down when I saw that sign. Not only because Bread Loaf goes by in two seconds if you're cruising, but also because there were people hugging each other all over the place—on the sidewalk, in the road, on top of the stone wall. They were oblivious to everything. I wondered if someone was going to rush up and hug me when I stepped out of my car.

No one did. I felt a bit like an alien, being the only unhugged person in sight. So I got down on the ground and did some stretching exercises, both because I was tired from the long drive and because it gave me something physical to do. All the huggers were laughing and squealing.

But here was the real trick. It's hard not to feel overwhelmed in your first hours; everyone expects you to feel overwhelmed. But if you act as if you've been here before, strange things happen. When I gravitated toward the front desk, I was so dazed by everything that I must have seemed perfectly composed. Bob Handy shook my hand and said, "Hey! How have you been?" as if I was a Bread Loaf veteran.

"Fine, fine," I said, giving his hand the old squeeze. Then I had to ask questions which revealed me as a green rookie. "I could have sworn I knew you," Bob said. We laughed.

Whoever you are reading this, you green rookie, I'm sure you've seen that "green" is the color to be here at Bread Loaf—it's exalted, not lowly. People do everything to help you. And now, why don't you go up to Bob Handy, put out your hand, and say, "Hi Bob, how've you been?"

COMPANY

Ann started crying again. I told her that she might need vitamins or a diet change. I felt like leaving in the car to end the moment of goodbye. I either wanted to be there or go somewhere else.

I put on the tape player and drove off. I felt tired but like I wanted to floor it and get to Vermont fast. The mountains felt kind of generic; I remembered the way my stomach felt hollow last time, but no details of the specific mountains seemed interesting. Just green, lumpy, and hollow in my stomach.

Driving got exhausting and I relaxed my arms; I tried to use less muscle and just guide the car. Thought about pulling off and napping but I got coffee instead.

Crossing New York in the rain I felt like stopping, not going back or going ahead. I didn't want to go anywhere, just sit. I wanted to be in Vermont.

When I got into Vermont I stopped at a travel center. I really needed

to talk to the workers; I was starting to think of the car as company. But as I left there I began to picture Bread Loaf. It was starting to look like a place with people. My mannerisms and behavior would be seen; I was embarrassed.

ON THIS GREEN GROUND

First put two feet on the ground, this green ground, and try to leave behind the dogs, cats, horses, gardens, dishes, and relationships you knew in that other life on that other planet Earth. You can't get everything out of Bread Loaf you possibly could if you have one foot in your other world, so put both feet down here.

Learn to take showers. Take off all your clothes, put all your soap and stuff in there, get in, and then and only then start the water. Wash necessities first like hair and underarms, and if you have pressure left, not to mention hot water, do the luxury items.

Learn to get along with not very much sleep—you can sleep the rest of your life, but you won't see the hay field under a full moon very many times, so you'd do better to lose sleep and breathe the air while you're here.

Probably a good idea to develop an exercise program. It's easy to eat too much, especially for dinner.

Learn to go home again before you have to—it doesn't last forever, and you have to be able to adjust for, prepare for, reentry; or like the space capsule, you will burn up. Not everyone in your other world will care what happened to you here, so reserve a little pocket of your mind just for your memories, not to be released to the air—just for you to hold onto.

Don't preach—just smile.

NOT DEODORANT

Did you bring everything? I'm not talking about the deodorant and hair dryer. I'm talking about the important stuff that you need at Bread Loaf.

What about risk? Instructors will want you to try new things. You'll need ointment for growing pains. Instructors may say that your thinking is too surface if your writing is wan. You'll need patience. The mailbox combination might not work and neither will the phone, and your brain won't work as fast as you want it to sometimes. A paper may take twice as long as you thought it would. Formulating a response in class may take as long, too.

What will you take from here? What will you pack? Questions, for one. Self confidence, for another. Friends, too.

During a thunderstorm one Saturday night last summer, four Bread Loafers gathered in one room. Standing in the doorway, I announced, "The Indian paper's finished."

"Let's hear it," one said.

"No. It's too long. Besides you have your own papers."

"Does it look like we're working?" another asked.

As one reads my paper, another sat in the rocking chair burying her head in a pillow with each flash of lightning. Two sprawled on one bed, and I sat on the foot of the other. They said this was fun.

"Needs transition here."

"Are you talking about Itasca State Park?"

"Nice image."

When they finished, the storm was over and my paper revised. That's Bread Loaf.

REAL PLACES

On the second night, Sarah, Julie, Claudia, and I decided we'd skip the Bread Loaf dining hall and go to the Pizza Cellar for a large super supreme and a pitcher or two of beer. Our faces ached from all the smiling we'd done in the past two days.

"Besides," said Claudia, "if I have to tell anybody one more time where I'm from, I'll scream." I had been on good behavior from the moment I had set foot on the green grass of the Green Mountains in front of the green-shuttered Inn. And as I began to meet other teachers from all over the U.S., I began to feel green in more ways than one.

I knew everyone here except me was probably a genius. Hadn't the manual said competition to get in was rigorous?

My roommate told me she had graduated with a B.A. from Yale, an M.A. from Harvard, and was working on her Ph.D. at Berkeley.

Me, you ask? Oh, I just went to a little college in Wisconsin, Eau Claire. Nothing big.

I plopped two Alka Seltzers in a glass and decided to phone home. But then I met Sarah, and Julie, and Claudia. They drank beer, said, "shit," and came from real places like Iowa and Nevada, and I began to feel better.

The nervous rumbling in my stomach subsided, was replaced with heartburn from the onions on the pizza, and I relaxed. Made more friends. Decided this wasn't a place out of my reach, but a place to grab and hold close.

AND ON THE EAST COAST?

What am I doing in summer school again? And on the East Coast?

I'd done both—summer school and the East Coast—before. Then I'd been grumpy at having surrendered my summer, and the grumpiness had lasted past Christmas.

All this effusion. The arms, and squeals of delight as returnees greeted each other. I kept my distance.

Today as I prepare to leave this special place, I cry as I think of saying goodbye to Kathy and Mary and Faith. Each has looked after me, crossed the distance I set for myself and brought me into the community. I don't want to lose them.

I know what waits me at home. I know how busy my "real life" is and how little time I have to write even those duty letters of "please" and "thank you." Perhaps I'll break a score of traditions and send Christmas cards for the first time. There'll be one for Mary saying, "Thanks for the swim" and one for Faith with private things only she will recognize. And Kathy—there will be a picture of Katie in exchange for one of her Kristin. Probably I'll forget as I always do.

But I'll look for them when I return. And my arms will go out and my voice will squeal.

I HATED IT

When I left Bread Loaf last summer, I hated it. I knew I would never return. After being home two weeks, I longed for Bread Loaf.

I remembered the intimidation I felt. This place was out of my league; I should return to Arizona. I didn't understand my writing class—it wasn't the kind of writing I knew.

By springtime, I was ready to come back. I realized how much I had grown because of Bread Loaf. I would try again.

YOU CAN WEAR JEANS

Arrive at Bread Loaf naked, please. Oh, you can wear jeans, sneakers, and T shirt; but strip away all masks, laurels, and titles. They get in the way. Sit stark naked at dinner and in class and absorb the warmth and wisdom of the naked person facing you.

Babies have no choice. They come into the world bare-assed. You don't need to go that far. But if you want a real birth experience—and that's what Bread Loaf's all about—you've got to enter that Vermont world with your ego and defenses down. Otherwise you don't communicate—you posture. You talk at someone, not with them.

NOT WINNING

Up through Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and especially over into Vermont, the water flowed lavishly—not from the sky, but from my eyes. I was leaving my kids and my husband to come to Bread Loaf to study. Here was the opportunity of a lifetime and what do I do? I cry. Over and over I said to myself, "What the hell is the matter with you? You've always wanted an opportunity like this. Rusty and Melissa are almost grown. Orion can take care of myself!"

It was indeed a puzzlement. Finally, as I came out 125, I faced the ugly truth. I am a coward. Of course I fear the work at Bread Loaf. But that's just a little part of it. My cowardice is deeper—more a selfish type of cowardice—nourished for many years. I fear responsibility. "What if something happened while I was away that could have been prevented that I been there?" I fear fate and having to face up to taking a chance and not winning. I cried for myself. For my fear of being held responsible for all the accidents, the quarrels, the disorder at home.

YOU CAN WRITE

Don't sweat it—you can write. I asked my roommate to judge one of my first papers. He thought for about one second before replying, "I think it's disconnected. I don't see how you got to the end from the rest of the story."

"Thanks. I think you have a good point. I'll work on it." He left the room and I bawled. Two days later I was able to look at the paper again, and the son of a bitch was right. I reworked the paper, let someone else read it, and they liked it. I'm only three weeks into the summer, so I'm not perfect yet.

Even if I incorporate somebody's criticism into a paper, I'm not likely to eat lunch with them for a while. But I'm getting better.

BOARDED AT BATESVILLE

I was not afraid of Bread Loaf. I had plenty of time to decide not to come here. I boarded the train at Batesville, Mississippi on June 23rd, and on the morning of June 26th, I arrived at Essex Junction, Vermont.

Two cabs and one bus later, I arrived at the Bread Loaf Inn. I was not afraid of Bread Loaf. I wanted to be here.

There are many things that I could say about being black at Bread Loaf, but I won't. The thing that I can say about being human at Bread Loaf is that everything you feel—alienation, loneliness, homesickness—is valid and real. It will pass.

AFTER ALL

I had spent the past two months perfecting my confidence act and really had the lines down pretty well. "I am not scared about going to Bread Loaf. I am a good student and pretty smart and I like to write and sure I will do just fine." I practiced a lot, mumbling to myself on the airplane from Montana and perfecting the delivery during a week-long visit with my parents in Massachusetts. I even believed it, until the hill.

My father was driving and we had chatted all the way almost like two grown-ups, no small feat for a father and daughter when the daughter is a mother with a grown-up son of her own. Dad couldn't completely restrain his tour guide tendencies, though as we wavered through the backroads of his boyhood, and I learned once again that this man has an amazing store of information and I learned among other things, why so many houses in Chester, Vermont, are made of stone.

But now we are on the hill. The steeper it got the more my insides quivered and the faster my rehearsed self-assurance dribbled away. I found my script was changing quickly as we drew closer to the Inn. "I am very scared and not so very smart and everyone will write better than I do and I definitely don't belong in a place like this."

Suddenly I was seventeen again and my father was driving me not to Bread Loaf but to Maine for my first year of college at Bates. Then, as now, I hoped he wouldn't stick around too long because it would be absolutely not cool to face this strange new world with a father in tow.

But now, unlike then, having chauffeured three others to college since me, he knew what I was feeling. "Well, I guess I'll be going," he said, and though I felt guilty about him turning right around, three hours up and three hours back, I didn't ask him to stay. We hugged goodbye just as we had those many years ago—the same yet somehow different, too. He was still the father, I the daughter, but I wasn't seventeen. Maybe I could belong in this place after all.

FLY

Relax. Ease up. Singles hitters are welcome here. Don't think about Robert Frost and THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH. Ordinary people come here. You can wear sandals, T-shirts, and cut-offs if you like (You didn't have to bring your whole wardrobe—teaching skirts, dresses—yes, suits the way I did just to be safe). You can even eat soft-boiled eggs and dip your bread in them at breakfast. Relax.

What, you haven't read the *Aeneid*, *Ulysses*, and all the volumes of *Remembrance of Things Past*? You didn't go to Harvard? Don't worry. Open up your ears and eyes and fly. People here won't laugh. They want to get to know you and your ideas. Oh, you'll learn a lot about their ideas. You will read most of those books. But the teachers here are people, not talking heads or walking publications.

Now, how to start that? First Wednesday: smile and smile and smile and talk to people in the Barn, on the porch, in class. Ask those questions that you're afraid to ask. Every one of us started out afraid, too. (I bet you didn't drive past the Inn and up to the Snow Bowl the way I did.)

MISSING THEM

I am too busy trying to get focused to write meaningfully.

I keep opening books—too many of them—trying to stop thinking: How could I abandon my family for the second year in a row? Why in the hell am I doing this?

Last time Drew changed while I was gone—from a baby to a little boy. I mean his head fit the size of the rest of his body.

This summer I'm missing our tenth anniversary, Drew's third birthday, and Jennifer jumping off the diving board for the very first time. Still, they smiled (mostly) when I climbed on the plane and headed for the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Already I've underlined all the titles of all the books I'm supposed to read, organized my books—three times—and cleaned my room. Ah! Maybe that's why it doesn't feel like home—no toys littering the living space, no anguished screams of someone not getting their way; but then there are no questions (hundreds in a day) or kisses or bedtime stories either.

I keep telling myself "I'll get so busy. I won't be able to miss them." And I tell myself this depression will pass, but I know better; I remember last year. Still, I also remember that I lived through it and even thought nostalgically of Bread Loaf during the school year, so maybe...

Hell, already I feel bad. I look up and everyone else is still writing. This is serious—their writing will weigh more.

THE GREEN BENCH

The Inn. The massive porch. The crowd gathered around the high-backed green bench. Panic. Second thoughts. A vision of sun-tan lotion, beach umbrellas, frisbees, and the surf. Trade that for a stack of books? Instead of a beach bum, become a target for pot-shots by professors?

Normal thoughts. All wrong, but quite normal. You see, Bread Loaf is the Inn, the porch, the books, the professors; but it is also sun-tan lotion, beach umbrellas, frisbees, the surf—any landscape your mind can envision. Step onto this campus and you become part of the very heartbeat of imagination, of thought, of life.

Bread Loaf is for you, Bread Loaf is the Barn—Princeton, Yale, McDonald's, the Capital Theater, and Studio 54 all under one roof. Bread Loaf is *Ulysses*, the Brandy Brook house mouse. Bread Loaf is a salad bar with Bacos every day. Bread Loaf is finding out that your roommate is the funniest, smartest, most delightful person you've ever met. Bread Loaf is YEAST, where the life of this mountain and its people is celebrated. Bread Loaf is pancakes on Wednesday morning and fourteen cups of coffee a day...

Now walk on up the porch steps and sit down on the big green bench. Bread Loaf is for you!

BE SILLY

Registration at the 30,000-body campus where I went to undergraduate and graduate school took a day. Here at Bread Loaf—five minutes, max. And some people knew my name from the picture I'd sent in with my application. I'd always thought that those were to make sure ugly people weren't accepted, but they let me in out of sympathy.

At dinner the first night—long white candles flaunting flames and smiling waiters asking me what did I want. I believed they could bring me anything, like Santa Claus. And they did—anything except my mom's spaghetti.

For many days I met three new people at every meal. We talked intelligently, befitting, we thought, this mountain crest. After a few weeks we settled down, got comfortable, dared to be silly.

It's a strange thing to be strong enough to be silly, easy enough with people to be yourself and not fear judgment. Even Jesus laughed.

I think that's something I'll take off the Mountain. Yea, I learned a lot of stuff, but mostly I learned that there's always got to be a balance—mountains and valleys, intensity and giggles, boobs and people, frenzy and quiet.

MISSING THEM

I am too busy trying to get focused to write meaningfully.

I keep opening books - too many of them - trying to stop thinking: How could I abandon my family for the second year in a row? Why in the hell am I doing this?

Last time Drew changed while I was gone - from a baby to a little boy. I mean his head fit the size of the rest of his body.

This summer I'm missing our tenth anniversary, Drew's third birthday, and Jennifer jumping off the diving board for the very first time. Still, they smiled (mostly) when I climbed on the plane and headed for the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Already I've underlined all the titles of all the books I'm supposed to read, organized my books - three times - and cleaned my room. Ah! Maybe that's why it doesn't feel like home - no toys littering the living space, no anguished screams of someone not getting their way; but then there are no questions (hundreds in a day) or kisses or bedtime stories either.

I keep telling myself "I'll get busy. I won't be able to miss them." And I tell myself this depression will pass, but I know better; I remember last year. Still, I also remember that I lived through it and even thought nostalgically of Bread Loaf during the school year, so maybe...

Hell, already I feel bad. I look up and everyone else is still writing. This is serious - their writing will weigh more.

1991 SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

All classes will be held in the Barn except where otherwise noted. Barn East is to the right-hand side of the Barn and is reached via the stairway on the side of the building. Barn A is on the left-hand side of the Barn; follow the short walkway around to the door. The Inn Seminar room is behind the Inn; the entrance is across from the Little Theatre.

Please cooperate with our request that there be no smoking in the classrooms.

8:30

19. Chaucer (III)	Mr. Fleming	1
63. Yeats and Eliot (III)	Mr. Litz	4
72. Modernism and Postmodernism (V)	Ms. Soltan	3
109. Fictions of Empire (V)	Mr. Hunter	5
215. The Essayist Tradition Among African-American Women (I or IV)	Ms. Royster	2

9:30

11. Power and Sublime in Romantic Poetry (III)	Ms. Armstrong	3
17. History and Theories of Writing (I)	Ms. Lunsford	4
51. Theater and Power: Shakespeare at the Stuart Court (II)	Mr. Kernan	1
93. Modern Drama (V)	Mr. Cadden	5
172. Recreating the World Through Narrative (I)	Mr. Armstrong	2
174. Writing Oneself (first three weeks) (I)	Miss Martin	2
211. Native American Literature (IV)	Ms. Maddox	6

10:30

3. Coming to Know Your Classroom: Stories and Theories (I)	Ms. Goswami	2
39. Contemporary American Short Story (IV)	Mr. Huddle	1
100. James Joyce (III)	Mr. Hunter	6
127. Dante's <i>Divine Comedy</i> (V)	Mr. Fleming	5
162. Theory and Practice in Writing Across the Curriculum (I)	Ms. Royster	3

11:30

34. The Nineteenth-Century English Novel (III)	Ms. Soltan	4
41. Studies in American Fiction (IV)	Mr. Donadio	1
91. African American Drama Since 1960 (IV)	Mr. Stepto	3
131. The Hollywood Film and American National Identity (IV)	Mr. Freedman	5
149. Gender, Reading, and Writing (I)	Ms. Lunsford	2
154. British Society Drama: 1890 - 1980 (III)	Mr. Cadden	6

Monday, Wednesday 2-4:30

18. Playwriting (I)	Mr. Clubb	Inn Seminar
75. The Modern Long Poem (IV)	Mr. Litz	4
160. The Poetry of Robinson, Frost, and Stevens (IV)	Mr. Pack	2

Barn East
Inn Seminar

Monday, Thursday 2-5:00

28. Shakespeare: Troubling Plays (II)	Mr. Brodhead and Mr. MacVey	1
129. Acting Workshop (VI)	Ms. MacVey	Barn A

Tuesday, Thursday 2-4:30

106. F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway (IV)	Mr. Donadio	4
172. Recreating the World Through Narrative (I)	Mr. Armstrong	2
174. Writing Oneself (first three weeks) (I)	Miss Martin	2
200. A Workshop in Nature Writing (I)	Mr. Lueders	3

Tuesday, Friday 2-4:30

5. Poetry Writing (I)	Ms. Oles	Barn East
6. Fiction Writing (I)	Mr. Huddle	Inn Seminar

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
SUMMER CALENDAR 1991

Friday, June 28	Film: "Dances With Wolves"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Saturday, June 29	Square Dance	Barn, 9:00 p.m.
Monday, July 1	Faculty Reading: Carole Oles	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 2	Guest Lecturer: John Hardcastle	Barn A, 7:30 p.m.
Friday, July 5	Film: "Hamlet"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Monday, July 8	The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture: Alvin Kernan, Professor Emeritus of Humanities, Princeton	Little Theatre, 7:30 p.m.
Friday, July 12	Film: "Bagdad Cafe"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Monday, July 15	Faculty Reading: Robert Pack and Richard Wolfson	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 16	Theater: <u>Big Happy Family</u> written by Irwin Appel	Little Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Wednesday, July 17	Guest Lecturer: Peter Elbow	Barn A, 7:30 p.m.
Friday, July 19	Film: "Tootsie"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Monday, July 22	Faculty Reading: Ed Lueders	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 23	Guest Lecturer: Nancie Atwell	Barn A, 4:45 p.m.
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday July 24, 25, 26, 27	Theater: <u>Mill Fire</u> by Sally Nemeth Directed by Peggy McCarthy	Earthworm Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Friday, July 26	Film: "Dr. Strangelove"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Monday, July 29	Faculty Reading: David Huddle	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 30	Poetry Class Reading	Blue Parlor, 8:00 p.m.
Wednesday, July 31 Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday August 1, 2, 3, 4	<u>King Lear</u> by William Shakespeare Directed by Alan Mokler	Little Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Saturday, August 10	Commencement Exercises	Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

1 March 1991

Dear Professor:

This letter is about reserve books and articles for your courses at the Bread Loaf School of English this summer.

The Davison Library at the Bread Loaf campus contains about 4,000 volumes, a collection selected to support graduate courses in English and American language and literature, theatre arts, and the teaching of writing. The collection is select but small, and it may not have the materials that you need to place on reserve for this summer.

Enclosed is a reserve list for each course you are teaching. On the form, which you may duplicate as necessary, would you list the author, title, publisher, and date (if the edition is important), and the number of copies of the items you would like to place on reserve. Indicate also whether the items should be charged out for two hours only (the more usual case) or for twenty-four hours.

Reserve materials are placed on designated shelves in the Library. Your name and the course number are identified, and the items are marked for either two hour or twenty-four hour loan. Materials not at the Davison Library are either transferred from Starr Library at Middlebury College for the summer, or purchased. Receiving materials ordered from publishers can take up to two months, even under the best of conditions. Would you please return the reserve list to the Bread Loaf office by April 15.

All of the Davison Library staff look forward to seeing you this summer. If it appears that an item requested for reserve is out of print, out of stock, or has succumbed to any of the myriad problems that befall books, you will be notified. Again, please return the list by April 15 to have the materials waiting for you when you arrive.

Sincerely,

Judy Watts
Davison Librarian



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

3 June 1991

Dear Professor:

This is a reminder -- we have not received your reserve list for the Bread Loaf School of English this summer. Processing the hundreds of books that go into the Reserve collection at Davison takes time, particularly if the titles you require are for some reason not on the shelves at Davison or at Starr. Even if you are using the same list as in previous years, we should have the list in hand for processing. If you send your lists by return mail, it may still be possible to get materials on the shelf in time for the first week of classes.

Thanks very much for your help.

With best regards,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Judy Watts", with a stylized flourish at the end.

Judy Watts
Davison Librarian



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

2 August 1991

Dear Colleague:

I am enclosing a copy of our Independent Reading Project procedures for your review. If you are approached by a student (as a number of you have already been approached) who wants to discuss the possibility of undertaking an Independent Reading Project over the coming year, please follow the procedures spelled out in the enclosed document. The project should grow out of a course in which you have taught the student, or a similar course the student has taken--with you or another professor--in a previous year at Bread Loaf. The proposal the student draws up should be a 1 to 1-1/2 page description of a project handleable in 30 or 35 pages, along with a primary and secondary bibliography. Usually, it is wise for the bibliography to be broad, but for the writing project itself to be very sharply defined. If you have any questions about the Independent Reading Projects, please contact me.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jim".

Jim Maddox



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

2 August 1991

To: Bread Loaf Students

From: Jim Maddox *Jim Maddox*

Subject: Independent Reading Projects

If you wish to undertake an Independent Reading Project over the academic year 1991-92 and the summer of 1992, please read the following guidelines carefully. You might also consult the current Bread Loaf bulletin, p. 31.

The Independent Reading Project is not a guided reading program undertaken with a member of the Bread Loaf faculty as a literary correspondence course. The IRP involves a great deal of original scholarship on the student's part, with faculty supervision only at the beginning and end of the project. The initial consultation about the IRP is therefore of very great importance.

The IRP should be considered an extension and intensification of work in a field that the student has already explored in a Bread Loaf course; the IRP is intended, therefore, to involve the kind of focused work and scholarship usually required for an M.A. thesis.

You should consult your instructor in the course from which your project takes its impetus in order to assure that the project is a responsible one and that you have received some guidance in shaping a thesis and selecting manageable primary texts and major secondary sources. If you have taken a course in a prior year and received an A- or higher from an instructor not now on the faculty, you should consult with a faculty member currently teaching in that area.

Before arranging an appointment with a faculty member, prepare a draft of your proposed subject and a list of the primary texts and secondary sources you intend to explore. Your instructor will assist you in focusing your subject or will suggest additional readings, but you should not expect him or her to devise the project for you.

When you and your instructor have reached agreement on the proposed topic, you should compose a two-page prospectus; ask the instructor to sign the prospectus, then turn it in to the Bread Loaf office. These arrangements must be completed by Friday, August 9. This procedure verifies that the

faculty member has reviewed the topic and finds that it is one that could be managed in an essay of approximately 30 pages. It does not mean that the instructor will provide any further advice during the subsequent academic year or accepts any responsibility for reading it the following summer.

I will review your proposal in the fall after your grade in the course and your faculty's comments have been recorded. I will approve your project only if your grade is high enough (A- or better) to suggest that you can undertake the project on your own with every expectation of success.

You should not solicit further guidance from any faculty member after the Bread Loaf session. I will be happy to discuss any problems that arise as you begin writing, especially if your thesis changes direction or moves to a more precise focus after you have completed your reading.

You must submit by April 1, 1992, a draft of your project as well as a report on any changes in your reading list. (Incidentally, since the entire process from this stage onward involves essentially the multiple revision of drafts, you would be best advised to locate a word-processor you can use if you don't already have one.) If the project appears to be developing satisfactorily, you will at that time be enrolled in the IRP for the coming summer session and charged for a third course (unless the IRP is to be considered as one of your two courses for the summer). The IRP has the same cost as a normal Bread Loaf course.

On registration day, you must submit a revised draft of your project to the Bread Loaf office. I will then forward a draft to the member of the 1992 faculty who will serve as your reader. If you do not submit a draft, your project will be automatically canceled and you will receive a refund if you were taking it as a third course. If you continue, you will work with your reader during the course of the summer to revise and refine the project and to incorporate the faculty member's suggestions into the work. This may involve some additional reading, but the major emphasis will be on the revision of what you have already written. Your final grade for the project will be determined by the faculty reader. As with all courses at Bread Loaf, your grade must be a B- or better to earn three credits.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH - 1991

SALARY AND TAX INFORMATION

GENERAL:

Summer faculty and staff members are paid in two installments. The first payment is made about midway through the session, and the second at the end of the session.

Form W-4 (withholding exemptions) should be returned to the Bread Loaf office so that there will be no delay in processing your salary check.

OTHER INFORMATION:

TRAVEL ALLOWANCE

Travel allowance will be paid by check separate from your salary payments. Although travel allowance payments are not subject to withholding taxes, they are subject to income tax, and consequently the College is required to report these payments to the Internal Revenue Service on your W-2 statement. You can claim allowance deductions on your tax return to offset this income.

Travel allowance checks will not be ready upon arrival this year. You will be able to pick them up from Elaine on July 1st. Before receiving your travel check, you must verify with Elaine and sign the Employment Eligibility Verification (Form I-9). Please be sure to bring identification (driver's license, Social Security card, birth certificate, U.S. Military Card, passport - any two will be fine).

FEDERAL AND STATE WITHHOLDING TAXES

Salary payments are subject to Federal Income and Social Security taxes. Those of you with two or more employers for 1991, who will have more than the maximum FICA tax withheld by law, will be able to recover the excess when filing your 1991 Federal Income Tax Return. The College is required to withhold Vermont Income Tax (28% of Federal Income Tax) whether or not you are a year-round resident of Vermont. If you are a non-resident, you should file a Vermont Non-Resident Income Tax return to recover excessive state taxes withheld. Please contact the Vermont tax office at 802-828-2515 after December 1991 if you desire this form.

Princeton University

Department of English

McCosh 22

Princeton, New Jersey 08544-1016

Telephone: 609-258-4060

FAX: 609-258-1607

May 22, 1991

Dear Colleague,

I'm writing to let you know that once again the Acting Ensemble will be in residence this summer at Bread Loaf. Ten professional actors will be available to assist you in your classes in whatever ways you might find useful.

Over the years actors have assisted in practically every kind of class offered at Bread Loaf. What happens is very simple: a professor invites one or more actors into class where they read from texts under discussion. They usually explore specific elements such as voice, rhythm, tone, emotional content, and so forth, sometimes reading selections in several different ways. We try to think of the work less as a "presentation" than as a stimulus for discussion, a way of questioning assumptions about a text. Whether the selection is a scene from a play, a poem, a piece of fiction, an essay or original student writing, this process usually leads to a deeper appreciation of the possibilities inherent the words.

Actors also work with instructors to develop improvisations around ideas or texts, to lead exercises in class, or to work one-on-one with students on projects or writing.

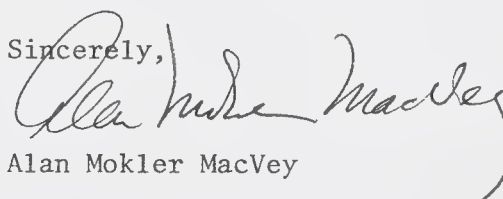
Some faculty members invite actors into their classes two or three times a week. Others find that once or twice a summer is enough. Others do not need them at all. All of these are fine; we are simply there to help when needed.

The way this gets arranged is relaxed and informal. If you have an idea you'd like to try, just speak with me or one of the actors and we'll do all we can to make it happen. If your idea is still embryonic we'll try to help develop it. Some of the most interesting work we've done has been experimental, when everyone felt they were winging it.

It's useful for me to know as early as possible when you think you might like to use actors. But we are open to requests at any time over the summer.

If you have questions or ideas you'd like to discuss with me please give me a call at 609-921-0739. Meanwhile, I look forward to working together this summer.

Sincerely,



Alan Mokler MacVey

June 7, 1991

*Mr. Edward Lueders
Ms. Deborah Keniston
Dept. of English
University of Utah
Salt Lake City UT 84112*

Dear Ed and Deborah,

I am writing to invite you to the opening reception of the Bread Loaf School of English at Treman Cottage on the Bread Loaf campus at 5:00 p.m. on Tuesday, June 25. Dinner will follow at 6:00. Then at 7:30 there will be a brief opening ceremony in the Little Theatre, at which new students will be welcomed and the faculty will be introduced to the student body. Immediately after, there will be an informal reception for the entire School in the Barn.

I hope that you will be able to attend these festivities. I look forward to seeing you there.

Cordially.

*James Maddox
Director*

JM/ese



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 12, 1991

Dear Colleague:

A variant of this letter will be familiar to returning colleagues, but it would be nice if you would refresh your memory about our grading strategies anyway.

I should like to suggest the following scale for final grades:

<u>Letter Grade</u>	<u>Numerical Grade</u>	<u>Description</u>
A+	97-100	A superlative achievement
A	94-96	A very high accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are received probably by no more than 10 to 15% of the students.
A-	90-93	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	87-89	Very good work.
B	83-86	Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in lower range of your class.
B-	80-82	Passing, but undistinguished work.
C	70-79	An unsatisfactory performance, not worthy of graduate credit.
F	Below 70	A total failure. Fails to complete the work of the course.

Final grades at Bread Loaf in recent years suggest that as a normal expectation, at least half of them will be B+ or better. First-year students do not always do as well as their more experienced Bread Loaf peers, but many surprise us in impressive ways.

More important than the grades on the transcript are the comments I ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grades. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are helpful in determining whether to readmit a student and, probably more importantly, in the preparation of letters of recommendation, a massive number of which we write for the students every year. I attach a statement of School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Education Rights and Privacy Acts of 1974.

Enough written work in literature courses should be assigned so that the final examination will not have to carry the preponderant weight of your judgment. Some kind of early paper could help spot trouble - a weak student, a miscalculation in the demands of the course, etc. Most members of the faculty in literature assign a six- to eight-page paper due about July 15; another about July 29. That observation carries nothing prescriptive about it.

We have in recent summers become plagued with late papers and excuses for extensions. It's probably a good idea to announce your policy on due dates early on. Community casualness in regard to deadlines can create problems you don't need in August. On behalf of the students, I ask please that any papers not ready by the end of classes be given to Elaine and Betsy for mailing if the student has left before Commencement. All comment cards must be turned in prior to your departure. I think the obligation of the faculty here is clear.

Most students at Bread Loaf should achieve a grade of B without difficulty. Clearly the crucial grade is B-. If a weak first-year student has made good progress and you believe that he or she could become a Master's candidate at Bread Loaf, it is reasonable to give a grade of B-. If returning students have in your judgment been done a disservice by being reaccepted, please do not make the problem of termination more difficult by awarding B's when they should not be encouraged to continue. Think of yourself and your next summer's colleagues.

B- is a probationary grade. This grade is your recommendation that a student be readmitted the following summer on probation. If he or she then fails to achieve B or better in both courses, we will not readmit. A Bread Loaf faculty member can no longer in this age of academic litigation give a student a passing grade and then suggest in confidence that I not readmit her or him. You can, of course, recommend, but I have little choice but to readmit on probation. If the School faces the problem of the marginal student early in his or her Bread Loaf career, we (I, you, he and she) can be spared much anguish at Commencement time.

Enclosed is a list of first-year students. Please give them a particularly careful scrutiny for their sake and yours.

I will be glad to discuss with you problems of student workload, grading, and standards of the School.

Sincerely,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/ese



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 15, 1991

To the Faculty:

If you have any student whose performance in your course may be a cause for concern, please let me know. Wednesday, July 17, is the midpoint in the session, and students cannot drop a course after that date without receiving an automatic failure.

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/ese

June 26, 1991

TO: Faculty
FROM: Jim Maddox
RE: Auditors

We have advised students that no auditors are permitted in writing courses, afternoon seminars and workshops. You are, of course, free to admit auditors to any of your courses; you should simply recognize that if you do so in courses in the above categories, you may possibly receive complaints from students we've already waved off.

Although students are encouraged to audit an additional literature course, auditing means simply attending class unless you invite participation. Some teachers find it best to open class discussions only to those students formally enrolled. Each year there are a few complaints about courses in which auditors dominate the discussion and create some morale problems. But you should consider the decision on auditor participation to be entirely your own.

JHM/elh

Dear Faculty,

6/25/91

Welcome to Bread Loaf. The following information may be helpful to you this summer.

Treman Cottage is always open to faculty, their spouses and guests. Before lunch and dinner every day we serve Vermont Cheddar, crackers, mixers and ice. Coffee is served after dinner. Come and relax in Treman anytime. I ask only that you plan to hold routine student conferences elsewhere.

Desk copies of most books are in Treman. Check with me, Cristen Brooks or Michael Brittain if you would like a free copy. Cristen and Michael and I hope to help you and your families throughout the summer. We can be reached via the front desk of the inn, and often we hover around Treman.

You and your children are welcome to use the College athletic facilities. Hours for the field house and the pool are available at the front desk. These hours will be published soon in The Crumb. Children must be accompanied by an adult and you will be asked to show your college ID. Please ask your children to avoid the barn area during classes(8:30-5:30). Classes are easily disrupted on this quiet campus. After dinner there are frequent volleyball games on the East Lawn. Everyone is invited to play.

There is a children's table in the dining hall. Head waitpersons, Jeanne Leiby and Peter Newton will assign the best waitpeople to serve the young.

I would be grateful if you could supply me with the names, ages and expected dates of residence of your children. The meal plan forms attached to this letter can be used to supply this information. Faculty guests must pay for meals at the full rate(\$4,\$6 and \$8).

Sam Swope is the editor of the daily newspaper, The Crumb. All Crumb submissions must be received by Sam by 8:30 a.m. He would appreciate it if you would submit material a day early whenever possible. Announcements may be left for Sam at the front desk or left with Elaine Hall, Betsy Evans or Kim Pope, the hard-working administrative office staff.

Good luck with everything. Cristen, Michael and I will try to make the summer a smooth one.

Sincerely,

Woody

Douglas Woodsum
Assistant to the Director

While love and fame may be the food of poets, children generally require more conventional fare. While Bread Loaf defies The Chicago School of Economics by offering free lunch (and dinner and breakfast) to those four and under, you may wish to nourish your older children according to one of the following meal plans.

FULL SESSION RATE: \$410.00. If your child is over four years old and will be with us for the entire session, this meal plan will prove the most palatable. As the board charge for students is \$820, your child gets a 50% discount just for selecting such distinguished parents. If your child misses one meal consistently (breakfast, perhaps?), we can deduct the cost of the missed meal from the final bill according to the following schedule: breakfast - 25%; lunch - 35%; dinner - 40%. (Thus, for example, if your child eats only lunch and dinner in the Dining Room, the charge for the entire session will be 75% of \$410.00 or \$307.50.

WEEKLY RATE: \$6 . If your child will be here for only part of the session, you can arrange to be billed by the week. As above, if your child misses one meal consistently, an appropriate percentage of the cost can be deducted.

INDIVIDUAL MEAL RATE: Breakfast \$2.00; Lunch \$3.00; Dinner \$4.00. If your child eats in the Dining Room only on occasion, this is a tasty option. Please note that these rates apply to faculty children only. Other guests must fork over \$4 for breakfast, \$6 for lunch, and \$9 for dinner. Please keep an accurate count of all meals eaten.

Bills for the meal plan you have chosen may be paid at the end of the session. I would be happy to meet with you at your convenience to complete the attached form. As always, I will be glad to try to answer any questions you may have.

Thanks for your cooperation.

1971

MEAL PLANS - FACULTY CHILDREN

1971

Please fill out a separate form for each child over four years of age.

Meals Regularly Missed:

Breakfast _____

Lunch _____

Dinner _____

MEAL PLANS - SELECT ONE:

- 1) Full Session Rate ----- \$410.00

Percentage Deducted for Meals Regularly Missed _____

Adjust Cost _____

- 2) Weekly Rate ----- \$69

Percentage Deducted for Meals Regularly Missed _____

Adjusted Cost Per Week _____

Number of Weeks _____

Total Cost _____

- 3) Individual Meal Rates:

Breakfast ---- \$2.00

Lunch ----- \$3.00

Dinner ----- \$4.00

I AGREE TO COUNT ALL MEALS EATEN ON THE INDIVIDUAL MEAL PLAN.

Signature _____

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 31, 1991

To: Bread Loaf Faculty Members

From: Jim Maddox, Director

Enclosed are the Comment Cards, Grade Rosters, and notation of seniors in your course(s). Would you please verify immediately that every student listed is, in fact, taking your course and that there are no students listed of whom you are not aware?

FINAL EXAMS

Please let Elaine in the office know whether or not you are giving exams by Friday, August 2. If you are giving exams, you should give Elaine the exam(s) to be reproduced no later than the morning of August 5.

There is no need to proctor exams. Please remain with your class for about fifteen minutes to answer questions, and let your students know where you can be reached.

Students should not be given more than three hours to complete an examination.

Exams are scheduled for the following days and times:

8:30 classes - Thursday, August 8 - 9:00-12:00

9:30 classes - Thursday, August 8 - 2:00-5:00

10:30 classes - Friday, August 9 - 9:00-12:00

11:30 classes - Friday, August 9 - 2:00-5:00

Afternoon classes that have exams are scheduled depending on the majority of students' schedules. Any changes in this schedule, please see Elaine.

Exam books and copies of the exams will be brought to the Barn classroom for you well before the exam starts. Please return to the Barn at the end of the exam time to pick up your students' bluebooks.

Books of graduating seniors should be read at once, and the final grades should be returned to Elaine no later than 11 a.m. on Saturday, August 10.

GRADES

Please submit grades and comment cards as speedily as you can: on Friday or Saturday morning in the office or on Saturday afternoon or early Sunday, August 11, at the Front Desk; the Bread Loaf office moves from the Mountain to the Middlebury campus on Monday morning. Blue books should be destroyed before leaving the Mountain, with the exception of any exam you grade below a B minus, which should be turned over to Elaine with your comment cards and course rosters. If you have a student receiving a C, please submit a copy of papers to substantiate your grade.

Please, if at all possible, do not assign the grade of Incomplete; only in rare cases does the School ever use this grade. The grounds for assigning it must be personal or family emergencies. In any case, if you want to assign a final grade of Incomplete, please review the situation with me first. Before assigning such a grade, arrangements must be made in writing with the student for completing the work in the course in a timely fashion. Students with this grade should be instructed to forward completed work to the Bread Loaf office for transmittal to the instructor. If the work is not completed by the deadline established, a grade of F will be recorded.

COMMENT CARDS

Please provide an appraisal of each student on the Comment Card. This evaluation of the student's work will explain the significance of the grade and will be helpful in readmitting students or in denying readmission, in academic counseling and above all in preparation of letters of recommendation. (If students know that your evaluation of their work is available in the Bread Loaf office, they may not feel the need to request letters of recommendation from you during the winter. At least this is our hope.)

If you assign a student a grade of B- or lower, you should offer clear reasons for the grade. A B- will bring credit for the course, but is a signal that the student must improve in order to proceed toward the degree or, perhaps, should not be encouraged to continue on with the degree. A grade of C+ or lower signals that denial of readmission is called for. I hope that Comment Cards will give me clear advice in such cases, and that the comments will be in keeping with the letter grade assigned. It is difficult to give proper guidance to students if faculty members recommend denial of readmission and yet award passing grades.

I also ask for your judgment as to whether the quality of the student's writing and ability to work independently make the student fully qualified to undertake an Independent Reading Project. A simple "yes," "no," or "doubtful" is an adequate signal. In recent years we have had a disturbingly large number of weak Independent Reading Projects, and I would encourage you to be rigorous in making this judgments. I also ask your opinion as to the advisability of the student's attending Oxford where a great deal of independent work is crucial to the program.

Comment cards are marked "Not Confidential" if the student has indicated that he or she reserves the right to review his or her record. Needless to say, you are free to follow your own policy in writing evaluations under these circumstances.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May, 1991

Dear Bread Loaf Faculty and Staff:

As many of you are well aware, the School of English has tried to be as accommodating as possible in regards to guests and visitors on campus. Over the past several years, the number of requests for guest rooms has far exceeded the small number we have, and those few rooms are normally reserved for visiting lecturers and project directors.

Please advise your guests that they should make arrangements well in advance with a local motel, inn, bed-and-breakfast, or campground for lodging. Vermont thrives on the tourist business in the summer, and lodging can be difficult (if not impossible) to find unless it's booked early. At the School of English, we simply cannot guarantee that there will be space available on campus for your guests, especially on the short notice we usually receive, and it makes us feel like horrible people when we're held responsible for not being able to put up last-minute guests for the night or weekend. Also, be advised that if guests are to be accommodated on campus, you will ultimately be responsible for the charges incurred during their stay (the going rate last summer was \$20 per night per person, not including meals). These arrangements should be made with Bob or Joan at the front desk. You can check with Elaine in the Bread Loaf office about the availability of rooms; she will assign those that are open on a first-come, first-serve basis.

I apologize in advance for any inconvenience or problems which this might incur for you or your potential guests. Advance planning is the surest way to avoid them, even though we do tend to live day to day on the Mountain!

Best wishes,

HWC

Hugh Coyle
Administrative Director



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1991

Dear Colleague:

Since the rental costs of academic regalia for Commencement Night have become so exorbitant, may I please ask you to bring your cap, gown, and hood, if you own them.

Cordially,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jim", written in dark ink.

James Maddox
Director

JH/elh



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

February 6, 1991

Dear Vermont Colleagues:

As you know, colleges and professors are being taken to court over the copyright laws. With good reason, then, Middlebury College has asked that the College Bookstore and all professors--whether at the undergraduate or graduate level--comply with the copyright requirements. I am with this letter asking you to obtain permission for any copyrighted material you plan to make copies of or incorporate into your syllabus this summer. It is especially important for all professors to have this permission who have stated in their catalog copy that handouts will be distributed in their courses.

In the event that the owner of the copyright demands payment, I ask you to make the payment and submit the bill to Elaine Hall in the Bread Loaf office at Middlebury. We will reimburse you promptly and pass the fee on to the students purchasing the materials. If this arrangement is not convenient for you, please contact the Bread Loaf office.

Middlebury is at this time cutting back or level-funding budgets. One of the ways in which I would like to help keep costs down is by asking you to send to Elaine a copy of all the materials that you know you will be distributing in your classes as handouts, along with the permission you receive for copying them. These handouts will then be duplicated and put in the Bread Loaf Bookstore for sale to the students. This will help us to cover the cost of copying, which has grown astronomically over the past couple of years. The students will be charged only the cost of copying and any fees that are charged when you obtain permission. *Should you decide to do the copying yourself before coming to Bread Loaf, please realize that we will be unable to reimburse you for the cost of copying or to sell the copies in the Bookstore.*

I am truly sorry to burden you with these requests, but when legal and budgetary considerations loom, one's choices are limited.

There are some variations in copyright law. The following are excerpts taken from *Questions and Answers on Copyright for the Campus Community* put out by the National Association of College Stores, Inc. and the Association of American Publishers. If you would like the complete booklet, your campus bookstore should have copies. For those of you who are not actively teaching, please notify Elaine and she will obtain a copy for you.

What is "Fair Use"? How does it affect copyrighted material? The doctrine of "Fair Use"....in limited situations permits the use of a copyrighted work, including reproduction portions of that work, without the copyright owner's permission. Section 107 of the Copyright Act establishes four basic factors to be examined in determining whether a use constitutes a "Fair Use" under the copyright law. These factors are:

- a. The purpose and character of the use, including whether such use is of a commercial nature or is for nonprofit educational purposes;
- b. The nature of the copyrighted work;

- c. The amount and substantiality of the portion of the work used in relation to the copyrighted work as a whole; and
- d. The effect of the use in question upon the potential market for or value of the copyrighted work.

No one factor is determinative of a person's right to use a copyrighted work without permission. *Educational use alone is not sufficient to make a use in question a fair one.*

In the legislative history of the 1976 Copyright Act, Congress endorsed certain guidelines relating to classroom copying for educational use. These guidelines are generally considered to establish minimum permissible conduct under the Fair Use doctrine for unauthorized copying. Although some limited copying which does not fall within these guidelines (and which is not expressly prohibited under Prohibitions A through F described below) may still qualify as permissible conduct under the copyright law, copying which does comply with these guidelines can generally be assured of constituting permissible conduct under the current copyright law.

One thing is certain...**when in doubt, request permission!**

The guidelines for making Multiple copies without permission for use in an academic setting contain the following prohibitions:

- A. Unauthorized copying may not be used to create, replace or substitute for anthologies, compilations or collective works, whether or not such unauthorized copies are collected and bound together or are provided separately.
- B. Unauthorized copies may not be made of "consumable" works, including workbooks....
- C. Unauthorized copying may not substitute for the purchase of books, publisher's reprints or periodicals.
- D. Unauthorized copying may not be directed by higher authority, such as a dean or chairman of the department.
- E. The same teacher cannot copy the same item without permission from term to term.
- F. No charge shall be made to the student beyond the actual cost of the photocopying.

The guidelines further indicate that multiple copying is allowed in the following situations (unless falling within one of the above prohibitions):

- A. When an individual teacher is "inspired" to use a work and the inspiration, decision to use it and the moment of its use for maximum teaching effectiveness are so close in time that it would be unreasonable to expect a timely reply to a request for permission (**PLEASE NOTE; THIS WOULD APPLY TO SPUR-OR-THE-MOMENT CIRCUMSTANCES WHILE AT BREAD LOAF, BUT NOT TO THOSE ARTICLES THAT YOU HAVE AS PART OF THE SYLLABUS**).

and

- B. If the following limitations with regard to the amount of copying of a work are applied:

If a **complete** article, story or essay is copied, and the work copied is less than approximately 2,500 words....

If a prose work is excerpted and copied, and the excerpt copied is no longer than approximately 1,000 words or 10% of the work, **whichever is shorter**.

If a chart, graph, diagram, drawing, cartoon or picture is copied, and not more than one such **illustration** is copied per book or per periodical issue.

If a short **poem** is copied, and the poem is less than 250 words and printed on not more than two pages; or if an excerpt from a longer poem is copied, and the excerpt is not longer than 250 words.

and

C. The copying is for only one course in the school in which the copies are made.

and

D. No more than one short poem, article, story or essay or two excerpts are copied from the same author. In addition, no more than three works or excerpts may be copied from the same collective work or periodical volume during one class term and no more than nine instances of such multiple copying may occur for one course during one class term. (The guideline limitations of Paragraph D do not apply to current news periodicals, newspapers, and current news sections of other periodicals.)

and

E. The original copyright notice must appear on all copies of the work....

All of this, I know, is a great bother, and I'm sorry to have to trouble you with it. If you have any questions, please contact Elaine at 802-388-3711, Ext 5360. I look forward to seeing you in June.

Sincerely,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1991

Dear Members of the Bread Loaf Community:

I am writing to welcome both returning members of the Bread Loaf community and those who will be spending their first summer on the Mountain. We have a great faculty, wonderful courses, and a production of King Lear this summer; it all promises to be unforgettable. Now to business.

Student bills have been sent from Middlebury College and are payable by the date indicated. Bills not paid by the deadline given by Middlebury College will be charged a late fee of \$50 a month. Those students admitted after June 1 should make every effort to pay prior to arriving. All bills **must** be paid in full by Registration Day.

The Bread Loaf campus is twelve miles from Middlebury. The Bread Loaf taxi will meet all Vermont Transit buses at Keeler's Gulf Station (the closest bus stop) on Route 7 South in Middlebury on June 26; do not get off at Middlebury College itself. There are Vermont Transit buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany, and New York City. Buses leave the Burlington bus station at 7:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 2:30 and 5:00 P.M. They leave the airport at 11:05 A.M. and 2:00 and 4:30 P.M.

The closest airport is in Burlington which is 40 miles north of Middlebury. There are several airlines which land in Burlington. Your travel agent should have no trouble making connections for you. Travel from Burlington to Middlebury can be made on Vermont Transit buses, or you can get a taxi for \$40 or so right to Bread Loaf.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off U.S. 7 at the junction of State Highway 125, four miles south of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles mostly up and east of this junction on Route 125. The School will provide taxi service at modest cost during the summer so that you can get to Middlebury some afternoons if you don't have a car.

Please return the enclosed arrival card as soon as you know your plans and before June 15th, so we can plan either to meet you at the bus station or greet you when you drive in.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf, you should go to the Inn Desk to check in and receive your room and post office box assignments from Bob and Joan Handy, the Inn Managers. You will also receive a Basic Information publication which you should read as soon as you are settled into your room. There will be fellow students called Green Ribbon Greeters (who are wearing a green ribbon) to help you locate your room, direct you to the various places you need to stop at for registration and answer questions you may have. The second stop is the Bread Loaf Office where you will register or confirm your courses with Hugh Coyle and find out where your classes will meet. The next stop is the Blue Parlor, where you will be welcomed by Elaine Hall and Betsy Seidel of the Bread Loaf Office, a representative of the Accounting Office of Middlebury College, and the Bread Loaf Nurse. Here you will settle your financial account,

receive an ID card, turn in late medical forms, register your car, etc. I too will be there to welcome you. That is a quick overview of registration. You are then free to find the bookstore, your room and other points of interest. We would like to ask that you purchase only the books for your enrolled classes. If you are auditing a class, *please* wait a couple of days before purchasing these books to ensure that enrolled members get the books they need.

The School will officially open with a brief and friendly ceremony in the Little Theatre at 7:30 p.m. on June 25th. Following the opening ceremony will be a reception in the Barn.

The first meal served will be lunch at 1:00 on Tuesday, June 25. No rooms will be available before the morning of June 25th, except for waiters, waitresses, computer assistants, theater assistants and green ribbon greeters who must arrive on Monday, June 24. Rooms will be ready for faculty and staff on Sunday, June 23. Students with difficult travel plans and who need to arrive on Monday, June 24th, may do so after contacting the Bread Loaf office. For these people, the Bread Loaf taxi will be operating.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40° to 50°) and warm (75° to 90°F), wet and dry weather. Vermont weather is notoriously fickle. Bring insect repellent, preferably Cutters or Deet. Some people have found that Avon Skin So Soft bath oil works as a nice repellent. If you choose not to use the Nu-Way linen rental service, you must bring your own linen, unless you are on the faculty or staff. Bread Loaf provides blankets, bedspreads and pillows free of charge.

Radios, TV's, and stereos (unless you use earphones) are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. If you're new to Bread Loaf, it may seem strange to ban these seeming necessities of modern life, but the rule is firm: in an isolated setting where study is a constant pursuit, the noise of even one radio can be unbelievably disruptive. The only noise encouraged on campus is that created by typewriters or insured word processors. Silence (no typewriters or word processors) is maintained during the hours of 11 P.M. to 7:00 A.M. to offer the opportunity for sleep. Please leave refrigerators, hot plates and coffee pots at home. Hot plates and coffee pots can be fire hazards. (Medical supplies needing refrigeration may be given to our nurse.)

A subscription to the New York Times may be purchased by returning the enclosed form.

For your convenience bring traveler's checks, which may be cashed at the Front Desk. Until August 1, banks will honor personal checks in amounts not exceeding \$20 and for a fee - an inconvenience not in my control. And after that, no honor and no checks at all. The obliging Front Desk Team, however, will gladly cash up to \$50 personal and traveler's checks per day throughout the session.

Pets are not allowed in dormitories or in school buildings. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus.

The Inn Managers ask me to advise you that guests (including spouses) are not to be invited for overnight visits in students rooms. This creates a situation not in compliance with fire regulations. There are several nice motels, inns and bed-and-breakfast places in the area.

You should inform correspondents to address you at: (*Your name*), Bread Loaf School of English, Bread Loaf Rural Station, Middlebury VT 05753. The most common delay in receiving mail is the lack of your name. Please make clear that this address is, alas, temporary. Notify your Post Office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only until August 7. Newspapers, magazines and other than first class mail cannot be forwarded to you after you leave. Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to you at the Bread Loaf School of English, Tilden House, Middlebury College, Middlebury VT 05753.

The telephone switchboard closes at 11 P.M. Late evening calls should be completed by this time. Incoming calls should be received well *before* 11 P.M. as it rings into the Inn Managers home after this time. Please remind your family and friends of the time differential. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf campus telephone is 802-388-7945. There are also pay phones available on campus.

I hope that you have a cool and pleasant trip to the Mountain. You will then be ready to plunge into an enjoyable, intellectually rewarding summer. I look forward to seeing you.

Cordially,



James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

P.S. If you discover at the last moment that you are unable to attend Bread Loaf this summer, *please* call the Bread Loaf office at 802-388-3711, Ext 5418 by June 18th or 802-388-7945 after June 18th. We have a waiting list of very good candidates, and I would hate to have them lose out on a chance to attend Bread Loaf.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Student Health Services
Telephone: 388-7946, ext. 14

Clinic Hours: 8 a.m. - 4 p.m., Monday - Friday
10 a.m. - 4 p.m., Saturday & Sunday

Middlebury College offers health services through the Cornwall Clinic, Parton Health Center, and The Center for Counseling and Human Relations. On the Bread Loaf campus, a registered nurse is on campus from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., Monday thru Friday and 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday. A nurse practitioner is available by appointment for intermediate health care intervention.

The following health services are available to students:

- * Assessment and treatment of injuries and illnesses;
- * Consultation regarding chronic health problems;
- * Allergy injections;
- * Health education;
- * Referrals to medical or counseling resources for care beyond the scope provided by Middlebury College;
- * Inpatient accommodations when necessary;
- * A one-day supply of basic medications and certain laboratory tests;
- * Psychological counseling (see below)

EMERGENCIES AFTER-HOURS: After hours, students may go directly to the Emergency Room at Porter Medical Center in Middlebury if treatment cannot wait until the Cornwall Clinic reopens. A physician is always on duty at the Emergency Room. Depending on the situation, there may be charges for the Emergency Room and related professional services. There is always a charge for laboratory tests, x-rays, hospital admission and actual medical emergencies.

SERIOUS EMERGENCIES: In situations perceived as life threatening or serious medical emergencies such as difficulty in breathing, significant loss of blood, unconsciousness, or back and neck injuries, call the Middlebury Volunteer Ambulance Service at 388-3333. PERSONS WITH NECK OR SPINAL INJURIES SHOULD NEVER BE MOVED.

PSYCHOLOGICAL COUNSELING

The Center for Counseling and Human Relations is located in Carr Hall on the Middlebury College campus. Three psychological counselors are available for crisis intervention, for short-term counseling and for making referrals to local therapists for students wishing more intensive or long-term summer help. For appointments call 388-3711, ext. 5141 between 8 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.

If you need to speak to a counselor after-hours, contact Counseling Service of Addison County at 388-6751 or 388-7641.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Middlebury College DOES NOT provide sickness insurance, but does automatically provide accident insurance for students while they are enrolled in the summer session. Walter Sussenguth and Associates will pay for the expense of treating injuries up to a total of \$2,000 for any one accident. The company will cover the first \$100 of an accident. Claims in excess of \$100 will be paid only if they are not payable under the terms of other policies covering the student. Covered treatment includes x-rays, laboratory tests, surgery, physician's visits, nursing care, hospital care and treatment, and prescription drugs. The expense for dental treatment of injuries to sound natural teeth is limited to \$1,000.

Claims should be reported within 30 days from the date of the accident and applicable medical bills must be submitted within 90 days to:

Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company
Student Health Claims
120 Royall Street
Canton, Massachusetts 02021

You should be aware of the limitations and exclusions of this plan before making a claim for benefits. You may obtain claim forms at the Cornwall Building. If you have any questions, please contact the company at the above address or use the toll free number: 1-800-669-2668

CONFIDENTIALITY

The College health services maintain confidentiality of your records, appointments and conversations. Ordinarily, no information of a personal nature is transmitted to anyone without your written consent. Exceptions are made when there is a clear and present danger to you or the life of another person. In such cases, deans, family, Security and/or professional personnel may be notified. An attempt is made to contact the person named on the confidential health form, if a student is unconscious, critically ill, seriously injured or about to undergo emergency surgery. In such situations, College health care personnel reserve the right to notify the director or dean of the school.

In cases of assault, health care staff will urge that in the interests of personal and community safety, you report or allow staff to report, anonymous information about the occurrence to Campus Security and the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English. This report, however, is your decision and will be made only with your permission.

SUMMER SCHOOL HEALTH FORM

(Short Version)

NAME (please print) _____
Last First

Summer Program _____

Social Security Number ____/____/____

1. Have you been a student at Middlebury College in the past three years?

-If not, disregard this form and complete the enclosed long version Health Form.

-If so, please complete this form in lieu of the four-page long version Health Form.

2. If you were enrolled at Middlebury as an undergraduate, please indicate the year you graduated. _____

3. Please indicate the year when you last attended Middlebury College. _____

4. If you have changed your name, indicate your previous name _____

5. Has there been any changes in your health since last attending Middlebury? _____

If so, please list specific diagnosis, the treatment regimen recommended, medications you are currently taking, name and address of your caregiver, and any other details which would be helpful to us.

Signature _____

Date _____

Please return this form to: George F. Parton Health Center
Carr Hall
Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
 Tel. (802) 388-3711, ext. 5135

Name _____

LAST

FIRST

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

Home Tel: (____) _____

S.S. # _____

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Migraine					Gall bladder trouble or gallstones				
Frequent or severe headache					Jaundice or hepatitis				
Fainting spells					Rectal disease				
Concussion or severe head injury					Kidney or bladder infection				
Head or neck x-rays or radiation treatments					Kidney stone				
Sinusitis					Albumin or blood in urine				
Hearing loss					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Abnormal pap smear				
Eye trouble other than for glasses					Fibrocystic breasts				
Asthma					Bone, joint or other deformity				
Cigarette smoking or other tobacco use					Shoulder dislocation				
Pneumonia					Knee problems				
Chronic cough					Recurrent back pain				
Tumor or cancer					Neck and/or back injury				
High blood pressure					Broken bones				
Rheumatic fever					Swollen or painful joints				
Heart trouble					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitis				
Tuberculosis or positive TB test					Paralysis				
Pain or pressure in chest					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Lyme Disease					Thyroid problem				
Congenital heart disease					Skin disease				
Mitral valve prolapse					Pilonidal cyst				
Elevated cholesterol					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Blood disorders					Malaria				
Anemia					Mononucleosis				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Learning disability				
Hernia					Positive HIV antibody test				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Vegetarian				
Irritable bowel syndrome					Chronic Fatigue Syndrome				
Inflammatory bowel					Eating disorder				
Lactose intolerance					Problems with alcohol or drug use				
Self-induced vomiting					Serious depression				
					Excessive worry or anxiety				
					Sexually transmitted diseases				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right.

Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivities, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:		(If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)
YES	NO	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Penicillin _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sulfa _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other antibiotics (Name: _____) _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Aspirin _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Codeine _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other pain relievers (Name: _____) _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Horse serum _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Local anesthetics _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other drugs, medicines, chemicals (Name: _____) _____

Are you allergic to:		
YES	NO	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Foods (please list) _____ Name of allergist: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Stinging insects (please specify) _____ Address: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Molds, pollen _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Animals (please specify) _____ Telephone: () _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other (please specify) _____ Date series begun: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you receive allergy desensitization injections? Please describe fully any adverse reactions to these injections: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right hand column. _____

—Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections—

Do you use medications regularly? Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them. We recommend that you bring what you anticipate needing.	
YES	NO
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
(Name) _____	
(Name) _____	
(Name) _____	

Please indicate year for any of the following childhood illnesses you have experienced.

Chickenpox _____ Measles _____ Rubella (German Measles) _____

Diphtheria _____ Mumps _____ Scarlet Fever _____

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you ever received counseling or psychotherapy?
 If so, please describe.

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where, and diagnosis.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Do you use corrective eyewear?

Please copy your prescription(s) here:

Eyeglasses; prescription:

Contact lenses; prescription:

Note: We recommend that you bring an extra pair.

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

Diabetes

High blood pressure

Stroke

Cancer (Type: _____)

Heart attack before age 55

Cholesterol or blood fat disorder

Alcoholism

Sickle cell anemia

Glaucoma

YES NO RELATIONSHIP

Depression

Other serious illness (specify):

YES NO RELATIONSHIP

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCINE TYPE	MONTH, DAY, & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE					10 YEAR BOOSTER
	1	2	3	4	5	
DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)						
Polio - not required after 18th birthday.						
Measles (red or hard measles) check type: <input type="checkbox"/> Live <input type="checkbox"/> Killed* <input type="checkbox"/> Unknown *reimmunization required	Vaccine Titer Disease	Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____				
Rubella (3-day or German measles)	Vaccine Titer Disease Result:_____	Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Was disease diagnosed by a physician?				

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday.

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully.

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully.

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name _____	Field _____	Name _____	Field _____
Address _____		Address _____	
City, State _____		City, State _____	
Tel. (____) _____		Tel. (____) _____	

HEALTH INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance.

INSURANCE COMPANY

ADDRESS

GROUP/POLICY NUMBER

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:

Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

In case of emergency please notify:

Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

My signature below indicates that:

- I consent to medical and nursing treatment by the staff at the Health Center.
- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge.
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility.
- if I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center, I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver.
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health. I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger.

DATE

SIGNATURE OF STUDENT

DATE

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed above is in parent's or guardian's name)

If you have any questions, call the Health Center at 388-3711, ext. 5135

Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Middlebury College does not provide sickness insurance, but does automatically provide accident insurance for students while they are enrolled in the summer session.

Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company will pay for the expense of treating injuries up to a total of \$2,000 for any one accident. The company will cover the first \$100 of an accident. Claims in excess of \$100 will be paid only to the extent that they are not payable under the terms of other policies covering the student.

Covered treatment includes x-rays, laboratory tests, surgery, physician's visits, nursing care, hospital care and treatment, and prescription drugs. The expense for dental treatment of injuries to sound natural teeth is limited to \$1,000.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company, Claims Division, 120 Royall Street, Canton MA 02021 within 30 days from the date of the accident. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment. Claim forms are available from the Parton Health Center, Middlebury College (802-388-3711, Ext. 5135). If you have any questions concerning the limitations and exclusions of this plan or filing a claim, please contact Walter W. Sussenguth and Associates, the plan administrator at the above address, or use the toll-free number: 1-800-669-2668, Ext. 445.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School, Vermont	25 June - 10 August, 1991
-------------------------	---------------------------

English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	24 June - 3 August, 1991
---	--------------------------

English School at Santa Fe	26 June - 8 August 1991
----------------------------	-------------------------

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

As an educational institution, Middlebury College must maintain a campus environment where bigotry and intolerance, including discrimination on the basis of sex or sexual orientation, have no place and where any form of coercion and harassment that insults the dignity of others or impedes their freedom to learn or work is not accepted. Middlebury College condemns and will not tolerate any form of sexual harassment. The College Sexual Harassment Policy is applicable to both men and women.

Middlebury College defines sexual harassment as "encompassing several different types of behavior, including unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors, and other verbal or physical contact of a sexual nature when 1) submission to such conduct is made either explicitly or implicitly a condition of a person's employment or participation in a course, program, or other college activity; 2) submission to or rejection of such conduct is made the basis for academic or employment decision and evaluation affecting that person; or 3) such conduct has the purpose or effect of substantially interfering with a person's academic or job performance and/or embarrassing a person." Harassment based on sexual orientation is also prohibited by the College Sexual Harassment Policy.

Sexual harassment can occur between a faculty member and a student, a supervisor and a student employee, an advisor and a student, a staff person and a student, or between members of the staff, two members of the faculty, or a faculty member and a staff person. Sexual harassment can also involve groups of people. Behaviors which constitute sexual harassment can be thought of as existing on a continuum, ranging from less severe forms of harassment such as demeaning jokes up to severe forms of abusive harassment such as sexual assault and sexual bribes.

Listed below are some examples to illustrate the range of behavior that may constitute sexual harassment:

- homophobic or sexist graffiti in public places
- obscene remarks, humiliating jokes, insults or tricks
- repeated requests for socializing when a person has indicated he/she is not interested
- jokes or negative comments concerning sexual orientation
- intrusive questions about one's personal life
- unwanted physical contact such as touching, pinching, rubbing, or brushing up against
- trapping a person or in some way blocking movement
- demands or requests for sexual favors accompanied by threats about grades or your job or promises of preferential treatment in exchange for sex
- intimidation, hostility or condescension which is based on a person's sexual orientation or gender
- sexual assault
- physical assault of a person because of their sexual orientation

Middlebury College maintains that all forms of sexual harassment are unacceptable and will be addressed and advises members of the community that more severe forms of sexual harassment will be met with strong sanctions and disciplinary action.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO PROTECT YOURSELF:

- Be sure the harasser knows you do not welcome this treatment and be clear about your limits: say "no" or "stop"
- Avoid answering personal questions
- Document where, when, and how you are being harassed

Often sexual harassment issues can be resolved in an informal manner by verbally setting limits with the harasser or writing a limit-setting letter to the harasser. If this response doesn't stop the unwanted behavior or if you would like to speak with someone for advice, and if you are a College employee or a student during the academic year, you may bring your concern to:

Shirley Fisler - Assistant Director of Personnel
Extension 5465

Ann Hanson - Dean of Students
Extension 5382

Victor Nuovo - Professor of Philosophy
Extension 5282

If you are a student or employee at the Bread Loaf School of English, you may contact:

Dixie Goswami - Director and Coordinator in the Program in Writing
Extension 58

Richard Brodhead - Bread Loaf School of English Faculty Member
388-4889 or Extension 17 (Frothingham)

If you are a student or employee at the Language Schools, you may bring your complaint to:

Shirley Fisler - Assistant Director of Personnel
Extension 5465

Ann Hanson - Dean of Students
Extension 5382

Note: At the Language Schools, many different cultures are represented, each with its own patterns of personal behavior. Cultural differences do not excuse inappropriate or offensive behavior; they do call for particular awareness of and sensitivity to other people's rights and dignity.

Each of these people has been designated to listen to sexual harassment concerns and advise you. Other resources on campus are: The Counseling Service, Parton Health Center, the nurse at Bread Loaf, the College Chaplain, or the Director of Health Education. Your discussions with any of these resource people will be confidential and will not necessarily commit you to further action.

Many forms of sexual harassment also violate Federal and State Laws. You may also contact the Civil Rights Division of the Attorney General's Office in Vermont at 828-3171 and you may contact the Regional Office of the U.S. Department of Education Office for Civil Rights in Boston, MA at (617) 223-9662 for advice and support. If you are an employee, an additional resource is the district Equal Employment Opportunity Commission office at (617) 565-3200. If you choose to contact one of these offices, your conversations will be confidential and will not commit you to further action unless you choose to file a complaint.

You have a right to be treated with respect and dignity as an employee or student at Middlebury College.

Drug-Free Workplace Policy Statement

Drug and alcohol use are highly detrimental to the safety and effectiveness of employees in the work place. No employee may either use or be under the influence of any illicit drug or alcohol while in the work place, while on duty, or while operating a vehicle or equipment owned or leased by the College.

As a recipient of federal grant monies, the College fully supports and complies with the provisions of the Drug-Free Workplace Act of 1986 and the Drug-Free Schools and Communities Act Amendments of 1989, Public Law 101-226. One of the provisions of these laws requires employees to notify the College within five days of a conviction for violating any criminal drug law by an action in the workplace.

Possessing, manufacturing, distributing, transferring, purchasing, selling, using, or being under the influence of alcoholic beverages or illegal drugs while on College property, while attending business-related activities, while on duty, or while operating a vehicle or machine leased or owned by the College may lead to disciplinary action, including suspension without pay or discharge.

Physician-prescribed medications are permitted, provided they do not adversely affect job performance or the safety of the employee or other individuals in the work place.

The College recognizes that employees may wish to seek professional assistance in overcoming drug or alcohol problems. The Employee Assistance Program and employee medical benefit plans can be beneficial to employees seeking assessment and treatment. For more information on the EAP program and other benefits please contact a representative in the Personnel Office or your supervisor.

Employees who voluntarily admit to having drug or alcohol problems which have not resulted in disciplinary action may be eligible for unpaid time off to participate in a rehabilitation program. Such a leave will be granted if the employee abstains from use of the problem substance while on leave, abides by all policies, rules, and prohibitions relating to conduct in the work place, and if the College suffers no undue hardship as a consequence of granting the leave.

RACIAL MINORITIES AND HIV INFECTION

HIV infection and AIDS have become serious problems for African-Americans and Latinos, especially in the inner cities. Both African-Americans and Latinos are over-represented among people with AIDS. Most women and infants with AIDS in the United States are people of racial minorities.

African-Americans and Latinos are not at greater risk of HIV infection because of their race. The explanations lie in social and economic factors: higher rates of intravenous drug use, urban poverty, and limited access to health care.

Some racial minorities, such as Asian-Americans and Native Americans, do not have high rates of infection now. But the risk of HIV infection is in what you do, not who you are. Just as race does not cause greater risk, race does not bring safety.

WHAT IF A FRIEND HAS HIV INFECTION OR AIDS?

People with HIV infection hope for the same kind of support and friendship you always provided before. Their needs will vary, depending on their personality and their place along the spectrum of HIV infection. Although they may feel hopeful and optimistic much of the time, people with HIV infection may sometimes feel isolated, frightened, and uncertain about relationships, their future, and their health.

You can help by continuing to talk, do things together, and share experiences. A health educator, clinician, or counselor may help you if you have questions about HIV, or need suggestions about what to say or do.

WOMEN AND HIV INFECTION

Increasing numbers of women are acquiring HIV infection and developing AIDS. Women acquire HIV through unsafe sexual contact or needle sharing, just as men do. **Your behavior choices also determine your risk.**

Lesbian and bisexual women may have special concerns. It is important for you to acknowledge to yourself all of your sexual behaviors so you can plan effectively to protect yourself and others. The chance of transmitting HIV from woman to woman during sexual encounters is difficult to evaluate; the risk seems low but uncertain.

Since a woman with HIV infection can transmit HIV to her fetus, and possibly to her infant by breast-feeding, women with HIV should avoid pregnancy.

The ACHA Brochure "*Women and AIDS*" provides further information especially for women.

GAY AND BISEXUAL MEN AND HIV INFECTION

Feeling that you are gay or bisexual does not mean you have had sex with other men, or that you have unsafe sexual intercourse, or that you are likely to acquire HIV infection. The label you use for your sexual orientation doesn't matter either. **Your behavior choices determine your risk.**

Now that many gay and bisexual men have significantly reduced their risk of HIV infection by changing their sexual behaviors, **the challenge is to stay safe.** If you are gay or bisexual, the support of your community, combined with your own self-esteem, will help you avoid taking risks.

Bisexual men often feel isolated from both gay and straight communities. They may not feel the same support that self-identified gay men experience from their peers. If you are a bisexual man, remember the importance of safer sexual practices in all of your relationships.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Contact your health service, sexual health program, peer sexuality educators, lesbian/gay organization, or health care provider. Additional information and support can be obtained from community-based AIDS service organizations. The following national hotline services are also available:

Centers for Disease Control Hotline:	1-800-342-AIDS
Spanish-Language Hotline:	1-800-344-SIDA
Hotline Deaf and Hearing-Impaired People:	1-800-243-7889
	TDD/TTY
	Monday-Friday
	10 AM-10 PM

A publication of the



American College Health Association
1300 Piccard Drive, Suite 200
Rockville, MD 20850
(301) 963-1100

It is illegal to reprint or reproduce this brochure. Additional copies can be obtained by contacting the American College Health Association.

© Copyright 1990. American College Health Association.

ABOUT HIV INFECTION AND AIDS

AIDS stands for:

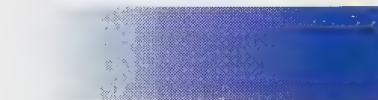
Acquired not inherited

Immune a breakdown of the body's
Deficiency defense system

Syndrome a group of related disorders and symptoms

The virus that causes the syndrome AIDS is called human immunodeficiency virus (HIV). Having HIV infection is not the same as having AIDS. HIV causes a spectrum of conditions and symptoms.

THE SPECTRUM OF HIV INFECTION



Infected No Symptoms Mild Symptoms AIDS

AIDS is the most severe, life-threatening form of HIV infection. Most people infected with the virus seem healthy, and many do not realize they have been infected.

People who have HIV infection may not have symptoms for many years. The period of time from infection to serious symptoms seems to average nearly ten years. However, people with HIV infection can transmit the virus to others — even if they have no symptoms and even if they do not know they have been infected.

People who have become infected with HIV may progress either slowly or quickly along the spectrum of HIV infection. A number of factors may influence this rate of progression. At various places along the spectrum of infection, certain health concerns appear, and different kinds of treatment become appropriate. After a competent and thorough medical evaluation, including appropriate laboratory tests of the immune system, people who have HIV infection can decide what treatments and strategies are best for them.

Given currently available information, it appears that, without treatment, most people with HIV infection will develop serious symptoms at some point in the future. However, anti-viral drug therapy can slow down the progression of HIV infection significantly, and there are many things that people who have HIV can do to preserve their health. In addition, new medical strategies can

prevent many complications and postpone serious problems. While it is a chronic medical problem, HIV infection is rapidly becoming manageable. Using better treatments and strong partnerships with health care providers, people with HIV infection are staying healthy longer. Meanwhile, research is providing better treatments for people in all the stages of HIV infection, including AIDS itself.

HIV AND ITS TRANSMISSION

HIV is a fragile virus. It primarily infects a group of white blood cells that manage the operations of the immune system. But it can also infect cells in the nervous system, colon, and blood vessels.

Nobody "catches" HIV infection the way people "catch" a cold. HIV does not survive long enough outside the body to be caught from the air, or in water, or off objects and surfaces. It is transmitted by semen, blood and blood products, and vaginal and cervical secretions. HIV is not transmitted by saliva, sweat, tears, or urine.

SYMPTOMS OF HIV INFECTION

Most people who now have HIV infection don't have any obvious symptoms yet. When symptoms do develop, they are usually similar at first to those of common minor illnesses, such as the "flu," except that they last longer and are more severe. Persistent tiredness, unexplained fevers; recurring night sweats, prolonged enlargement of the lymph nodes (glands), and weight loss are all common. Later, there may be persistent diarrhea or sore throat.

A diagnosis of AIDS itself is made when people with HIV infection develop one or more of four major complications:

1. serious, life-threatening infections (such as *pneumocystis* pneumonia or meningitis) caused by organisms which do not affect people with intact immune systems.
2. certain kinds of cancer, including Kaposi's sarcoma (a skin cancer that causes purple bumps or blotches) and lymphoma (a lymph node tumor).
3. manifestations of HIV in the nervous system (loss of memory, change in sensation or movement, seizures).
4. progressive weight loss.

HIV can be transmitted 1) by particular kinds of sexual contact; 2) by direct exposure to infected blood; and 3) from an HIV infected woman to her fetus during pregnancy or childbirth or, possibly, to her infant during breast feeding.

1. Sexual Contact

Anal and Vaginal Intercourse: HIV is more likely to be transmitted by unprotected anal or vaginal intercourse than by other sexual activities. Anal intercourse (penis in anus) is more likely to allow HIV transmission, because HIV can attach itself to cells in the lower rectum. HIV may be easier to transmit to the receptive partner than to the insertive partner. **However, an intact latex condom, properly used, substantially reduces the risk of transmitting HIV** during anal or vaginal intercourse.

Oral Sex (oral-genital contact): The risk of acquiring HIV infection by performing oral sex on a man (fellatio) is uncertain. There seems to be some risk, but it is clearly much lower than the risk of vaginal or anal intercourse. Since pre-ejaculatory fluid ("pre-cum") may contain HIV, it is not necessarily any safer to stop before the man ejaculates. The chance of acquiring HIV by performing oral sex on a woman (cunnilingus) is not precisely known, but also seems small. Whether you are a woman or a man, the risk of contracting HIV by having oral sex performed on you seems extremely low.

Kissing: Although HIV is very rarely present in the saliva of people with HIV infection, there is absolutely no evidence that kissing can transmit the virus. **No case of HIV infection has been traced to exposure to saliva in any circumstances.**

There is no chance of transmitting HIV through sexual activities that do not involve direct contact of semen, vaginal secretions, or blood with mucous membranes. **Touching; stroking; massage; and masturbation, alone or with a partner, do not transmit HIV.**

2. Blood

Needle sharing: No matter what substance is in the needle, if you share needles with others, you may be directly exposed to their blood. People share needles for intravenous drug use (such as heroin and crack), and for shooting anabolic steroids to build bulk and power for athletic performance. HIV may also be transmitted if needles are "shared" when used for tattooing, ear piercing, or acupuncture.

Blood and blood product transfusions: HIV has been

transmitted in blood and blood products used in the medical treatment of hemophilia, injuries, and serious illnesses. The combination of screening donors and testing blood has reduced the risk of acquiring HIV through blood transfusion to minimal levels.

Accidents in health care: A small number of health care workers who participated in the care of people with HIV infection have also acquired HIV. Usually, they were infected as a result of injuries involving needles containing the blood of people with HIV infection.

3. Mother-to-Infant

Women who have HIV infection can transmit the virus to their babies. Most of these infections seem to occur during pregnancy, but some may happen during the birth process. A few babies *may* have been infected through breast feeding.

HIV IS NOT TRANSMITTED BY CASUAL CONTACT.

Repeated, carefully designed and monitored scientific studies prove that there is no risk of transmitting HIV by sharing the same space, classroom, athletic or recreational facilities, sauna, swimming pool, bathroom, food, eating utensils, clothing, or books with someone who has HIV infection. Ordinary objects and surfaces used by people with HIV infection present no danger and need not be feared. HIV is not transmitted by coughing or sneezing. Neither animals nor insects can transmit HIV.

IT'S WHAT YOU DO, NOT WHO YOU ARE

It's what you do, not who you are, that matters in HIV infection. "Risk behaviors" are much more important than "risk groups." Anyone who engages in unsafe sexual behavior or shares needles for any reason can become infected with HIV. HIV can be transmitted during sexual intercourse among people who define themselves as gay, bisexual, or straight. HIV can be transmitted during needle sharing by people who may or may not be "addicted" to drugs. And "risk behaviors" means the *past* as well as the present. Unsafe sex or needle-sharing a few years ago still matters now, even if someone no longer has unsafe sex or shares needles.

Some people know a great deal about HIV and AIDS. But people "in the know" still acquire HIV infection. A lot of people think HIV infection is a problem for "other" kinds of people in "other" places, and they feel invulnerable. But behaviors, not groups, transmit HIV.

PROTECTING YOURSELF

You can reduce your risk of acquiring HIV by:

- **Making careful choices about sexual activity.** Not having anal, vaginal, or oral sexual intercourse provides 100% protection against the sexual transmission of HIV. If you do have intercourse, **your specific sexual practices are just as important as the number of partners you have.** Unsafe intercourse without a condom with one or two partners may be more likely to result in HIV infection than safer sex with several partners.

Plan to protect yourself. Don't let one thing just lead to another — decisions about sexual activity should be active ones.

- **Communicating assertively with your sexual partner and negotiating for safer sexual practices.** Many people are unskilled in discussing sexual matters or activities or in managing relationships. Talking about sex can seem embarrassing and uncomfortable. Telling the truth about your sexual past may be difficult. Communicating assertively about your desires in a sexual relationship is a real challenge.

Develop skills to express your feelings and concerns; consider *in advance* what you would say and do in particular situations. For example, what would you say to someone who wanted to have intercourse without a condom? Asking a partner about past sexual experiences may be helpful too, but, in general, you cannot depend on that information. **It is much safer to take precautions with every partner.** Communication alone is not enough to protect you.

Don't give up safer sex as a way to show your love or commitment to a relationship. Safer sex practices will help protect you through the early dating period, rough times in the relationship, and the ending of the relationship if that should occur.

- **Removing alcohol and drugs from sexual activity.** Alcohol and other drugs may make sexual activity seem easier; they may alleviate uncertainty, anxiety, and ambivalence, but they can eliminate decision making too. Know your limits when you drink, and learn skills for keeping yourself safe. At a party, consider a "buddy system," in which someone does not drink alcohol (as in designated driver programs). Remember, **SUI (Sex Under the Influence) is dangerous just as DUI (Driving Under the Influence) is dangerous.** Drunk sex is rarely safer sex.

Alcohol and drugs can make communication difficult — and they can blur the issue of consent. Acquaintance rape ("date rape") is quite common. When men or

women are coerced into sexual activity, or are unable to give consent (often because they are intoxicated), there are usually no precautions taken to prevent transmitting HIV.

- **Using latex condoms for intercourse.** Whenever you engage in anal or vaginal intercourse, use a latex condom. Animal membrane (skin) condoms cannot be counted on. Condoms are not perfect, and they do not provide "*safe sex*." Nonetheless, a latex condom provides high levels of protection against the transmission of HIV if it is used properly:
 - Put the condom on the erect penis prior to any direct contact of the penis to the vagina or anus.
 - Use condoms that have a reservoir tip, or pinch half an inch at the tip of the condom to collect semen. Put a drop of spermicidal jelly in the tip and then unroll the condom carefully, smoothing out air bubbles, all the way down over the penis.
 - Use adequate amounts of water-based, rather than oil-based, lubricants. KY Jelly® is water-based and safe; hand lotions, Vaseline®, and shortening are oil-based and unsafe.
 - After ejaculation, withdraw the penis while it is still erect; hold on to the base of the condom carefully, avoiding spilling its contents.

Spermicides containing nonoxynol-9 (jellies, creams, foams used for contraception) may increase the protection provided by a condom, but are **NOT** adequate by themselves to prevent transmission of HIV. A diaphragm, or cervical cap, with or without foam, does **NOT** protect against HIV. Birth control pills provide no protection against HIV.

If you are concerned about the possibility of pregnancy if the condom breaks, use another form of contraception (such as birth control pills, diaphragm, or cervical cap) *along with* the condom.

Latex squares and dental dams are rubber devices that may be used during oral-genital or oral-anal sexual contact. The level of protection they provide is not known, but it is logical to assume that they might reduce risk of acquiring HIV if they are carefully and consistently used.

- **Not sharing needles.** Whether you use a needle to inject drugs or steroids, **never share a needle** used by someone else. If you are using needles to inject drugs, consider seeking help; also, learn how to clean needles and reduce the likelihood of acquiring HIV. If you use needles to inject steroids, get some advice about training alternatives.

THE HIV ANTIBODY TEST

Many people misunderstand blood tests used to detect HIV infection. There is no "AIDS test." The tests that are available indicate whether someone has antibodies to HIV. If the tests are confirmed as positive, then the person tested has antibodies to HIV and is considered to have HIV infection. If the tests are negative, no antibodies to HIV were found. Ordinarily, a negative test result means that the person does not have HIV infection. **But a negative test should not be a substitute for safer sex.**

It ordinarily takes three to six months for people who have acquired HIV infection to develop enough antibody for the test to turn positive. If they were tested too soon, before enough antibody developed, they would have an inaccurately negative (false negative) test. Very rarely, it may take longer than six months — even years — for the test to turn positive. So test results must always be interpreted in the context of a person's history of sexual and needle-using behaviors.

Should you be tested? If you are concerned, first consult a knowledgeable health care professional or counselor for information and advice. If you feel there is a chance that you have acquired HIV infection, you should seriously consider testing. It is important to know that you have HIV infection as early as possible so that you and an expert health care provider can work together to preserve your health. If you are a woman and have engaged in unsafe sexual behavior or shared needles, you should be tested before becoming pregnant.

HIV antibody testing may have negative social and psychological consequences — depression, anxiety, loss of job, social ostracism, and even suicide. **To minimize the risk of discrimination, seek anonymous testing** (where you do not have to give your name or other identifier) rather than confidential testing (where you do give your name or social security number). **Be aware of state laws regarding reporting of positive test results.** And protect yourself psychologically; get tested where you have not only both pre-test and post-test counseling, but also access to referral services for further psychological assistance and support.

Never use blood donation as a way to be tested. If you were infected very recently, your test might still be negative even if you had acquired, and could transmit, HIV infection.

See the ACHA brochure "*The HIV Antibody Test*" for more information.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

June 1991

To Faculty, Staff, and Students at the Bread Loaf School of English:

We write to you concerning the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) which causes the Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS). Recent statistics show a significant increase nationally in the number of AIDS cases reported in the past year. In addition, recent statistics from the Center for Disease Control indicate that over 136,000 Americans now have AIDS and that many more have been infected by the virus (HIV). Most of these people do not know they are carriers. The AIDS epidemic continues to be of concern nationally and, therefore, it must also concern each of us at Middlebury. Members of our community are coping with and being treated for the virus which causes AIDS.

We believe it is important that you understand what resources are available on campus in the areas of education, diagnosis, treatment, and support. We also believe it is important that we inform you of the policy guidelines at Middlebury.

The American College Health Association (ACHA) provides a series of guidelines for college policy based on facts from the best recent medical data available. Middlebury College has used those guidelines and adapted them to our particular needs.

ACHA recommends that colleges not adopt blanket policies concerning students with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions. Rather, it suggests that certain guidelines be followed and that the college analyze and respond to each case individually. Middlebury College has established a committee of three people whose responsibility it is to do this. For the 1991 summer session these individuals are:

- 1) Bread Loaf Nurse, Cornwall Infirmary
- 2) Laurie Brown, M.S.N., C.R.N.P., Adult Nurse Practitioner
- 3) Gary Margolis, Ph.D., Director of Counseling and Human Relations

In order to provide essential medical support, appropriate health and hygiene counseling and related assistance, any member of the community who has tested positive for HIV or who has AIDS or an AIDS-related condition should consult with either the college Health Center or their own physician, AND with one of the individuals named above. Responses to such occurrences will be guided both by

Middlebury's commitment to the protection of individual rights, including confidentiality, and by necessary consideration of the community public health interest.

If you think you may have been exposed to AIDS or have symptoms of AIDS, we strongly urge you to make contact with the College Health Center. Through the Health Center you will receive information, evaluation, counseling and support, and education regarding testing options. Confidentiality is maintained in accordance with laws governing the privacy of medical information.

It is important that we all be acquainted with the latest information concerning AIDS. We strongly urge each of you to read the enclosed pamphlet, AIDS...WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW. Additional pamphlets, and free condoms are available to all members of the community at the Parton Health Center in the waiting room, in the stairwell on the east end of Carr Hall, and at Cornwall Infirmary. If you have any questions regarding AIDS, we encourage you to speak to a nurse at Cornwall Infirmary. Or if you prefer to speak with a resource outside of the College, we encourage you to call the toll-free hotline at the Vermont Health Department (1-800-882-AIDS). This information is free and calls are confidential.

Remember studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions do not pose a health risk to others through casual contact. Available evidence indicates that AIDS is transmitted only by intimate sexual contact or by injection of contaminated blood.

Sincerely,

Yonna McShane

Yonna McShane, M.Ed.
Health Educator
Counseling and Human Relations

Ruth K. Grant

Ruth K. Grant, M.D.
Medical Director
Parton Health Center

Nancy Cutting

Nancy Cutting, R.N.
Head Nurse
Parton Health Center

Drugs, Alcohol and You

Your Accountability and Responsibility at Middlebury College

MIDDLEBURY'S POSITION

Middlebury College is deeply concerned about illegal drug use and alcohol abuse in our society and in our community. The College regards illegal drug use and alcohol abuse as a problem which can affect the entire community. It is important that you as a member of the Middlebury community be aware of the College drug and alcohol policy as well as pertinent State and Federal laws. It is also important that all members of our community know where help is available for those who need it.

DRUG LAWS

There are a number of State and Federal laws prohibiting the possession, use, sale, and distribution of illicit drugs such as marijuana, cocaine, L.S.D., crack, heroin, etc. Legal sanctions for conviction include: required community service, significant fines, and lengthy imprisonment. For example, in the State of Vermont, a first time offense for the possession of less than two ounces of marijuana carries a penalty of up to a \$500 fine and six months' imprisonment; the unlawful sale of less than one-half ounce of marijuana carries a penalty of up to a \$10,000 fine and two years of imprisonment. The unlawful possession of cocaine in the amount of less than 2.5 grams carries a penalty of up to a \$2,000 fine and one year imprisonment. The distribution of cocaine in an amount less than 2.5 grams can result in a penalty of \$75,000 fine and 3 years' imprisonment.*

(*See appendix for more information regarding State and Federal sanctions.)

It is important to note that because of new Federal regulations, if you are prosecuted and found guilty of a drug charge, your Federal Aid grants may be jeopardized. In addition, a felony conviction from a drug charge will prohibit entry into some professions.

WHAT ABOUT ALCOHOL?

Alcohol is a drug and for many in our community it is an illegal drug. It is illegal in the State of Vermont for people under the age of 21 years to possess or drink alcoholic beverages. It is also illegal to misrepresent one's age in order to obtain alcoholic beverages, and to supply or sell alcoholic beverages to someone under the age of 21 years. The following are pertinent Vermont laws pertaining to alcohol:

DWI *

- 23 VSA 1201 (a)(1): A person shall not operate, attempt to operate, or be in actual physical control of any vehicle on a highway while there is .10 percent or more by weight of alcohol in his blood as shown by analysis of his breath or blood; or
- (2): under the influence of intoxicating liquor; or
 - (3): under the influence of any other drug or the combined influence of alcohol and any other drug to a degree which renders him incapable of driving safely.
- PENALTY: 1st offense: 90 days loss of license; fined not less than \$200 nor more than \$750 or imprisoned not more than one year; or both.

FURNISHING ALCOHOL TO MINOR

- 7 VSA 658: A person who sells or furnishes a minor malt or vinous beverages or spiritous liquors shall be fined not less than \$200 nor more than \$1,000 or imprisoned not more than two years; or both.

*New legislation has been introduced in the State of Vermont, and as a result DWI laws may be changing as of July 1, 1991.

POSSESSION OF ALCOHOL BY MINOR/MINORS MISREPRESENTING AGE TO PROCURE OR POSSESS LIQUOR
 7 VSA 657:

A minor who falsely misrepresents his age for the purpose of procuring or who procures malt or vinous beverages or spiritous liquors from any licensee, state liquor agency, or other person or persons or who possesses malt or vinous beverages or spiritous liquor for the purpose of consumption by himself or other minors, except in the regular performance of his duties as an employee of a licensee licensed to sell alcohol liquor, shall be fined not more than \$500 or imprisoned not more than 30 days; or both.

ADULT IDENTIFICATION CARDS

7 VSA 669: Any person who misrepresents his age, or practices any deceit in the procurement of an adult identification card, or uses or exhibits for the purpose of obtaining alcoholic beverages the identification card of another person or one which has been forged or altered; any person who loans or transfers his identification card to another for use in procurement of alcoholic beverages shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined \$50, which fine shall not be suspended.

Issues of civil liability also arise if you serve alcoholic beverages to a minor or to a person who is apparently under the influence of an intoxicant. "You are liable" means "you are legally responsible". For example, if you supply alcoholic beverages to an underage person and then there is an accident, you may be held liable for damages. Where significant property destruction, serious injury, or death results, damages can amount to enormous monetary settlements.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE DRUG AND ALCOHOL POLICY

Middlebury College opposes the illegal possession, distribution, and consumption of alcohol and the possession, manufacture, distribution and use of illegal drugs. The College also opposes the possession and use of prescription drugs by persons or for purposes other than those prescribed by a licensed physician. Drugs other than those prescribed by a licensed physician for legitimate health purposes may not be used or stored on College property.

Students of Middlebury College, including the Bread Loaf School of English and the Language Schools, are subject to the Middlebury College Drug and Alcohol Policy and rules and regulations while on College premises or College-related premises or when involved with off-campus College-sponsored events or off-campus events sponsored by registered College organizations. In assigning sanctions for violation of College policy, the circumstances surrounding the offense and the severity of the incident and any prior disciplinary history for the individuals involved will be taken into consideration. At Middlebury College those students found selling, manufacturing, or in possession of drugs in amounts that indicate drug sales or distribution will face penalties ranging from suspension to expulsion from school. Students or organizations found illegally selling, manufacturing, or distributing alcohol will face disciplinary action up to and including possible expulsion. Those students using illegal drugs, or in possession of amounts which appear to constitute "personal use" will face penalties ranging from official warning to indefinite suspension. The illegal use of alcohol will result in penalties ranging from warning to indefinite suspension. Involvement with or dependency upon drugs or excessive or illegal use of alcohol will also be viewed by the College as a health concern as well as a disciplinary matter. In these cases a drug/alcohol assessment will be required at our Center for Counseling and Human Relations or with an off-campus specialist. In addition, for instances where a student's name occurs repeatedly in connection with a drug or alcohol problem, even though no concrete evidence or direct witness is involved, a Dean will contact the student and meet with him or her. In these instances:

- 1) students may be encouraged or required to undergo a drug/alcohol evaluation;
- 2) if applicable, a student's parents or guardian may be notified of concerns about a student's drug or alcohol problem. In disciplinary situations and the situations of concern mentioned above, a student may be required to withdraw from the College until successful resolution of the problem is documented to the satisfaction of the College.

The Middlebury College campus, including the Bread Loaf campus, is subject to Local, State, and Federal laws concerning the possession, use, distribution and manufacture of drugs including alcohol. Students must be aware of and abide by these laws or face the possibility of legal prosecution. Middlebury College opposes the use of illegal drugs and does not provide students with a haven from the law. The College will not inhibit the legal prosecution of any member of the College community who violates Local, State, or Federal law. Law enforcement officers, when in possession of the proper documents, have a legal right to search any and all buildings on the campus without prior notice. The College also reserves the right to furnish the police with information regarding illegal activities.

HEALTH RISKS AND OTHER EFFECTS

The non-medical use of drugs and the abuse of alcohol is clearly antithetical to physical and mental development. Research and clinical observation indicate that drug and alcohol abuse can lead to a lack of motivation, lowered academic performance, antisocial behavior, and serious chemical dependency. Such abuse can be life-threatening. Even early on in an abuse pattern a drug, including alcohol, can place a person at risk for committing acts he/she would normally never do. For example, in the United States alcohol is linked to 1/3 of all suicides and 1/2 of all homicides, and approximately 50% of all convicted criminals report that they were under the influence of alcohol when they committed the crime. In addition, an estimated 60% of child and spousal abuse and 41% of assaults are drug-related. It is estimated that 75% of rapists and 55% of their victims were impaired due to drug/alcohol usage at the time of the rape.

Drug and alcohol consumption causes a number of marked changes in behavior and perception, which can place a person at increased risk for accident resulting in bodily harm.

In regard to alcohol consumption, even low dosages significantly impair the judgment and coordination required to drive a car safely or perform other tasks in a safe manner. For example, in the United States alcohol is linked to 1/2 of all automobile fatalities, 60% of motorcycle fatalities, 60% of all fatal falls and 70% of all drowning deaths. Moderate to high doses of alcohol cause marked impairments in higher mental functions, severely altering a person's ability to learn and remember information. Very high doses cause respiratory depression and death. If combined with other central nervous system depressants such as some seizure medications, antihistamines, sleeping pills, etc., much lower doses of alcohol will produce the effects just described.

Repeated use of alcohol and other drugs can lead to chemical dependency. When dependency has occurred, sudden cessation of intake is likely to produce a variety of withdrawal symptoms including anxiety, irritability, insomnia, tremors, hallucinations, convulsion, etc. Sudden withdrawal from some drugs, including alcohol, can be life-threatening.

Drug and alcohol use has significant effects on the body. The long-term consumption of drugs and/or alcohol will lead to a general deterioration of health. The following are just some of the serious physical consequences: heart disease and failure; liver disease including hepatitis and cirrhosis; gastrointestinal disorders; cancer of the lungs, pancreas, esophagus, stomach and mouth; respiratory disorders including pneumonia and chronic bronchitis; malnutrition; high blood pressure; impotence; agitation and high anxiety; depression; perforation of the nasal septum; brain damage.

Drug and/or alcohol use impairs judgment, reasoning, and communication. When judgment is impaired, students can be placed in a situation which can increase the risk of date rape and also the risk of contracting sexually transmitted diseases including the HIV virus which causes AIDS. Drug and alcohol use can also impair the functioning of the immune system which increases a person's susceptibility to contracting the AIDS virus if exposed.

Drug and/or alcohol use during pregnancy can cause severe birth defects including physical abnormalities, deafness, mental retardation, and malformed brains. In addition, many babies are born with addictions to substances their mothers use.

For more specific information regarding illicit and frequently abused prescription drugs, see the Appendix.

COLLEGE SERVICES: INFORMATION AND HELP

Students who are concerned about their own or a friend's use of alcohol or drugs are encouraged to seek assistance through Middlebury's Counseling and Human Relations Services or the Parton Health Center, both located in Carr Hall. Bread Loaf students may also seek medical consultation through the Cornwall Infirmary on the Bread Loaf campus. Professional staff are available twenty-four hours a day to provide care and treatment for individuals related to the use of alcohol and drugs. Members of the Counseling and Human Relations Services and Parton Health Center provide supportive counseling in addition to psychological and medical evaluations on a confidential basis. They help students to identify and understand the signs and behaviors associated with substance abuse, including usage patterns, motivations, and negative consequences. They can also provide useful information for evaluating and confronting a friend about the use of alcohol and drugs. Also available is referral information about community resources including private counselors, self-help groups, and comprehensive treatment facilities. Services provided by the Health Center, the Cornwall Infirmary, and Counseling Services are confidential. Emergency medical treatment can be provided by the Health Center or Porter Medical Center.

The Director of Health Education provides educational materials for individuals and programs for the College community that address the many issues surrounding alcohol and drugs. The Office of Health Education is also located in Carr Hall.

Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, Al-Anon, and Adult Children of Alcoholics groups meet regularly in Middlebury and welcome student participation. A listing of meeting times and locations is available through the Center for Counseling and Human Relations, the Office of Health Education, the Parton Health Center, and Cornwall Infirmary.

COMMUNITY RESPONSIBILITY

Middlebury College believes that drug and alcohol problems affect our entire community and that each of us has a responsibility to help safeguard the community health by respecting College policy and intervening in situations of abuse. Any member of the College community having knowledge of the possession or use of illegal drugs by an individual on campus is urged to confront the person and encourage the individual who is using illegal drugs or abusing alcohol to seek counseling and/or medical assistance. All members of the community are asked to help protect the community health by informing appropriate College staff members of instances of drug dealing.

APPENDIX

Drugs:

The State of Vermont Statutes cover a wide range of drug offenses, including the possession, cultivation or manufacture, sale, delivery, and the sale or delivery of drugs on school grounds (elementary, secondary or vocational schools). Among other provisions the State laws create the following maximum sentences for first offenses:

<u>Drugs</u>	<u>Penalties</u>
Marijuana	
Possession - less than 2 oz.	\$500 fine and/or 6 months imprisonment
2 oz. or more	\$10,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
1 lb. to 10 lbs.	\$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
10 lbs. or more	\$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Sale -	
less than 1/2 oz.	\$10,000 fine and/or 2 years imprisonment
1/2 oz. to 1 lb.	\$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
1 lb. or more	\$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment
Cocaine	
Possession - less than 2.5 grams	\$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
2.5 grams to 1 oz.	\$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
1 oz. to 1 lb.	\$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
1 lb. or more	\$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale or delivery -	
less than 2.5 grams	\$75,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
2.5 grams to 1 oz.	\$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
1 oz. or more	\$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
L.S.D.	
Possession - less than 400 micrograms	\$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
400 micrograms to 4,000 micrograms	\$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
4,000 micrograms to 40,000 micrograms	\$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
40,000 micrograms or more	\$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale -	
less than 400 micrograms	\$25,000 fine and/or 3 years imprisonment
400 micrograms to 4,000 micrograms	\$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
4,000 micrograms or more	\$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Heroin	
Possession - less than 200 milligrams	\$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
200 milligrams to 1 gram	\$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
1 gram to 2 grams	\$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
2 grams or more	\$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
Sale -	
less than 200 milligrams	\$100,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
200 milligrams to 1 gram	\$250,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
1 gram or more	\$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment

Appendix (Con't)

Depressants, Stimulants, and Narcotic Drugs (other than Heroin and Cocaine)

Possession - less than 100 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	\$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
100 to 1,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	\$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
1,000 to 10,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	\$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
10,000 times or more the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	\$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment

Sale - less than 100 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	\$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
100 to 1,000 times the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	\$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
1,000 times or more the recommended individual therapeutic dosage	\$500,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment

Hallucinogens other than L.S.D.

Possession - less than 10 doses	\$2,000 fine and/or 1 year imprisonment
10 to 100 doses	\$25,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
100 to 1,000 doses	\$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
1,000 doses or more	\$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment

Sale - less than 10 doses	\$25,000 fine and/or 5 years imprisonment
10 to 100 doses	\$100,000 fine and/or 10 years imprisonment
100 or more doses	\$500,000 fine and/or 15 years imprisonment

All Drugs other than Marijuana

Manufacture or cultivation	Maximum penalty \$1,000,000 fine and/or 20 years imprisonment
----------------------------	--

Second offenses, selling to minors, or selling on school property carry more severe sanctions.

Controlled Substances - Uses & Effects

TOLERANCE
DURATION (Hours)
USUAL METHODS OF ADMINISTRATION

DRUGS/ CSA SCHEDULES	TRADE OR OTHER NAMES	MEDICAL USES	DEPENDENCE		TOLERANCE	DURATION OF USUAL ADMINISTRATION	POSSIBLE EFFECTS	EFFECTS OF OVERDOSE	WITHDRAWAL SYNDROME			
			Physical	Psychological								
NARCOTICS												
Opium	II III V Dover's Powder, Paregonic Parepectolin	Analgesic, antidiarrheal	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, smoked	Euphoria, drowsiness, respiratory depression, constricted pupils, nausea	Slow and shallow breathing, clammy skin, convulsions, coma, possible death	Watery eyes, runny nose, yawning, loss of appetite, irritability, tremors, panic, cramps, nausea, chills and sweating		
Morphine	II III Morphine, MS-Contin, Roxanol, Roxanol-SR	Analgesic, antitussive	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, smoked, injected					
Codeine	II III V Tylenol w/Codeine, Empirn w/Codeine Robitussin A-C, Fiorinal w/Codeine	Analgesic, antitussive	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected					
Heroin	I Diacetylmorphine, Horse, Smack	None	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected, sniffed, smoked					
Hydromorphone	II Dilaudid	Analgesic	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected					
Meperidine (Pethidine)	II Demerol, Mepergan	Analgesic	High	High	Yes	3-6	Oral, injected					
Methadone	II Dolophine, Methadone, Methadose	Analgesic	High	High-Low	Yes	12-24	Oral, injected					
Other Narcotics	I II III IV V Numorphan, Percodan, Percocet, Tylox, Tussionex, Fentanyl, Darvon, Lomotil, Talwin ²	Analgesic, antidiarrheal, antitussive	High-Low	High-Low	Yes	Variable	Oral, injected					
DEPRESSANTS												
Chloral Hydrate	IV Noctec	Hypnotic	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	5-8	Oral	Slurred speech, disorientation, drunken behavior without odor of alcohol	Shallow respiration, clammy skin, dilated pupils, weak and rapid pulse, coma, possible death	Anxiety, insomnia, tremors, delirium, convulsions, possible death		
Barbiturates	II III IV Amytal, Butisol, Fiorinal, Lotusate, Nembutal, Seconal, Tuinal, Phenobarbital	Anesthetic, anticonvulsant, sedative, hypnotic, veterinary euthanasia agent	High-Mod.	High-Mod.	Yes	1-16	Oral					
Benzodiazepines	IV Ativan, Dalmane, Diazepam, Librium, Xanax, Serax, Valium Tranxene, Verstran, Versed, Halcion, Paxipam, Restonil	Antianxiety, anticonvulsant, sedative, hypnotic	Low	Low	Yes	4-8	Oral					
Methaqualone	I Quaalude	Sedative, hypnotic	High	High	Yes	4-8	Oral					
Glutethimide	III Doriden	Sedative, hypnotic	High	Moderate	Yes	4-8	Oral					
Other Depressants	III IV Equanil, Miltown, Noludar, Placidyl, Valmid	Antianxiety, sedative, hypnotic	Moderate	Moderate	Yes	4-8	Oral					
STIMULANTS												
Cocaine ¹	II Coke, Flake, Snow, Crack	Local anesthetic	Possible	High	Yes	1-2	Sniffed, smoked, injected				Increased alertness, excitation, euphoria, increased pulse rate & blood pressure, insomnia, loss of appetite	Agitation, increase in body temperature, hallucinations, convulsions, possible death
Amphetamines	II Biphentamine, Delcobese, Desoxyn, Dexedrine, Obetrol	Attention deficit disorders, narcolepsy, weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected					
Phenmetrazine	II Preludin	Weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected					
Methylphenidate	II Ritalin	Attention deficit disorders, narcolepsy	Possible	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected					
Other Stimulants	III IV Adipex, Cylert, Didrex, Ionamin, Melfiat, Plegine, Sanorex, Tenuate, Tepanil, Prelu-2	Weight control	Possible	High	Yes	2-4	Oral, injected					
HALLUCINOGENS												
LSD	I Acid, Microdot	None	None	Unknown	Yes	8-12	Oral	Illusions and hallucinations, poor perception of time and distance	Longer, more intense "trip" episodes, psychosis, possible death	Withdrawal syndrome not reported		
Mescaline and Peyote	I Mexc, Buttons, Cactus	None	None	Unknown	Yes	8-12	Oral					
Amphetamine Variants	I 2,5-DMA, PMA, STP, MDA, MDMA, TMA, DOM, DOB	None	Unknown	Unknown	Yes	Variable	Oral, injected					
Phencyclidine	II PCP, Angel Dust, Hog	None	Unknown	High	Yes	Days	Smoked, oral, injected					
Phencyclidine Analogues	I PCE, PCPy, TCP	None	Unknown	High	Yes	Days	Smoked, oral, injected					
Other Hallucinogens	I Bufotenine, Ibogaine, DMT, DET, Psilocybin, Psilocyn	None	None	Unknown	Possible	Variable	Smoked, oral, injected, sniffed					
CANNABIS												
Marijuana	I Pot, Acapulco Gold, Grass, Heeler, Sinsemilla, Thai Sticks	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral	Euphoria, relaxed inhibitions, increased appetite, disoriented behavior	Fatigue, paranoia, possible psychosis	Insomnia, hyperactivity, and decreased appetite, occasionally reported		
Tetrahydrocannabinol	I II THC, Marinol	Cancer chemotherapy adjuvant ²	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral					
Hashish	I Hash	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral					
Hashish Oil	I Hash Oil	None	Unknown	Moderate	Yes	2-4	Smoked, oral					

¹Designated a narcotic under the CSA. ²Not designated a narcotic under the CSA.

Federal Trafficking Penalties

As of November 18, 1988

CSA	PENALTY			DRUG	Quantity	PENALTY														
	2nd Offense	1st Offense	Quantity			1st Offense	2nd Offense													
I and II	Not less than 10 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine of not more than \$4 million individual, \$10 million other than individual.	Not less than 5 years. Not more than 40 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years. Not more than life. Fine of not more than \$2 million individual, \$5 million other than individual.	{ 10-99 gm or 100-999 gm mixture	METHAMPHETAMINE	{ 100 gm or more or 1 kg or more mixture	Not less than 10 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years. Not more than life. Fine of not more than \$4 million individual, \$10 million other than individual.	Not less than 20 years. Not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine of not more than \$8 million individual, \$20 million other than individual.													
			{ 100-999 gm mixture	HEROIN	{ 1 kg or more mixture															
			{ 500-4,999 gm mixture	COCAINE	{ 5 kg or more mixture															
			{ 5-49 gm mixture	COCAINE BASE	{ 50 gm or more mixture															
			{ 10-99 gm or 100-999 gm mixture	PCP	{ 100 gm or more or 1 kg or more mixture															
			{ 1-10 gm mixture	LSD	{ 10 gm or more mixture															
			{ 40-399 gm mixture	FENTANYL	{ 400 gm or more mixture															
	{ 10-99 gm mixture	FENTANYL ANALOGUE	{ 100 gm or more mixture																	
	<table><tr><th>Drug</th><th>Quantity</th><th colspan="2">First Offense</th><th colspan="2">Second Offense</th></tr><tr><td>Others²</td><td>Any</td><td colspan="2">Not more than 20 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine \$1 million individual, \$5 million not individual.</td><td colspan="2">Not more than 30 years. If death or serious injury, life. Fine \$2 million individual, \$10 million not individual.</td></tr></table>								Drug	Quantity	First Offense		Second Offense		Others ²	Any	Not more than 20 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine \$1 million individual, \$5 million not individual.		Not more than 30 years. If death or serious injury, life. Fine \$2 million individual, \$10 million not individual.	
	Drug	Quantity	First Offense		Second Offense															
Others ²	Any	Not more than 20 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine \$1 million individual, \$5 million not individual.		Not more than 30 years. If death or serious injury, life. Fine \$2 million individual, \$10 million not individual.																
III	All	Any	Not more than 5 years. Fine not more than \$250,000 individual, \$1 million not individual.		Not more than 10 years. Fine not more than \$500,000 individual, \$2 million not individual.															
IV	All	Any	Not more than 3 years. Fine not more than \$250,000 individual, \$1 million not individual.		Not more than 6 years. Fine not more than \$500,000 individual, \$2 million not individual.															
V	All	Any	Not more than 1 year. Fine not more than \$100,000 individual, \$250,000 not individual.		Not more than 2 years. Fine not more than \$200,000 individual, \$500,000 not individual.															

¹Law as originally enacted states 100 gm. Congress requested to make technical correction to 1 kg.

²Does not include marijuana, hashish, or hash oil. (See separate chart.)

Federal Trafficking Penalties - Marijuana

As of November 18, 1988

Quantity	Description	First Offense	Second Offense
1,000 kg or more; or 1,000 or more plants	Marijuana Mixture containing detectable quantity*	Not less than 10 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine not more than \$4 million individual, \$10 million other than individual.	Not less than 20 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine not more than \$8 million individual, \$20 million other than individual.
100 kg to 1,000 kg; or 100-999 plants	Marijuana Mixture containing detectable quantity*	Not less than 5 years, not more than 40 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine not more than \$2 million individual, \$5 million other than individual.	Not less than 10 years, not more than life. If death or serious injury, not less than life. Fine not more than \$4 million individual, \$10 million other than individual.
50 to 100 kg	Marijuana	Not more than 20 years. If death or serious injury, not less than 20 years, not more than life. Fine \$1 million individual, \$5 million other than individual.	Not more than 30 years. If death or serious injury, life. Fine \$2 million individual, \$10 million other than individual.
10 to 100 kg	Hashish		
1 to 100 kg	Hashish Oil		
50-99 plants	Marijuana		
Less than 50 kg	Marijuana	Not more than 5 years. Fine not more than \$250,000, \$1 million other than individual.	Not more than 10 years. Fine \$500,000 individual, \$2 million other than individual.
Less than 10 kg	Hashish		
Less than 1 kg	Hashish Oil		

*Includes Hashish and Hashish Oil

(Marijuana is a Schedule I Controlled Substance)

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK FOR NEW YORK TIMES

Since some of you may want to keep in touch with the outside world, you can subscribe to all the news that's fit to print in the New York Times. Check below the kind of subscription you want, if any; payment in full will be due when you pick up your first copy at the front desk. Subscriptions will be from Wednesday, June 26 to Wednesday, August 7.

CHECK ONE

<input type="checkbox"/> Daily only	\$22.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Sunday only	\$12.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Daily and Sunday	\$34.00

YOUR NAME _____
(Please print)

Please do not send payment in the mail. Bring it with you to Bread Loaf.

Please return this form, if you are subscribing, by June 15, 1991, to the Bread Loaf office.

Nu-Way Linen
68 South Main Street
Port Henry, New York 12974

Telephone 518-546-7666

Dear Student:

Nu-Way Linen has been selected to provide linen service for students attending Middlebury College's Bread Loaf School of English for the 1991 Summer Session. A weekly linen service includes 2 sheets, 1 pillow case and 3 bath towels. The price for this six week service is \$38.50 and includes a deposit of \$10.00 which will be refunded when a complete set of linen is returned at the end of the session. An order form and return envelope is enclosed for your convenience. Please make checks payable to Nu-Way Linen.

Thank you and good luck this Summer .

Sincerely yours,

William Joyce

Nu Way Linen

Port Henry, New York

BREAD LOAF

Name _____
Last First

Address _____
Street

City State Zip

6 week session \$38.50

Nu-Way Linen
68 South Main Street
Port Henry, New York 12974

BREAD LOAF

I will arrive by bus at the Middlebury Bus Station ☐

I will arrive by private car at Bread Loaf ☐

at..... On.....
hour of day day of week and month

Name.....

In order to facilitate transportation arrangements, please return
this card before.....

JUN 15 1971

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VT 05753



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1991

Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends,

I want to welcome all relatives and friends of Bread Loaf students to the Mountain. Bread Loaf is much more than a School; it is a community with shared intellectual, social and recreational interests.

You who are not enrolled students are cordially invited to join in as many on-campus activities as you wish. This includes attending the evening lectures or panel discussions, faculty and student readings, and receptions. There is also a school-wide picnic at the Frost Farm. We also offer films, plays, and dances. You are welcome to use the tennis and volleyball courts, Johnson Pond, and the Snack Bar in the Barn. You may purchase meal tickets at the Front Desk as space permits whenever you'd like to join on-campus Bread Loaf students for a meal. I'm sorry, but we are unable to accommodate children of students at meals. If you'd like to audit an occasional class, you may do so after checking with the Bread Loaf Office to see whether the instructor permits auditors. It has been a tradition since 1920 to pay the School \$1.00 a class hour to help the Bread Loaf office meet their routine office expenses in providing services to classes (photocopying, etc.). Jim Lobdell, the Theatre Production Manager, would welcome your assistance in mounting our dramatic productions. You are encouraged to try out for a part in our major play, King Lear, or our other productions.

There are also a few restrictions, which I'm sure you'll find understandable. Dogs must not be brought on campus because they create a serious nuisance by barking outside open classroom windows, by annoying students and faculty in the Barn, or worse, being left unattended in cars. We also ask that children not be allowed to play in the area of the Barn during class hours (8:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.)

I'm pleased that Marian Litz is running our informal weekday child-care program, Croutons, for all our off-campus youngsters. You can make arrangements with Marian by completing the enclosed Croutons form and sending it to the Bread Loaf office by June 15. The fees are minimal and the program terrific. Marian can always use a helping hand, so if you have an afternoon free, stop in and get acquainted with the program. Marian is also planning one or two social gatherings, so off-campus students and families may get to know each other.

I hope we can make the summer a truly enjoyable one for you and your family.

Cordially,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

May 1991

Bread Loaf School of English

Dear Bread Loaf Parents,

Attending classes at the Bread Loaf School of English is hard enough. Attending classes while at the same time attempting to provide for the needs of a young child can be more trying than it need be.

For the past several years, a child-care program called "Croutons" has lessened the burden on students, faculty and staff who bring their children to Vermont. Each year we have tried to make Croutons better. Starting out as a play group furnished with a few paintbrushes, Croutons has grown to such proportions that the School now provides facilities complete with a playground at Dragon's Den, a mile from the School.

This program will be directed by Marian Litz, the original founder of Croutons. Depending on the ages of children in attendance, some of the activities offered may include creative writing, dramatics, cooking, music, reading, swimming, art, games, a field trip (possibly), and lots and lots of fun.

Hours are set for 8:15 to 4:45. **Supervision during the lunch hour (12:45 - 1:45) is not provided.** The rates below are for the first child in each family. The cost for each additional child from the same family will be one-half the stated rates.

AGES: Two to 8

Full day	\$7.50
Morning only (8:15 - 12:45)	\$4.50
Afternoon only (1:45 - 4:45)	\$3.00

AGES: 9 and above

Full day	\$5.50
Morning only (8:15 - 12:45)	\$3.00
Afternoon only (1:45 - 4:45)	\$2.50

All children of students, faculty, and staff staying at Croutons do need to pay for the service. The older children, however, get paid a modest rebate--perhaps to use as their own spending money during the summer--if they choose to be "Croutoneers" and assist Marian and her staff.

Children 9 - 11 get paid \$.50 an hour.
Children 12 and above get paid \$1.00 an hour.

Children under the age of two will be supervised during actual class hours. Additional supervision may be arranged with Marian Litz, but will depend on how much help she has available. The charge for infant care is \$2.00 per hour. The very young children will be accepted if their parents can provide a playpen (or something similar) in which the baby can be safely tended.

Children frequently like to bring special things to share with their friends at Croutons, and also take home special things they have made. Please provide him/her with a fairly sturdy plastic bag with handles that can also be used to hold a change of clothing, an old shirt or smock for painting days, swim suits, towels, diapers, bottles, blankets, toys, etc.

It would be helpful to have an idea of how many children may be in attendance this summer. If you are planning on having a child cared for on a regular basis, please send the attached registration form by June 15 to the Bread Loaf office.

Recognizing that child-care is a matter of great concern to parents, Marian Litz has very graciously offered to answer any questions you might have between now and the opening of the Bread Loaf session. Her phone number in Princeton, New Jersey is (609) 921-8474.

We would also like to ask that if you have a couple of spare hours a day, you might think about helping out at Croutons and seeing what the program is all about.

Sincerely,



James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

CROUTONS

Please mail this form to: The Bread Loaf School of English
 Tilden House
 Middlebury College
 Middlebury VT 05753

Children's names and ages

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Parent's name and home address



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 30, 1991

Dear 1991 Wait Staff:

Let me start this note off with a heartfelt thank you for agreeing to be on the 1991 Bread Loaf Wait Staff. Your acceptance has helped with the planning to make sure that the School has a smooth beginning by starting off on the right foot.

The Head Waiter this summer is Peter Newton and the Assistant Head Waiter is Jeanne Leiby.

Enclosed is a handout of guidelines for being a waiter. Please read them over before you come and bring them with you for reference.

The Financial Aid Office would like me to remind each of you that if you haven't turned in the aid offer form to please do so immediately so your bill can be properly credited. No aid award is final until this has been received.

We look forward to welcoming you on the Mountain on Monday, June 24th for the start of a wonderful summer.

Cordially,

Elaine Hall
Administrative Secretary

elh

INFORMATION FOR WAITERS

THE GOLDEN RULE

Attendance. A former Bread Loaf head waiter is fond of quoting Woody Allen's observation that "90% of life is showing up." The School assumes that in accepting a waitership contract you plan to wait at every meal. If for any special reason you must have a meal off, see the head waiter, Peter Newton. Every week each waiter normally receives one full day free from his or her waiting duties in addition to receiving the breakfast of the following day off. Near the end of each week waiters should sign up for time off for the next week. The head waiter will post a days off sheet. Occasionally a waiter may need to hire someone to work in his or her place. Each waiter must assume responsibility for hiring and paying his or her substitute. A list of substitutes will be available.

Being courteous is just as important as "showing up." Try to remember these suggestions:

- Waiters should lend each other a hand whenever possible, particularly toward the end of the meal. Everyone occasionally falls behind schedule; waiter cooperation will help everyone finish more quickly.
- When you have your station completely set up, you may need to help someone else set his station.
- Courtesy, patience, and efficiency are extremely important to a smoothly run dining hall.
- The head waiter will be glad to help in any way he can with problems pertaining to the job. But do not expect the head waiter (or any other waiter) to overlook the unsatisfactory performance of a waiter. A waiter who fails to do his or her job jeopardizes not only his or her position, but also the morale and cooperative spirit of a traditionally close-knit and mutually supportive group.
- Treat the kitchen staff courteously and cooperate with them completely.
- Remember: Do not seek efficiency at the expense of dining hall etiquette, regardless of the conduct and etiquette of the people you serve. If you have a problem with a customer, discuss it with the head waiter and he will do his best to alleviate the problem.
- In the past, waiters have adopted different styles of waiting. Courtesy is most important. Trying too hard to be efficient can produce unwanted results ranging from the mildly embarrassing plight of having extra drinks on your hands to the uncomfortable awareness that you have been rude to a fellow member of the Bread Loaf community.

THE LOGISTICAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE DINING HALL AT BREAD LOAF

- The door of the dining hall is kept open for fifteen minutes after the start of each meal (thirty minutes at breakfast) during which time guests are permitted. After the door closes, no guests are normally admitted.

- Each waiter will serve two tables of six or three tables of four each.

- Stations will be changed periodically so that no one will have easier posts than others for any length of time.

- Those waiting at the faculty table and the children's table should go to the head of the serving line in the kitchen.

- Any visitors eating in the dining hall must buy a meal ticket at the Inn desk, and give it to the head waiter at the door.

- The dining hall is to be run as an inn: it is not a college cafeteria. There is no guest menu, but meals are individually served and should be served properly. The customer is always right. If you do not think so, tell the head waiter, not the diner.

- While you are eating, the head waiter will announce the stations for the meal. He will post the assignment sheet so that you may check it in case you miss the announcement.

A QUICK GUIDE TO WAITING ON TABLES, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER DONE IT BEFORE

- Serve food from the left; beverages from the right. Remove plates from the left. Some tables are very close together and hard to squeeze between, but try not to lean across guests to reach the plates.

- Wait until all guests at a given table are finished with a course before bringing the next one unless some of these at the table were very late arrivals or a guest requests to be served before the others.

- Do not remove silverware or slide dishes from a guest's place until he or she is finished with that course. Wait a moment before taking the plate, rather than snatching it away the minute the fork is set down.

- Be sure to ask whether anyone would like seconds. (After checking with servers in the kitchen.) At the end of the main course clear bread, butter, jam, etc. Guests may have seconds on beverages. Hot coffee seconds are normally served by pitcher.

- At the end of the meal you may clear the place of the individual as soon as he or she is finished eating completely. If the person wishes to linger over a beverage, that is fine, but you may continue to clear the rest if he or she is finished. Never clear while people are still eating unless they are nearly finished, for others at the table may well feel rushed.

- If there is a question in your mind about what someone wants, ask the guest.

- Do not allow dishes and garbage to stack up on trays. Remove them quickly to the kitchen so that dishwashers can finish their work more quickly.

- Scrape and stack dishes according to size. Separate silverware on the tray to save time.

WAITING DUTIES SPECIFIC TO BREAD LOAF, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE WAITED BEFORE, BUT NOT AT BREAD LOAF

- Try to keep your waiting jacket clean. You will change jackets twice each week (Wednesday and Sunday). Do not take someone else's jacket if you misplace yours or if someone accidentally takes yours.

- It is a good idea to keep in your jacket a small pad and pen for taking breakfast and beverage orders.

- After you have eaten and returned your dishes to the kitchen, you should put on your waiter's jacket and check the menu posted in the kitchen to see that you have put out the correct settings for the meal. (Waiters occasionally enjoy a broader fare than regular diners. Also, last minute changes may be made in the menu.)

- Following each meal, waiters should set places for the next meal. Tables should be thoroughly wiped with damp sponges or clothes. Place a fresh paper place mat at the center of each table. Each table should have reasonably full salt and pepper shakers, a bowl of sugar, a sugar spoon, a table lamp, an ask tray, napkins, and silverware. Put out dinner napkins at dinner only.

- Be sure to put out butter, catsup, relish, jelly, crackers, etc. when they are offered. You may need to put out serving spoons. Make sure there is a tray stand near your table. Make sure you have a pen and paper with which to take orders.

- The waiters serving as busers for the meal are responsible for pouring drinks in the kitchen while other waiters are setting stations.

- A few minutes before bell time the head waiter will let you know that you should have your station set up. When he announces that it is bell time you should be at your station. Light oil lamps for dinner a few minutes before bell time.

- Make sure windows are propped open and fans are on during warm weather.

- Waiters sometimes forget that they are expected to wait for the graduation banquet which takes place the evening of the day following final exams (Saturday). Waiters must spend several hours the morning of the banquet preparing the dining hall for the dinner. If you plan to leave prior to the banquet let the head waiter know and plan to hire a substitute. Waiters who leave prior to the banquet forfeit tips.

- Be sure to empty liquids into the sink before putting dirty glasses and cups on the rack.

- You will need to wipe off your tray with a sponge or cloth after returning dirty dishes to the kitchen. Keep your tray clean. Blobs of jelly, lumps of gravy, and streams of milk not only mar the aesthetic appeal of your shiny tray, but also make for an unreliable grip on a trayful of fragile dishes.

-Be sure to put silverware in the appropriately labeled soaking basins. Do not throw silverware at the water. Splashing the dishwasher is forbidden. Occasionally waiters may have to fill in for dishwashers.

- Busers will assist waiters in returning dirty dishes, but each waiter is primarily responsible for busing his or her own station.

- Do not put untouched food, clean plates, or clean silver on the same tray with dirty dishes.

- No seconds on dessert will be served. Before bringing desserts from the kitchen, ask the people at your tables how many wish dessert. Bring only that number. Use underliners with small dessert dishes and with the dishes in which boiled eggs are served.

- Containers for unused butter, catsup, crackers, pickles, etc. will be on a counter in the kitchen. Please do not throw out unused condiments.

- After a meal has been served, tables cleared and reset, check to make sure there is nothing further to do before you leave. Make sure no trays have been left on stands in the dining hall. Trays are to be cleaned and stacked in the kitchen. Check to see whether you can help someone set his or her station. No waiters are to leave the dining hall until all stations are in order. If you have a class immediately following a meal, you may leave in time to get to class. It is not always necessary to leave the dining hall early in order to make it to class on time.

- Be sure to hang your jacket in the proper room. Do not leave it draped over a chair in the dining hall.

- Do not leave extra silverware, napkins, cloths, sponges, etc. at stations between meals. Do not "hoard" silverware.

- At breakfast, serve beverages right away. A buser will help serve refills of coffee.

- All food and beverages should be brought from the kitchen on a tray. If you have a small order (one cup of coffee), you may want to use one of the small trays. Return small trays to the kitchen so that others may use them. Do not accumulate trays at your station. You will usually have two tray stands. You should have no more than two trays.

THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WAITERS SHOULD NOT DO....

- No smoking in the dining hall or kitchen except at the waiters' table and then only during waiters' mealtime.

- No drinking before serving tables.

- Do not run in the dining hall or kitchen.

- There is no tipping until the end of the session. All tips will be divided evenly among the waiters.

- Waiters and guests may not use kitchen facilities for their personal use. Do not ask to do so. (Ice, for example, is for meal time use only. You may purchase ice at the snack bar in the Barn.)

- Never leave books, food, plates, glasses, or eating utensils in the waiters' dining area. Try to keep the back tables reserved for waiters and kitchen staff clean. Do not expect someone else to do the job for you.

- Do not cluster in groups or sit down while guests are eating. Do not retire to the waiters' table to smoke or eat. Stay by your station. If there is a lull during a meal, it saves time to get your napkins and silver for the next meal.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 22, 1991

Dear Computer Room Assistant:

Congratulations and Thank You for volunteering for this position.

I have enclosed a brief job description outlining the responsibilities of this position.

There will be five Computer Room Assistants this summer. As of this time, all the positions have been offered, but not everyone has accepted the position. If you haven't responded, please return the financial aid offer letter as requested. If all of you accept, the team will be: David Anthony, Loretta Brady, Deborah Johnson, Christopher Karwowski, and Suzanne Price.

Joanne Tulonen is the Computer Room Director and you will report to her and work out working schedules, etc. with her. Please plan to arrive on Monday, June 24th no later than supper (6:00 p.m.) as your work will begin after supper with setting up the computer room. Also, please realize that this work study does include working during exams and helping to close the computer center including Saturday, August 10th.

I am delighted that you have all expressed such an interest in working in the computer center and look forward to welcoming you soon.

Cordially,

Elaine Hall
Administrative Secretary

elh

JOB DESCRIPTION FOR COMPUTER ROOM ASSISTANTS

1. Computer room assistants work twenty hours per week for full room and board. Hours will be assigned by the Computer Room Director, Joanne Tulonen. Hours will be worked around the students classes, but will include at least one weekend shift.
2. Assistants should arrive at Bread Loaf by Monday supper, the day before the session begins. They should be prepared to work Monday evening and all day Tuesday unpacking computers and assisting with inventory.
3. Assistants should be prepared to stay through Saturday at the end of the session and to put in six hours of packing around their final exam schedules.
4. Daily shift duties will be explained and updated as needed by the Computer Room Director. Duties will include the following:

MORNING

- a. Unlock doors and open windows.
- b. Empty dehumidifier.
- c. Tally previous days user hours and put forms in file.
- d. Put out new user count forms.
- e. Plug in machines.
- f. Load Appleworks in Apple IIs.
- g. Turn on IBM file server and load network diskettes in PS2/25's.
- h. Turn on CD ROM and load Microsoft Bookshelf.

ALL SHIFTS

- a. Answer students' questions.
- b. Write down any problems and post on bulletin board.
- c. Write down questions you can't answer and post on bulletin board.
- d. Tally user hours at the end of your shift.
- e. Keep sign up sheets accurate. Ask stayers to re-sign, or write their names down yourself.
- f. Answer phone and take messages.
- g. Nudge users off machines if new users are waiting.
- h. Lock doors at lunch and supper breaks.
- i. Warn users to save often, especially when storms approach.
- j. During severe electrical storms, turn off and unplug machines.

- k. Replace paper as necessary and ribbons as they get too light. Put stickers on printers indicating when ribbons were changed.
- l. Arrange for an approved substitute if you can't cover your shift. will be responsible for paying the sub with cash or traded hours.

CLOSING (Midnight)

- a. Close and lock windows.
- b. Turn off machines.
- c. Shut down IBM network according to instructions posted by file server.
- d. Unplug all machines.
- e. Empty dehumidifier if necessary.
- f. Collect Appleworks and place in box on bookcase.
- g. Collect network boot diskettes from IBM's (and other IBM diskettes) and place in diskette box on IBM shelf.
- h. Lock both doors.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

2 August 1991

To: David Anthony, Loretta Brady, Chris Karwowski, Ralph Ostrom, Suzanne Price

From: Jim Maddox *Jim Maddox*

This is just a message to remind you that your assistantship in the Computer Center extends through the period of packing and shipping out the computers--through, that is, Saturday, August 10. If for any reason you are unable to be in the Computer Center for those closing days, you are responsible for locating and paying a replacement person.

The only reason for my sending this memo is that Joanne and a very few assistants seem every year to get left with an unfair amount of work at the end of the summer, and clearly that needs remedying.

Thanks for all your help this summer.

cc: Joanne Tulonen

**MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MICROCOMPUTER SALES PROGRAM
INFORMATIONAL MAILING**

**SUMMER LANGUAGE SCHOOLS
BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH**

We are pleased to inform you that full time faculty and students of the Summer Language Schools and full time faculty, students, and staff of the Bread Loaf School of English who are in good financial standing with Middlebury College and have *not* yet purchased equipment through the Middlebury College Microcomputer Sales Program are eligible to do so at this time. Listed on the following page are some of the models which we are offering through the program. We expect to have a small inventory of Macintosh Classic 2/40 computers and printers on hand for immediate delivery when you arrive on campus. **If you would like to buy a computer from inventory or order one of the other items listed on the following page, please *come* to the Computer Sales Office at The College Store for the appropriate order forms and information.** Please keep in mind that due to the unprecedented demand for some of the models, delivery times are uncertain. Although we cannot *guarantee* delivery during the time you are on campus, we recommend that you place your order early. If your equipment does not arrive during the time you are on campus, you must make shipping arrangements. Offerings are available *only* to qualified faculty, students and staff of Middlebury College. Eligibility will be screened prior to acceptance of your order. Full payment is required at the time your order is placed. Purchasers are required to sign the Middlebury College Terms of Sale Agreement at the time of sale.

For additional information, please contact Ann McLean, Computer Sales Coordinator, The College Store, Middlebury College,
5 Hillcrest Road, Middlebury, VT 05753 • 802-388-3711•Extension 5005
May, 1991

DESCRIPTION	PRICE
Macintosh Classic 2/40 (Includes CPU, monitor, mouse, Apple Keyboard II, and Microsoft Word.)	\$1241.00
Macintosh SE/30 2/40 (Includes CPU, standard keyboard, monitor, mouse, and Microsoft Word.)	\$2366.00
Macintosh SE/30 4/80 (Includes CPU, standard keyboard, monitor, mouse, and Microsoft Word.)	\$2694.00
Macintosh LC 2/40 Bundle (Includes CPU, keyboard, 12" RGB Color Monitor, mouse, and Microsoft Word.)	\$2139.00
Macintosh IIsx 3/40 Bundle (Includes CPU, keyboard, 12" RGB Color Monitor, mouse, and Microsoft Word.)	\$3274.00
Imagewriter II Printer (Near letter quality dot-matrix impact printer with cables.)	\$368.00
Stylewriter Printer (Inkjet laser quality printer includes detachable paper feeder, ink cartridge, and cables.)	\$385.00
<p>4% Vermont sales tax plus \$35.00 shipping fee charged for each order.</p> <p>As noted on the preceeding page, <i>some</i> of the above equipment will be available for immediate delivery upon your arrival at The College. Please see Ann McLean at The College Store in Proctor Hall for equipment availability, information and appropriate order forms.</p>	

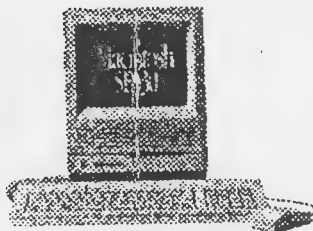
NOTE: Pricing of other models available upon request.
Prices are subject to change without notice.

MACINTOSH SYSTEMS



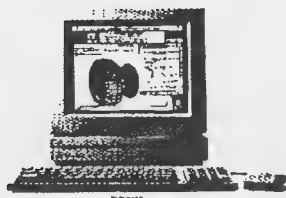
Macintosh Classic 2/40:

- 1.44 Megabyte Floppy Drive
- 40 Megabyte Hard Drive
- 2 Megabyte RAM
- 8 MHz 68000 Processor
- Apple Keyboard II
- Monitor
- Mouse
- Microsoft Word



Macintosh SE 30 2/40:

- 1.44 Megabyte Floppy Drive
- 40 Megabyte Hard Drive
- 2 Megabyte RAM
- 16 MHz 68030 Processor
- Standard Keyboard
- Monitor
- Mouse
- Microsoft Word



Macintosh LC 2/40 Bundle:

- 1.44 Megabyte Floppy Drive
- 40 Megabyte Hard Drive
- 2 Megabyte RAM
- 16 MHz 68020 Processor
- Apple Keyboard II
- Microphone
- 12" RGB Color Monitor
- Mouse
- Microsoft Word



Macintosh IIfx 3/40 Bundle:

- 1.44 Megabyte Floppy Drive
- 40 Megabyte Hard Drive
- 3 Megabyte RAM
- 20 MHz 68030 Processor
- Extended Keyboard
- Microphone
- 12" RGB Color Monitor
- Mouse
- Microsoft Word



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 20, 1991

Ms. Cornelia Baskin
Ms. Bobbie Brister
Mr. David Cole
Mr. Richard Commons
Ms. Ann Gilmore
Mr. Robert Hunter
Ms. Suzanne Keith
Ms. Peggi McCarthy
Mr. Michael Obel-Omia

Once again this summer we're looking for a few of the friendliest, most outgoing, and just all-around plain wonderful people ever to grace the campus of Bread Loaf to serve as guides and helpers to those who have, until now, been less fortunate. With that in mind, I am asking if you would be willing to serve as a Green Ribbon Greeter for the School of English on Opening Day, June 25. In return for sharing your infinite knowledge and abundant good will, the School will pay you a small honorarium of \$25.

To sign up for this most honored position, please either give me a call at the Bread Loaf office (x. 5418) or drop me a note on an entertaining postcard. I'll need to have your social security number as well so that I can process the honorarium more quickly and get the cash in your hand.

If you are able to help us out, it would be best if you could arrive somewhat early (Monday would be best) and check in with the office on your arrival. Meals begin with lunch on Sunday, so anytime after that would be fine by us. It is probable that we will have a short meeting Monday afternoon or evening to go over a few things before Registration Day.

I hope that you will be able to help us carry on this Bread Loaf tradition in welcoming the new class (and steering them in all the right directions). In any event, I look forward very much to welcoming YOU back to Bread Loaf in just a few weeks.

Until then (and ever after),

Hugh Coyle
Administrative Director

A SEMI-COMPLETE GUIDE TO FOOD, FUN, FRIVOLITY, FRUGALITY, ETC. IN MIDDLEBURY AND SURROUNDING AREAS

We hope that this little publication will be helpful to new and returning Bread Loaf students and their families. The listing is certainly not comprehensive, but perhaps will serve as a jumping-off point.

Happy exploring from the Bread Loaf Office,

*Hugh Coyle
Elaine Hall
Betsy Evans*

FOOD

A & W - Drive-up outdoor service from the 50's. Try a cold root beer float in a frosted mug.

Amigos Mexican Restaurant - Mild, hot, or incendiary. (4 Merchants Row, Middlebury) 388-3624

Bakery Lane - Delicious baked goods. (Across the street from the Grand Union, Middlebury)

Blueberry Hill Inn - Elegant, secluded dining. Reservations required. Fixed menu. (Ripton/Goshen Road, Goshen) 247-6535

Cafe Chatillon - Gourmet dining by the Otter Creek. Reservations appreciated. (Frog Hollow Mill) 388-1040

Calvi's - Soup and sandwich specials, wonderful homemade ice cream treats. Stop by when exploring Middlebury's shops. (Main Street, Middlebury)

Cubbers Restaurant - Spaghetti, subs, pizza. (Main Street, Bristol) 453-2400

Dog Team Tavern - Lots of down-home style food at reasonable prices. Wonderful sticky buns with all meals. (Dog Team Road, 3 miles north of Middlebury) 388-7651

Emperor's Garden - Great Chinese cuisine. Reasonable luncheons. (Marble Works Complex, Middlebury) 388-3020

Fire and Ice - Fantastic "all you can eat" shrimp, salad and bread bar, children's menu. (26 Seymour Street, Middlebury) 388-7166

J.J.'s Pub and Restaurant - Newly opened pub in the alley to Woody's Restaurant. (Bakery Lane)

Luigi's Little Naples Restaurant and Fresh Fish Market - Italian specialities. Fresh fish and lobster store. (86 Main Street, Middlebury)

Lyon's Place - Small shop specializing in subs, Ben and Jerry's ice cream and creemies. They are also a small grocery store which sells most major East Coast newspapers. A word to the wise - order a small creemie unless you want to be eating it the rest of the day. (6 College Street, Middlebury)

Mary's Restaurant - *Yankee Magazine's* "Favorite Restaurant in All of Vermont." A very special dining experience. Country atmosphere - like eating in a greenhouse. Wickedly delicious Sunday brunch. (11 Main Street, Bristol) 453-2432

McDonald's - Sure to squelch your mid-summer Big Mac Attack. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

Middlebury Inn - Excellent drinks. Delightful and relaxed Sunday buffet brunch. (On the Green, Middlebury) 388-4961

Mister Ups - Ask for a table on the deck overlooking the Otter Creek. We recommend the Club Midd, nachos and fajitas. (Bakery Lane, Middlebury) 388-6724

Noonies - Huge, thick sandwiches served on homemade bread. Baked goods. (Marble Works Complex, Middlebury) 388-0014

Otter Creek Bakery - Great muffins, breads, and specialty desserts. (Corner of Main and College Streets, Middlebury)

Pizza Cellar - Great pizza and Italian fare, all tucked under the Baptist Church on Merchants Row in Middlebury. 388-6774

Rosie's - Good local color restaurant/diner. Inexpensive breakfast/brunch. (Route 7 South, Middlebury) 388-7052

Steve's Park Diner - Old fashioned breakfasts. Small-town diner charm. (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

Sugarhouse Restaurant - Nice family restaurant. (Route 7 North, Middlebury) 388-7773

Swift House Inn - elegant dining. Thursday through Monday 5:30-9:30. Reservations please. (North Pleasant Street (Rt. 7), Middlebury) 388-9925

Vermont Country Kitchens - Pleasant gourmet sandwich shop. Also a store to meet all your gourmet cooking needs. (Park Street, Middlebury)

Waybury Inn - More elegant dining. Fine Sunday brunch. Their friendly pub is the watering hole for Bread Loaf students and offers a selection of 136 beers. New England Inn atmosphere (featured on The Bob Newhart Show). Reservations recommended. (Route 125, East Middlebury) 388-4015

Woody's - Nice atmosphere. Ask for seating on the deck overlooking the Otter Creek. Try the spring rolls and Amaretto cheese cake. (5 Bakery Lane, Middlebury) 388-4182

Zachary's Pizza House, Inc. - Fantastic pizza and hot subs. (Washington Street Plaza next to the Grand Union, Middlebury) 388-3164

BOOK SHOPS

The Alley Beat - Alternative books and music, new and used. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury) 388-2743

Breadloaf Bookshop - Great used book shop. (Route 125, East Middlebury)

Otter Creek Old and Rare Books - 20 Main Street, Middlebury 388-3241

The Vermont Book Shop - Old time flavor book shop complete with creaky wooden floors. Records, tapes and CD's - expansive jazz collection. (38 Main Street, Middlebury) 388- 2061

SPECIAL EVENTS

Festival on the Green - Early July. Details will be posted at Bread Loaf when they become available.

Reggae Festival - Date to be announced.

Addison County Field Days - New Haven. A Vermont Country Fair held in early August. Dates will be posted at Bread Loaf.

Champlain Valley Folk Arts Festival - Button Bay State Park, near Basin Harbor. Beginning of August. Dates will be posted at Bread Loaf.

MOVIE THEATERS

Burlington Theaters - Lots of first-run movies. Check the *Burlington Free Press*

Dana Auditorium and Twilight 101 Theater - Foreign films listed in "This Week at Middlebury" (Middlebury College, Sunderland Building and Twilight Hall)

Ilsley Library Kid Series - Check the *Addison Independent* or the *Valley Voice*.

Marquis Theater - Main Street, Middlebury Bargain nights are normally Mondays and Tuesdays. 388-4841

FRIVOLITY

Antique Shops - Dotted across the Vermont countryside. Fun to explore.

Ben and Jerry's Factory Store - Ice Cream factory. Tours every hour. "Udderly" incredible gift shop. (Route 100, Waterbury)

Burlington, Vermont - Population 40,000. Largest city in the state. Home of the University of Vermont. Explore the Church Street walking mall, have a picnic on the shores of Lake Champlain.

Contra Dancing- Second and fourth Fridays. Check the *Valley Voice* for times and locations.

Frog Hollow Craft Center - All Vermont crafts. Exhibits, demonstrations, classes. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury) 388-3177

Kidspace - A must for the children and the young-at-heart. Giant wooden structure with swings, slides, catwalks, etc. (Mary Hogan School, Court Street, Middlebury)

Ilsley Library - Fine community library. Excellent children's collection. \$15.00 non-resident fee which is refunded when you leave. (Main Street, Middlebury) 388-4095

Marble Works Complex - Several small shops and restaurants down behind Main Street. (Middlebury)

Middlebury Recreation Department - Swimming pool, tennis courts, fitness trail. Summer classes (ballet, tennis, swimming, etc.) Court Street, Middlebury 388-4041. Register for courses at the Municipal Building 8:30-5:00 M-F.

Rutland, Vermont - Population 20,000. Second largest city in the state. Look for the dog statue sculpted by Mia Farrow's brother.

Woodware/HarvestHills/Busy Acres - Wood products, dried flower shop, unique foods. Great gift ideas. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

MUSEUMS

Basin Harbor Maritime Museum - Dedicated to the preservation and exploration of Lake Champlain heritage. (Basin Harbor) 475-2317

Vermont Folklife Center - Wonderful displays of Vermont folklife and art. Gamaliel Painter House (Court Street, Middlebury) 388-4964 Weekdays 9-4.

Shelburne Museum - Fantastic replica of early American community. Covers many acres. Plan to spend the whole day. Expensive at \$14.00 adult, \$6.00 child, but well worth it. (Route 7 North, Shelburne - 40 minutes north of Middlebury) 9-5 every day, 985-3344

Sheldon Museum - Local history. Henry Sheldon House as it was in the mid-1800's. Fine early Middlebury portraits, furniture, clocks and carpenter's workshop. Gift shop. (Park Street, Middlebury) Mon. - Sat. 10-5, Admission \$2.50 adult, .50 child. Groups \$2.00 per person. 388-2117

SERVICES

Banks

Bank of Vermont (1 Creek Road, Middlebury) 388-4031

Chittenden Bank (Court Street, Middlebury) 388-6316

Lobby Hours - Mon. - Thurs. 9-3, Fri. 9-6

Drive-Up - Mon. - Thurs 8-5, Fri. 8-6

National Bank of Middlebury (Main Street, Middlebury) 388-4982

Lobby Hours - Mon. - Thurs. 9-3, Fri. 9-6

Drive-Up - Mon. - Thurs. 9-4, Fri. 9-6 (Located next to Fire Station on Seymour Street)

Proctor Bank (7 Merchants Row, Middlebury) 388-6329

Vermont Federal Bank (Rt. 7 South, Middlebury) 388-6791

Inns and Motels

Blueberry Hill Inn (Ripton/Goshen Road, Goshen) 247-6535

Blue Spruce Motel (Rt. 7, South, Middlebury) 388-4091

Greystone Motel (Route 7 South, Middlebury) 388-4935

Horn Farnsworth House (Route 7 North, Middlebury) 388-2300

Maple Manor Motel (Route 7 South, Middlebury) 388-3166

Middlebury Inn (Route 7 on the Green, Middlebury) 388-4961

New Haven Motor Inn (Route 7 North, New Haven) 877-2956
October Pumpkin Bed and Breakfast (Route 125, East Middlebury) 388-9525
Sugar House Motor Inn (Route 7 North, Middlebury) 388-2770
The Annex (Route 125, East Middlebury) 388-3233
Waybury Inn (Route 125, East Middlebury) 388-4015

Grocery Stores

A&P, Middlebury Plaza (Route 7 South) - open 24 hours
Grand Union (Washington Street Plaza) - open 24 hours
Greg's Meat Market (Seymour Street)
IGA, Village Court (Route 7 in town)
Middlebury Natural Food Co-Op (Washington Street)
Luigi's Fresh Fish Market (Main Street)

Hair Cuts

Brett's Making Waves (2 Maple Street) 388-7849
Bud's Barber Style Shop (Merchants Row) 388-6887
Carousel Cuts (Washington Street) 388-9668
Heads Up Hairstyling (34 North Pleasant Street) 388-7815
Joe's Barbershop (Washington Street Plaza) 388-2741
Lady Fair (34 Main Street) 388-2557
Le Salon de Vie (Court Street) 388-6113
O'Brien's Beauty Salon (57 Main Street) 388-2350
Pauline's Hair Fashions (388-6636)
Undercuts, Inc (86 Main Street) 388-2027

Copy Services

Main Street Stationery
Middlebury Print and Copy (9 College Street)
Middlebury College Library

DryCleaning/Laundromats

Desabrais Laundry (Village Court, Court Street)
Mountain Fresh Cleaning (Washington Street Plaza)

Post Offices

East Middlebury - Route 125 - Mon. - Fri. 7:30-12:30, 2:30-5:30, Sat. 8:30-11:30
Middlebury - Main Street - Mon. - Fri. 8-5, Sat. 9:30-12:30
Ripton - Route 125 - Mon. - Fri. 7:30-11:00, 2:30-5, Sat. 7:30-11:00

Therapeutic Massage

Pat Schmitter - Swedish/Esalen Massage (Le Salon de Vie, 42 Court Street) 388-6113

Jo Anne Davies - Jin Shin Do Acupressure Energy Field and Chakra Work, Swedish/Esalen
Massage (7 Seymour Street) 388-0254

FRUGALITY

Ben Franklin 5&10 (Main Street)
Bass Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)
Danform Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington)
Dexter Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)
Timberland Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)
Cheese Factory Outlet (Pine Street, Burlington)
Peg's Thrift Shop (Merchants Row)
Neat Repeats Thrift Shop (Bakery Lane)
Round Robin Thrift Shop (Park Street)
Woody Jackson's "Holy Cow" Shop - check out the seconds area for T-shirts. (Seymour Street)

THE FAR SIDE



"Wait a minute! ... McCallister, you fool!
This isn't what I said to bring!"

Remember to bring your blackfly/mosquito repellent!

MEMO TO: All Members of the Bread Loaf Community
TOPIC: Articles Contaminated with Bodily Secretions
FROM: Bread Loaf Nurse, Laurie Brown, CRNP

Please be considerate of the housekeeping staff by disposing of all soiled linens and paper products in an appropriate way.

It would be appreciated if soiled linens could be bundled up and placed in a pillow case. All soiled or bloody paper products which are considered flushable should be flushed. Those which cannot be flushed should be wrapped in paper, put in a "nap-sack" (available in bathrooms), and placed in the trash can.

Any other materials containing bodily secretions not thus far mentioned should be carefully discarded in an equally hygienic manner.

Thank you for your strict attention to these matters and your courtesy toward the housekeeping staff. Any questions or concerns should be directed to Leo Hotte (Ext. 52) or the Cornwall Clinic (Ext. 14).

LB/ese



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 1, 1991

Dear New Bread Loaf Student:

Since you are spending your first summer at the Bread Loaf School of English, it might be helpful in allaying any anxieties to inform you, as I have the faculty, what grades are alleged to mean at Bread Loaf.

<u>Grade</u>	<u>Description</u>
A+, A	An extraordinary or even superlative achievement.
A-	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	Very good work.
B	Good, competent achievement.
B-	Passing work.
C	An unsatisfactory performance.
F	Fails to complete work of the course or fails to respond to the opportunity and responsibility of membership in the class.

If for whatever reason you are disappointed with the results of your first papers, please don't get discouraged. See your instructor. As a second-best choice, see the Director. First papers of first-year students are no indication of any final assessment.

Just as important as the grade is the assessment each instructor will place in your file. These detailed comments will become part of a Bread Loaf letter of recommendation, should you ever request one from the School. Please note that certain faculty members will withhold this written assessment if you do not waive your rights, and letters of recommendation therefore cannot be as full or detailed as would otherwise be the case. Many faculty members will write these assessments regardless of whether or not you sign the waiver. The decision whether or not to sign the waiver form is of course your own.

Sincerely,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

PLACEMENT AND READMISSION RECORDS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

The policy of Middlebury College and the Bread Loaf School of English regarding the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974 is as follows:

Students or former students have the right to inspect and review all Placement, Admission, and Readmission Records placed in their files after 1 January, 1975, unless they sign the Student's Waiver Statement attached. Placement Records are letters of recommendation written by the Director of the School of English. Admission letters are the letters submitted by your references at the time of your acceptance at the School. Readmission Records are comments submitted each summer by your instructors regarding your performance. These comments are used by me for determining readmission and for preparing letters of recommendation.

If the Student's Waiver Statement is not signed, your instructors will be advised that comments they may submit cannot be held confidential. The School will defer to the wishes of any instructor who does not submit an evaluation under those circumstances. In such cases, letters written on your behalf may be considerably more sparse in this content, and readmission will be determined only on the basis of your grades.

Please sign the blue waiver form on the appropriate line and return it to the Bread Loaf Office immediately. Feel free to stop by with any questions or concerns you may have as well.



James H. Maddox
Director

STUDENT'S WAIVER STATEMENT

I hereby waive my rights to inspect and review materials placed in my file after 1 January, 1975, with the understanding that:

1. Letters of recommendation containing evaluations from my instructors at Bread Loaf will be forwarded to an institution, organization, or private party only upon my request. The institution, organization or private party receiving this letter of recommendation will be instructed not to permit any other party to have access to the information without my written consent.
2. This waiver will remain in effect until I notify, in writing, the Office of the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English, at which time letters of recommendation will be removed from my file.

Date: _____

Signature: _____

DECLARATION NOT TO WAIVE MY RIGHTS

I hereby decline to waive my right to inspect and review materials placed in my file after 1 January, 1975.

Date: _____

Signature: _____



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 27, 1991

TO: 1991 Bread Loaf School of English Seniors

FROM: Jim Maddox

In case you would like to do some advance thinking about the class president you will be choosing on Friday, here is a list of all this year's Vermont seniors. At the meeting on Friday (4:45, Blue Parlor), I will have a list of all this year's faculty and staff, for you to choose this year's commencement speaker and hooder. At that meeting I will even explain what a hooder is.

Sheila Alexander
Cornelia Baskin
Suzanne Bottelli
Ira Brukner
Kevin Cummins
Caroline Eisner
Craig Evans
Deborah Herrmann
Patricia Hogan
Deborah Johnson
Jim Leonard
Joyce Dustin-Demientieff

Mark Luebbers
~~Alison Matika~~
Jim McCullough
John Platt
Bruce Rowe
Amy Stevens
Scott Stevens
Peter Thayer
Jeanne Voorhees
Edwin Webbley
Rand Cooper

CLEMSON/BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH AWARDS

Vermont Campus

Phyllis Bivins - John L. Costley Middle School, Orange NJ
Constance Sophocles-Miller - Mt. Abraham Union High School, Bristol VT
Andrea Stewart - Hume-Fogg Academic High School, Nashville TN
Leslie Shaw - Franklin County Technical School, Turners Falls MA
Deborah Herrmann - Old Colony Regional Vocational Technical High School, Rochester MA

Oxford Campus

Hazel Lockett - Vernon L. Davey Jr/Sr High School, East Orange NJ
Lisa Polivick - Calloway County High School, Murray KY
Micheal Thompson - Johnson Sr High School, St. Paul MN
Margaret Cintorino - Fair Haven Union High School, Fair Haven VT

Santa Fe Campus

Gilberto Sanchez - Newcomer High School, San Francisco CA
Rebecca Mobbs - Copper Basin High School, Copper Hill TN
Marla Jacobson - Smiley Middle School, Denver CO

TEACHER-RESEARCHER AWARDS

Vermont Campus

Linda Linssen - Granite Falls/Clark Field High School, Granite Falls MN
Suzanne Curtis - Lacrosse Jr/Sr High School, Lacrosse WA
Sheila Alexander - Howard Bishop Middle School, Gainesville FL
Gigi Edwards - Columbia Grammar and Prep School, New York NY
Laura Flaxman - Thomas Jefferson High School, Brooklyn NY
Deborah Alvarez - Beloit Memorial High School, Janesville WI
Patricia Phaneuf - Greenwich Country Day School, Greenwich CT
Bob Barsanti - Nantucket High School, Nantucket MA

Oxford Campus

Marjorie Kleinneier - Lake Highlands Jr High School, Dallas TX
Melanie Henson - Temple High School, Temple TX

Santa Fe Campus

Kathryn Raevuori - Hopi Jr/Sr High School, Keams Canyon AZ
Greg Toppo - The Brunn School, Santa Fe NM
Michael Lyman - Eaglebrook School, Deerfield MA
Stephen Grundmeier - Weimar Hills Middle School, Weimar CA
Matthew Fontis - The Waring School, Beverly MA
Joni Yeiter - Piner High School, Santa Rosa CA

AWARDS FOR TEACHERS ATTENDING BREAD LOAF IN 1992
(Vermont, Santa Fe, or Oxford)

For five years, Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity funded a number of Bread Loaf writing projects, including BreadNet, *Bread Loaf News*, Nancie Atwell's Writing and Learning Project in Maine, and several school writing projects. The Bingham-supported Writing Grants Program ended in June 1991, but a related project began in South Carolina Clemson Writing in the Schools Program, under the ultimate supervision of Dixie Goswami, coordinator of the Program in Writing at the Bread Loaf School of English. Under the auspices of the Clemson Project, ten teachers attending the 1992 Bread Loaf summer session will receive awards of up to \$2,500. These awards will be made directly to the selected teachers, who will receive their grants sometime in July.

Teachers who apply will agree to participate in one of the two projects that are part of the Clemson writing program:

WRITING FOR THE PUBLIC. Project Director: Leslie Owens

Middle and high school students will collect, analyze, and re-write poorly written public documents, ranging from simple instructions to complex policy statements. They will field-test and evaluate documents, a process that will allow them to see firsthand what it means to write for real readers and to understand the consequences in human and economic terms of ineffective writing. The project will offer guides, workshops, and videotapes to participating teachers and students. An important goal is to provide a cost-effective approach to teaching business, technical, and vocational writing in schools that allows students to work with writing that affects their own lives and their communities.

WRITING AND PERFORMING ACROSS CULTURES. Project Director: Carol Collins

Drawing on experiences with the Acting Ensemble at Bread Loaf, teachers will help young writers script and perform their own essays and other writings as well as texts they are reading. Students will have opportunities to manage readers' theater projects, to write and produce plays based on local inquiries or to dramatize important issues, and so on. One goal of the project is to prepare materials, workshops, and publications that other teachers and schools can use and adapt. In South Carolina, the project's ultimate goal is to establish a writing and performing project for students from all over the state, using the Kennedy Center's Theater for Young People as a model and sponsoring activities that will help teachers include performance as a part of their writing and literature programs.

GUIDELINES

1. Participating teachers must be teaching in a school that will support their involvement in experimental projects that focus on writing.
2. Teachers must be willing to set aside at least \$500 for direct costs for their school projects.
3. Teachers must agree to stay in touch with other participants and to make an effort to attend at least one project meeting a year.

GUIDELINES (Continued)

4. Teachers must agree to write about their projects and to involve students as project managers, evaluators, co-authors: these are student-centered projects.

5. Teachers will be encouraged to join BreadNet.

If you are admitted to Bread Loaf for the 1992 session, you will receive an application form and guidelines in April or May of 1992.

In the meantime, we hope you'll consider participating in this outreach program and discuss the possibility with people at your school.

James Maddox, Director
Bread Loaf School of English

Dixie Goswami, Director
Clemson Writing in the Schools
Program



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

4 July 1991

To: All Bread Loaf Faculty

From: Jim Maddox

Jim Maddox

On Wednesday and Thursday, July 10 and 11, the Andover/Bread Loaf Writing Workshop will be visiting our campus. This workshop, led by Bread Loaf alumnus Lou Bernieri, brings 12-20 urban teachers to Andover (where Lou teaches) each summer for writing workshops, designed under the supervision of Dixie Goswami; participants receive three hours credit from Bread Loaf and are invited to apply to the School as full M.A. candidates the following year. (We have an increasing number of ABLWW alums among us as students now.) The Andover/Bread Loaf Workshop is one of our most innovative ventures and affords us one of our best means of recruiting teachers from urban schools.

This year, in an exciting development, Lou has found funding for ten teachers from South Africa to attend the workshop and take some of ABLWW's ideas back to South Africa with them. The South African teachers will be coming along on the visit to Bread Loaf this summer.

I am writing now to ask whether you would be willing to have two or three or four of the ABLWW teachers audit your morning classes on Thursday, July 11, simply so that they can get the feel of a Bread Loaf classroom. If indeed you would like to have a few auditors for one day, please scribble (and sign) a message at the bottom of this sheet, along with the number of auditors; the maximum should probably be 3 or 4, so that your class can proceed more or less as it usually does.

Be assured that there's no pressure for you to say yes.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH 1991
OFF-CAMPUS STUDENTS

John Austin
Robert Brandwood
William Brown
Candace Burkle
Ira Brukner
James Conlan
Katrien Conlan
Christine Cooper
Joyce Demientieff
Craig Evans
Patty Forbes
Barbara Ganley
Mark Hage
Ann Hertberg
Chris Hiland
Pat Hogan
Samuel Intrator
Cynthia Johnson
James Kapteyn
Paul Keane
Kimberly Kubik Keene
Brian Kelly
Kristin Kelly
William Kirby
Adrie Kusserow
James Leonard
Mark Luebbers
Heidi Lyne
Monica Matouk
Kelly Neal
Constance Palmisano
John Platt
Sandra Robey
Mary Rosmus
Julia Schroepel
Leslie Shaw
Paul Siewert
Donna Schenebeck
Ralph Sneed
Constance Sophocles-Miller
Alexis Southworth
Peter Southworth
Ned Sparrow
Amy Stevens
Scott Stevens
Jane Strekalovsky
Peter Thayer

Ann Tift
Susan Till
Carolyn Vallar
Sandra Varone
Joseph Varone
Edwin Webbley
Bill Wiles

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

August 2, 1991

Dear Bread Loaf Student:

I'd very much appreciate your assessment of Bread Loaf 1991: the program, the faculty, and life on the Mountain. Please mention what went well and what did not; perhaps most importantly, give a frank assessment of the faculty and your courses. Use the back of this sheet if necessary.

Sincerely,

James Maddox

1. Evaluation of literature, writing, and theatre faculty and courses:
2. Do you have any observations on the different directions of the curriculum of Bread Loaf (writing, literature, theatre)? Did you find these different directions a difficulty? A blessing?
3. What are your assessments of the non-academic aspects of this summer's experience (social, domestic, etc.)?
4. Recommendations:

Name (optional) _____

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
SUMMER CALENDAR 1991

Friday, June 28	Film: "Dances With Wolves"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Saturday, June 29	Square Dance	Barn, 9:00 p.m.
Monday, July 1	Faculty Reading: Carole Oles	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 2	Guest Lecturer: John Hardcastle	Barn A, 7:30 p.m.
Friday, July 5	Film: "Hamlet"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Monday, July 8	The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture: Alvin Kernan, Professor Emeritus of Humanities, Princeton	Little Theatre, 7:30 p.m.
Friday, July 12	Film: "Bagdad Cafe"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Monday, July 15	Faculty Reading: Robert Pack and Richard Wolfson	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 16	Theater: <u>Big Happy Family</u> written by Irwin Appel	Little Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Wednesday, July 17	Guest Lecturer: Peter Elbow	Barn A, 7:30 p.m.
Friday, July 19	Film: "Tootsie"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Monday, July 22	Faculty Reading: Ed Lueders	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 23	Guest Lecturer: Nancie Atwell	Barn A, 4:45 p.m.
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday July 24, 25, 26, 27	Theater: <u>Mill Fire</u> by Sally Nemeth Directed by Peggy McCarthy	Earthworm Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Friday, July 26	Film: "Dr. Strangelove"	Barn, 8:00 p.m.
Monday, July 29	Faculty Reading: David Huddle	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 30	Poetry Class Reading	Blue Parlor, 8:00 p.m.
Wednesday, July 31 Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday August 1, 2, 3, 4	<u>King Lear</u> by William Shakespeare Directed by Alan Mokler	Little Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Saturday, August 10	Commencement Exercises	Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.

CAST

**Paul Zimet. King Lear
 **Anne Scurria. Goneril
 *Carol Elliott MacVey. Regan
 Rebecca Cross Cordelia
 *Jim Lobdell Duke of Albany
 **Irwin Appel Duke of Cornwall
 **Edward Baran. Earl of Kent
 **Tina Shepard. The Fool
 **Helmar Augustus Cooper. . . . Earl of Gloucester
 **Brian McEleney. Edgar
 **Rafeal Clements Edmund
 Daniel Robb Oswald
 Rand Cooper . . . King of France, Doctor, Herald
 Michael Obel-Omia . . . Duke of Burgundy, Servant
 Comer Gaither Servant
 Chris Hopkins Servant
 John Hoult. Curan
 Paul Keane. Servant
 Russ Lees Knight
 Adam Rosenberg. Servant

*Members of the Bread Loaf Acting Ensemble

**Ensemble Members who appear courtesy of Actors' Equity

JIM LOBDELL received his M.A. from Bread Loaf in 1984 and has returned every summer as a member of the Acting Ensemble. *King Lear* marks his 10th Bread Loaf major production. In the real world Jim is currently working toward a Ph.D. in educational drama at UC Berkeley.

CAROL ELLIOTT MacVEY first appeared on the Bread Loaf stage in 1974. A 1976 graduate of Bread Loaf, she has taught acting here since 1981, and has been a member of the Acting Ensemble since its inception. After 12 years of teaching and directing at Princeton Univ., she'll be heading to the Heartland to teach at the University of Iowa.

ALAN MOKLER MacVEY is Director of the Acting Ensemble and Supervisor of the Theatre Program at Bread Loaf. His 14 productions here include 7 plays by Shakespeare. For 10 years he was Director of the Program in Theatre and Dance at Princeton Univ., and in Sept. will take over as Chair of the Theatre Arts Dept. at the Univ. of Iowa.

ELLEN MCCARTNEY has designed costumes at Bread Loaf for the past 4 years. She is a free lance costume designer whose work has been seen in various regional and off-Broadway theatres. On Broadway she designed costumes for Lee Blessing's *A Walk in the Woods*. She is a graduate of the Yale School of Drama.

BRIAN MCELENEY is a longtime member of Providence, Rhode Island Trinity Rep Company, where he is also Co-Director of the Trinity Rep Conservatory. This is his 7th summer at Bread Loaf.

ANNE SCURRIA has been a member of Trinity Rep Company in Providence RI for 13 years. This is her 5th summer at Bread Loaf. She also teaches at the Trinity Conservatory and the Univ. of Rhode Island.

TINA SHEPARD performed as Paulina in the 1986 Bread Loaf production of *The Winter's Tale*. She was a member of the Open Theater which performed in theaters, universities and prisons across the US, Canada, Europe, the Middle East and South America. Together with Paul Zimet she is a founding member of the Talking Band, and was awarded a 1988 *Village Voice* Performance Obie for her work in *The Three Lives of Lucie Cabrol*. She teaches at Williams College.

PAUL ZIMET is the Artistic Director of the Talking Band, a New York city-based theater company that has created new works and, since 1974, performed them throughout the US, Europe and South America. Previously he was a member of Joseph Chaikin's Open Theater. He is a recipient of 3 *Village Voice* Obie Awards, a Fulbright Fellowship, and a 1991 NEA Fellowship in Playwrighting.

THE ACTING ENSEMBLE was first founded at Princeton Univ. in 1977 by Daniel Seltzer and Alan Mokler MacVey. After 3 years it was discontinued but was reestablished at Bread Loaf in 1986. The idea behind it is simple: professional actors can be a valuable resource to a University community. Members of the Ensemble bring their talents to classes in literature, poetry, writing and theatre. They help professors and students explore texts by finding the specific voices inherent in any piece of literature. They lead improvisations, work one-on-one with students, and assist small groups that are developing dramatic material. They also do their own work as artists as they present a major production and other work. In 1989 they were central to an NEH Institute in Theater, and as a part of that program visited high schools around the country helping in classes and leading teacher workshops.

IRWIN APPEL is in his second season at Bread Loaf, and has performed off-Broadway in New York with the New York Shakespeare Festival, The Acting Company, Theatre for a New Audience, and CSC Repertory. He has appeared with Hartford Stage, New Mexico Repertory, and Oregon, Utah and Colorado Shakespeare Festivals. Irwin is a graduate of the Juilliard Theatre Center in New York City and has a B.A. in English from Princeton Univ.

EDWARD BARAN lives in New York where he has worked for several years in theatre and film. He has also worked in theatres across the country as an actor and director. Mr. Baran is soothed by singing with the New York Russian Chorus.

WALTER CLAY BOSWELL this year celebrates his 13th summer as the scenic and lighting designer for Bread Loaf Theatre. Walter lives in Cleveland where he works in educational theater.

RAFEAL CLEMENTS is a 1990 graduate of the Yale School of Drama. He has performed at the New York Shakespeare Festival/Public Theater, Yale Rep Theater, Berkshrie Theater Festival, has toured throughout the southeastern United States, and has ridden horses bareback in an outdoor drama. Rafeal recently finished work in an independent feature film, *Fool's Paradise*, which is due out in the fall.

HELMAR AUGUSTUS COOPER, in the theatre season just past, appeared twice on Broadway and once off-Broadway--with New York's famed Negro Ensemble Company. His recent regional theatre credits include appearances at the Delaware Theatre Company, the Goodspeed Opera House and Olympia Dukakis' Whole Theatre.

CAST

**Paul Zimet. King Lear
 **Anne Scurria. Goneril
 *Carol Elliott MacVey. Regan
 Rebecca Cross Cordelia
 *Jim Lobdell Duke of Albany
 **Irwin Appel Duke of Cornwall
 **Edward Baran. Earl of Kent
 **Tina Shepard. The Fool
 **Helmar Augustus Cooper. . . . Earl of Gloucester
 **Brian McEleney. Edgar
 **Rafeal Clements Edmund
 Daniel Robb Oswald
 Rand Cooper . . . King of France, Doctor, Herald
 Michael Obel-Omia . . . Duke of Burgundy, Servant
 Comer Gaither Servant
 Chris Hopkins Servant
 John Hoult. Curan
 Paul Keane. Servant
 Russ Lees Knight
 Adam Rosenberg. Servant

*Members of the Bread Loaf Acting Ensemble

**Ensemble Members who appear courtesy of Actors'
 Equity

THEATRE STAFF

Director. Alan Mokler MacVey
 Scenic & Lighting Designer. . Walter Clay Boswell
 Costume Designer. Ellen McCartney
 Property Master,
 Assistant to the Designer . . . Drayton Foltz
 Technical Director. David Schallhorn
 Production Stage Manager. . . . Ann Siegle

 Master Electrician. Susan Terrano
 Production Technician, Assistant
 to the Lighting Designer. . Elizabeth Marshall
 Shop Foreman, Sound Operator. . James Dougherty
 Master Carpenter. Richard Rojo
 Technical Assistants. Tal Birdsey
 Rebecca Cummins
 Plummy Tucker
 Theatre Hands Teri West
 Laura Flaxman
 Stage Assistant Ashley Gates

 Costume Shop Manager. Lynn Jeffery
 Head Draper Tanya Lee
 Draper. Jenny Fulton
 Work Study. Hope Burwell
 Andrea Stewart
 Catherine Shelton
 Volunteers. Deborah Keniston
 Stephanie Luebbers
 Lisa Sparkman
 Barbara Lynch
 Joanne Tulonen
 Stage Combat. Ed Baran
 Theatre Coordinator Jim Lobdell

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

American Repertory Theatre
Jeffrey Webster
Dick Forman, Wright Theater
Tim Dwyer Salvage
Pittsburgh Public Theater
A. D. Carson
Elaine Hall & Betsy Evans
Woody, Cristen, & Mike
Pamela Hunter & The Madrigalists
Leo Hotte & His Crew
Frenchie & Bread Loaf Kitchen Staff
The Friendly Folk at the Front Desk

Part I runs about two hours.
Part II runs about seventy minutes.
There will be one ten-minute intermission.

The Bread Loaf School of English

presents

KING LEAR

by

William Shakespeare

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday
July 31, August 1, 2, 3, 4, 1991

Little Theatre

8:00 p.m.

Bread Loaf Theatre Presents

BIG HAPPY FAMILY
a sketch with toys

July 16, 1991

Written by Irwin Appel
Directed by Doug Rushkoff
Assistant Director: Crystal Reiss
Production Coordinator: Walter Boswell

Lighting Design by Susan Terrano
Sound: James Dougherty
Props Assistance: Drayton Foltz
Costume Assistance: Ellen McCartney
Lynn Jeffery

CAST

Male Actor
Female Actor

Irwin Appel
Susan Appel

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MIRIAM LEAR - 39 years old. A rabbi. "If my brother doesn't throw a curveball over the plate soon, I'm going to scream!"
DOLORES LEAR - 37 years old. Dog trainer. "Runnin' a world-famous dog school ain't chopped liver, you know, it's a helluva lot of work!"
JACK LEAR - 34 years old. Pitcher, New York Yankees. "This is old-fashioned story-book, here."
IRVING "LANCE" LEAR - 32 years old. Soap opera star. "Hey, I've waited 8 years for this!"
HOLLY LEAR - Just turned 30. Performance artist. "Do I have to go to school tomorrow?"
RUTHIE LEAR - 28 years old. Flight attendant. "Is this your first flight?"
STAN LEAR - 26 years old. Car mechanic. "The head is basically the top part of the engine, and the only way it can crack is by overheating."
LISA LEAR - 25 years old. Stockbroker. "SELL! NOW!"
JEROME LEAR - 19 years old. Punk rock singer. "The American family is mostly overrated."
ANDY LEAR - 17 years old. A Deadhead. "This is a really incredible trip I'm goin' on."
SAM LEAR - 62 years old. Dad. "Maybe we were a little permissive."

Technical Director-David Schallhorn; Master Carpenter-Rich Rojo; Master Electrician-Elizabeth Marshall; Technical Assistants-Plummy Tucker, Rebecca Cummins, Tal Birdsey.

THIS PLAY IS DEDICATED TO PAUL AND LIBBY APPEL

Special Thanks: The MacVey Family, Jim Lobdell, We Kare Pet Lodge, Patti Bazzarini, Steve Somers, Shari Simpson, Jerry Rackett, Marion Mancini, Rebecca Cross, Jeffrey Horowitz, Tiger Temps, Dan Elish, Sam Swope, Doug Kaback, Dave Hlavsa, Steve Wilson, Patrick Page, Mark Dold, Debbie Johnson, Melissa Cheeseman, Betsy Seidel, Elaine Hall, The Rushkoff Family, Arnold and Joyce Sundel.

ORIGINAL SONGS WRITTEN BY IRWIN APPEL AND PERFORMED BY IRWIN AND SUSAN APPEL (except "Soap Opera Music" written and performed by Doug Rushkoff).

Songs available on "Kicked off the Bus" by Irwin Appel available now at your favorite bookstore.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1991

First Year Students (108)

Diane Alberts
Marcia Allen
Vivian Axiotis
Robert Baroz
Todd Borden
Loretta Brady
Robert Brandwood
Sean Brennan
Michael Brittain
Cristen Brooks
Margaret Brown
Sara Burdick
Susan Campbell
Heather Carson
Diane Christian
David Clark
Barbara Clarke
Christina Cooper
Hugh Coyle
Maria Culmone
Rebecca Cummins
Suzanne Curtis
Thomas DeCarlo
Barbara Dixon
Elizabeth Dolan
Cheryl Dolins
Regina Droll
Georgine Edwards
Patricia Ellison
Mary Farrell
Peter Fayroian
Karl Georg Federhofer
Karen Field
Laura Flaxman
Robert Florida
Patricia Forbes
Comer Gaither
Ashley Gates
Carolyn Greaves
Leslie Gregory
Gertrude Gunset
Leif Gustavson
Charmion Gustke
Alexander Hanson
Louise Harkins
Ann Hertberg
Kevin Hicks

Henry Hopping
Nancy Hughes
Samuel Intrator
Cynthia Johnson
Nicole Johnson
Paul Keane
Geoffrey Keith

Brian Kelly
Kristin Kelly
Richard Kent
Lois Kim
William Kirby
Gregory Knapp
Kimberly Kubik-Keene
Adrie Kusserow
Michael Larson
Russell Lees
Julie Letourneau
Linda Linssen
Thomas Litecky
Katherine Long
Mark Mariani
Thomas McKenna
Nancy Olson
Ralph Ostrom
Constance Palmisano
Barry Parker
Zoe Parker
Scott Pomfret
Timothy Pratt
Mark Puckett
Mary Reed
Stephen RExford
Daniel Robb
Jason Roderick
Christopher Rokous
Beth Rosenberg
Robert Rue
Stephanie Ruenzel
Traci Saxton
Donna Schenebeck
Elaine Schneider
Leslie Shaw
Catherine Shelton
Annie Smith
Craig Smith

Ann Song
Connie Sophocles-Miller
Andrea Stewart
Carolyn Stewart
Robert Sugg
Amy Thrall
Carol Tracy
James Trowbridge
Plummy Tucker
Pat Vallar
Sandra Varone
Stuart Ward
Stephanie Wenker
Teri West
Eric Wilhelm

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, VERMONT

1991

NAMED SCHOLARSHIPS

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship - John Austin

The Lillian Becker Scholarship - Mark Luebbers

The Pauline Feicht Decker Memorial Scholarship - Ann Gilmore

The Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship - Julia Schroeppel Goodwin

The Laurence Holland Memorial Scholarship - David Anthony

The Mark Wilson Memorial Scholarship - Alexander Hanson

The Raymond A. Waldron Scholarship - Blair Kloman

The Margaret Fielders Scholarship - Margaret McCarthy

The John M. Kirk, Jr. Memorial Scholarship - Joseph Varone

The Challenger Award - Joyce Dustin-Demientieff

The Charles Orr Memorial Scholarship - James McCullough

The Dulcie Scott Memorial Scholarship - Sheila Alexander

The William Sempreora Memorial Scholarship - Charles Baraw

The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholarship - Suzanne Bottelli

The Ruth Walzer Memorial Scholarship - Heather Ott

Vermont awards: 1991

Greetings from Santa Fe.

This evening I want to honor, in a very brief ceremony, some Bread Loaf students who are the recipients of this year's named scholarships and other awards.

The named scholarships are, quite simply, those scholarships that have been established in memory of Bread Loaf alumni and friends over the years. In most cases, hundreds of Bread Loaf students, faculty, friends, and alumni have contributed to these scholarships, until today they provide a healthy part of Bread Loaf's financial aid awards. Those of you who have so generously responded over the years to the appeals for Bread Loaf's annual giving can see a part of the benefit of your gifts tonight. I say a part of the benefit, because your gifts, of course, benefit all three Bread Loaf locales. Just last week I announced the names of 16 students who were the recipients of scholarships and other awards in Santa Fe, and I shall next week be honoring another 16 students at Oxford. Again, thanks to all of you who have contributed to these funds.

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship was founded in honor of a former director of the School and his wife; Mrs. Juanita Cook, indeed, continues to be a warm and generous friend of the Bread Loaf School. This year's recipient is John Austin.

The Lucy and Wylie Sypher Scholarship honors two college teachers, one of them a Bread Loaf teacher of genius for many years. The recipient this year is Suzanne Bottelli.

The Pauline Decker Scholarship was named by Mr. Decker in memory of his wife, whom he married here at Bread Loaf while they were both students in 1941. This year's recipient is Ann Gilmore.

The Kathleen Downey Scholarship is named for a Bread Loaf graduate whose life ended tragically early. Her family and friends have continued to contribute to this fund in her memory in every succeeding year. The Downey scholar this year is Julia Schroepel.

The Mark Wilson scholarship is given each year to an outstanding Middlebury student attending the Bread Loaf School. This year, it goes to Alex Hanson.

The Raymond Waldron Scholarship was established by Mr. Waldron to honor a committed teacher from New York State. I am happy to award that scholarship to Blair Kloman.

The Laurence Holland Memorial Scholarship means a great deal to many of the people in this room, who were aware of Larry as one of the most brilliant members of the Bread Loaf faculty in its history; many of us present now were here that day in 1980 when Larry drowned. I try to award the scholarship each year to someone whose academic record here is especially outstanding, and this year the Vermont Holland scholar is David Anthony.

The Margaret Fielders Scholarship is unique; not only is the donor, Margaret Fielders herself, here at Bread Loaf with us; she is still a student,

on her way toward establishing a record for the largest number of Bread Loaf degrees ever amassed by any one person; I hesitate before guessing what that number will eventually be. I am happy to award the Fielders scholarship to a woman who herself is working toward her second Bread Loaf degree, an M. Litt. with a concentration in drama: Peggi McCarthy.

The John M. Kirk, Jr. Scholarship was established by his parents in memory of a Bread Loaf student who did his work both here in Vermont and at Oxford. Many subsequent students have been assisted in their own education through the Kirks' generosity. This year's Kirk scholar is Joseph Varone.

The Challenger Award was established by Mr. Anthony Penale as a memorial to Christa McAuliffe, with the request that the recipient preferably be a rural teacher. Someone who fits all the specifications for this scholarship perfectly and richly deserves the honor is Joyce Dustin-Demientieff.

The Lillian Becker Scholarship was established in honor of a Bread Loaf legend who was secretary of the School for 28 years. This year the scholarship in her name goes to Mark Luebbers.

There are still very many people in this room who remember the man memorialized by the Charles Orr Scholarship. The person chosen this year shares Charlie's scholarship and athleticism. He is James McCullough.

The Dulcie Scott Scholarship was founded several years ago by friends of one of Bread Loaf's most hospitable and entertaining neighbors, who used to entertain Bread Loaf parties on her wide front porch that could put any Southern porch to shame. She was also known for her elaborate, carved Elizabethan bed, still in place at Chester and Rosemary Scott's, just up the road yonder. Some time ago, one member of this year's senior class came up to me and asked that, if she ever received a named scholarship, it be the one named for the woman in the Elizabethan bed. I am happy to oblige. The recipient is Sheila Alexander.

It is, alas, true, that many of our scholarships are established in memory of Bread Loaf students who died young. Some of you here knew Bill Sempreora, who died unexpectedly only a few years ago. His wife Meg and other friends established this scholarship in his name. The recipient of the Sempreora Scholarship this summer is Chuck Baraw.

The newest of the Bread Loaf scholarships was established by the extraordinarily generous gift of a Bread Loaf alumna, Ruth Walzer. Only the second recipient of the award in its brief history is Heather Ott.

This year, through the grant-writing genius of Dixie Goswami, Bread Loaf received a very generous gift to fund the research of Bread Loaf teachers in their own classrooms. These grants, which come to us through the generosity of Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity, offer awards of from \$1500 to \$2500 for an academic year, no strings attached, with full freedom for the teacher-researcher. In this, the first summer of these grants, the Clemson/Bread Loaf Writing Program grants, there were almost 50 applications for only 12 awards. Competition was intense, the level of the applications was extraordinarily high, and many worthy projects went unfunded; I can only encourage those

unsuccessful this year to apply again; for these grants will be offered for three more years. The grants that went to Bread Loaf students here in Vermont this summer were awarded to:

Phyllis Bivins
Constance Sophocles-Miller
Andrea Stewart
Leslie Shaw
Deborah Herrmann

Bread Loaf also offers its own teacher-research grants of \$500, generously funded by Middlebury College. The Vermont recipients this year are:

Linda Linssen
Suzanne Curtis
Sheila Alexander
Gigi Edwards
Laura Flaxman
Deborah Alvarez
Patricia Phaneuf
Bob Barsanti

Finally, I wish to announce tonight the members of the faculty who hold the professorial chairs this summer.

The Robert Frost Chair of American Literature is held by a professor who combines the Frostian attractions toward Vermont, Bread Loaf, and authorship. He is David Huddle.

The Frank and Eleanor Griffiths Chair is held by the professor who has given probably the greatest variety of courses in the history of the School, and who has had one of the most devoted followings: Stephen Donadio.

The Ruth and Lillian Marino Chair is held by another long-standing member of the faculty who has spellbound us at Bread Loaf in both the classroom and the theater. He is Alan Mokler MacVey.

Starting tomorrow, you will all return to the benevolent reign of Dick Brodhead, to whom we all owe thanks.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1991

GENERAL STATISTICS

Student attendance by states: (according to applications)		Total student enrollment	236
		Men students	97
		Women students	139
		Former students	128
		New students	108
Alabama	1	Number of courses (inc. 2 mini)	32
Alaska	4	Total number of faculty	24
California	10	Teaching one course	15
Colorado	3	Number of course changes	81
Connecticut	19	Cancellations	108
Delaware	3		
District of Columbia	5	1991 M.A. degree candidates	23
Florida	4	M.A. Oxford	6
Georgia	5	M.A. Santa Fe	11
Idaho	1	1991 M.Litt. degree candidates	0
Illinois	2	M.Litt. Oxford	0
Iowa	2	M.Litt. Santa Fe	0
Louisiana	3		
Maine	4	Vermont students receiving	
Maryland	5	financial aid	117
Massachusetts	34	Candidates for Middlebury M.A.	197
Michigan	5	Cand. for Middlebury M.Litt.	7
Minnesota	2	Candidate for M.M.L.	1
Mississippi	1	Undergraduates	4
Missouri	3	Continuing Education	24
Nebraska	1	Undesignated	3
New Hampshire	8		
New Jersey	18	Off-campus students	53
New York	23	Pre-1986 B.A. or B.S. degree	115
North Carolina	3	Average age of students	32
Ohio	3	Median age of students	30
Pennsylvania	6	Under 21	1
Rhode Island	3	21 - 25	56
South Carolina	1	26 - 30	88
South Dakota	1	31 - 35	32
Tennessee	5	36 - 40	16
Texas	1	41 - 50	35
Utah	1	51 & over	8
Vermont	23		
Virginia	3	Private school teachers	97
Washington	6	Public school teachers	59
Wisconsin	2	College & Jr. College teachers	13
Wyoming	1	Other:	
Czechoslovakia	1	Undergraduates	4
France	2	Graduate students	16
Germany	5	Ph.D. students	3
Japan	1	Unemployed	11
Spain	1	Other occupations	33
Turkey	1	Working for 9 credits	7
(38 states represented and 6 foreign countries)		Working for 6 credits	218
		Working for 3 credits	11
		Auditors	0

APPENDIX A

Profile Comparisons of the School of English
Vermont, Oxford, and Santa Fe - 1991

	<u>Vermont</u>	<u>Oxford</u>	<u>Santa Fe</u>
Enrollment	236	51	66
Student Average Age	32	36	34
States Represented	38	25	21
Foreign Countries Represented	6	2	1
Student/Faculty Ratio	10:1	4:1	8:1

<u>Occupations</u>	<u>Vermont</u>		<u>Oxford</u>		<u>Santa Fe</u>	
	#	%	#	%	#	%
Private school teachers	97	41	14	27	21	32
Public school teachers	59	25	21	41	27	41
College & Junior College	13	5	5	10	2	3
Undergraduate students	4	2	2	4	0	0
Graduate students	16	7	2	4	1	1.5
Ph.D. students	3	1	0	0	1	1.5
Unemployed	11	5	1	2	2	3
Other occupations	33	14	6	12	12	18

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

ENROLLMENT FIGURES

1920 - 51	1945 - 97	1970 - 224
1921 - 84	1946 - 135	1971 - 219
1922 - 102	1947 - 173	1972 - 215
1923 - 112	1948 - 194	1973 - 200
1924 - 100	1949 - 207	1974 - 219
1925 - 105	1950 - 188	1975 - 197
1926 - 106	1951 - 165	1976 - 184
1927 - 130	1952 - 146	1977 - 206
1928 - 115	1953 - 115	1978 - 200 +(Oxford - 59)
1929 - 116	1954 - 139	1979 - 197 +(Oxford - 53)
1930 - 129	1955 - 121	1980 - 212 (+Oxford 58)
1931 - 111	1956 - 121	1981 - 242 (Oxford - 64)
1932 - 103	1957 - 122	1982 - 254 (Oxford - 64)
1933 - 62	1958 - 130	1983 - 243 (Oxford - 83)
1934 - 74	1959 - 161	1984 - 233 (Oxford - 72)
1935 - 163	1960 - 192	1985 - 243 (Oxford - 79)
1936 - 179	1961 - 192	1986 - 258 (Oxford - 83)
1937 - 192	1962 - 195	1987 - 249 (Oxford - 80)
1938 - 175	1963 - 206	1988 - 245 (Oxford - 78)
1939 - 173	1964 - 211	1989 - 247 (Oxford - 72)
1940 - 225	1965 - 225	1990 - 241 (Oxford - 74)
1941 - 237	1966 - 222	1991 - 236 (Vermont)
1942 - 137	1967 - 224	51 (Oxford)
1943 - 63	1968 - 208	66 (Santa Fe)
1944 - 72	1969 - 213	

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1991

FACULTY LOAD

Armstrong, Isobel	21	21
Armstrong, Michael	13	13
Brodhead, Richard (w/A. MacVey)	25	25
Cadden, Michael	29	19 + 10
Clubb, Dare	10	10
Donadio, Stephen	33	19 + 14
Fleming, John	36	18 + 18
Freedman, Jonathan	16	16
Goswami, Dixie	15	15
Huddle, David	36	20 + 12 (+4 IRP)
Hunter, Jefferson	30	19 + 11
Kernan, Alvin	20	20
Litz, A. Walton	26	17 + 6
Lueders, Edward	11	11
Lunsford, Andrea	22	10 + 12
MacVey, Alan (w/Brodhead)	27	25 (+2 IRP)
MacVey, Carol	12	12
Maddox, Lucy	20	20
Martin, Nancy	13	13
Oles, Carole	14	12 (+2 IRP)
Pack, Robert	14	14
Royster, Jacqueline	19	10 + 9
Soltan, Margaret	29	15 + 14
Stepto, Robert	13	13

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1991

COURSE ENROLLMENTS

3. Coming to Know Your Classroom: Stories and Theories	Goswami	15
5. Poetry Writing	Oles	12
6. Fiction Writing	Huddle	12
11. Power and Sublime in Romantic Poetry	Armstrong, I.	21
17. History and Theories of Writing	Lunsford	7
18. Playwriting	Clubb	10
19. Chaucer	Fleming	18
28. Shakespeare: Troubling Plays	Brodhead/MacVey	25
34. The Nineteenth-Century English Novel	Soltan (A.)	15
39. Contemporary American Short Story	Huddle	20
41. Studies in American Fiction	Donadio	19
51. Theater and Power: Shakespeare at the Stuart Court	Kernan	20
63. Yeats and Eliot	Litz	17
72. Modernism and Postmodernism	Soltan	14
75. The Modern Long Poem	Litz	9
91. African American Drama Since 1960	Stepto	13
93. Modern Drama	Cadden	19
100. James Joyce	Hunter	19
106. F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway	Donadio	14
109. Fictions of Empire	Hunter	11
126. Independent Reading Project	Faculty	8
127. Dante's <u>Divine Comedy</u>	Fleming	18
129. Introduction to Acting	MacVey, C.	12
131. The Hollywood Film and American National Identity	Freedman	16
149. Gender, Reading, and Writing	Lunsford	15
154. British Society Drama: 1890-1980	Cadden	10
160. The Poetry of Robinson, Frost & Stevens	Pack	14
162. Theory and Practice in Writing Across the Curriculum	Royster	9
172. Recreating the World Through Narrative	Armstrong, M.	13
174. Writing Oneself: Examining the Teaching of Writing, Meeting Practitioners, Discussing What the Masters Say	Martin	13

COURSE ENROLLMENTS (Cont.)

200. A Workshop in Nature Writing	Lueders	11
209. Andover/Bread Loaf Writing Workshop	Bernieri	12
211. Native American Literature	Maddox, L.	20
215. The Essayist Tradition Among African-American Women	Royster	9

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1991

UNDERGRADUATES

Michael Brittain

Middlebury College

Cristen Brooks

Middlebury College

Alexander Hanson

Middlebury College

Eric Wilhelm

Haverford College

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1991

CONTINUING GRADUATE EDUCATION

David Anthony
Robert Baroz
Candace Burkle
Regina Droll
Carolyn Greaves
Leslie Gregory
Gertrude Gunset
Cynthia Johnson
Nicole Johnson
Paul Keane
Adrie Kusserow
Rebecca Leibinger
Thomas McKenna
Ralph Ostrom
Beth Rosenberg
Donna Schenebeck
Leslie Shaw
Annie Smith
Andrea Stewart
Carolyn Vallar
Sandra Varone
Stefanie Wenker
Teri West
Mark Wright

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1991

STUDENTS TAKING THREE COURSES

Suzanne Bottelli
Ira Brukner
Katrien Conlan
Lisa Holbrook
David Kelly-Hedrick
Michael Obel-Omia
Elaine White

STUDENTS TAKING ONE COURSE

Michael Brittain
Cristen Brooks
Candace Burkle
Susan Dibble
Margaret Fielders
Gertrude Gunset
Cynthia Johnson
Donna Schenebeck
Alexis Southworth
Sandra Varone
Cynthia Johnson

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1991

INDEPENDENT READING PROJECTS

Suzanne Bottelli	Carole Oles	Studying and Writing Poetry
Rebecca Cross	Alan MacVey	Analyzing and playing Cordelia in <u>King Lear</u>
Margaret Fielders	David Huddle	A Sense of Place in Contemporary Short Fiction
Barbara Ganley	David Huddle	Studying and Writing Short Stories
Gary Griffiths (Santa Fe)	Deirdre David	George Eliot and the Byronic Impulse
Lisa Holbrook	Carole Oles	Studying and Writing Poetry
Melissa Marks	David Huddle	Studying and Writing Short Stories
Margaret McCarthy	Alan MacVey	Casting, Directing, and Producing a play, <u>Millfire</u>
James McCullough	David Huddle	Studying and Writing Short Stories

1991

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

SHEILA DOWDELL ALEXANDER	+T. MARK KELLY
+ANDREA BABETTE BAIER	JAMES WENDELL LEONARD
CORNELIA BASKIN	MARK ERNST LUEBBERS
+SARAH AMANDA ELISABETH BECKER	JAMES MATTHEW McCULLOUGH
+MARI SUE BETHKE	*GLORIA TAFNER GALLARDO McGARRY
SUZANNE BOTTELLI	+STEVEN C. McKIBBEN
*JOSEPH F. BRADFIELD	+LAURA ANNA BARKER NELSON
IRA BERYL BRUKNER (<i>in absentia</i>)	*KATHRYN M. OVERBECK
*MARK ALAN CAMPBELL	+STEPHEN DUNNING PALMER
+ALAN RICHARD CATTIER	JOHN LOWELL PLATT
RAND RICHARDS COOPER	*LISA MAINORD POLIVICK
KEVIN JAMES NATHANIEL CUMMINS	BRUCE DAVID ROWE
JOYCE DUSTIN DEMIENTIEFF	+GILBERTO SANCHEZ
CAROLINE LESLIE EISNER	AMY REVELT STEVENS
CRAIG EMERSON EVANS	SCOTT WALKER STEVENS
+GERALDINE HAYDOCK-FINCANNON	PETER C. THAYER
+GARY L. GRIFFITH	*MICHEAL J. THOMPSON
DEBORAH JANE HERRMANN	JEANNE DEWITT VOORHEES
PATRICIA R. HOGAN (<i>in absentia</i>)	KAREN MOYER WALKER (<i>in absentia</i>)
DEBORAH HOWELL JOHNSON	EDWIN PERRY WEBBLEY

*Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English
at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 3, 1991

+Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English
at St. John's College, Santa Fe, August 8, 1991

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1991

PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS (VERMONT)

First Year (16)

Diane Alberts	Canaan, Vermont
Heather Carson	West Paris, Maine
Rebecca Cummins	Potomac, Illinois
Suzanne Curtis	LaCrosse, Washington
Patricia Ellison	Anchor Point, Alaska
Leslie Gregory	Belfast, Maine
Paul Keane	Quechee, Vermont
Richard Kent	Rumford, Maine
Linda Linssen	Granite Falls, Minnesota
Thomas Litecky	Palmer, Alaska
Thomas McKenna	Dutch Harbor, Alaska
Nancy Olson	Putney, Vermont
Ralph Ostrom	Columbia, South Carolina
Leslie Shaw	Turners Falls, Massachusetts
Annie Smith	West Point, Mississippi
Carolyn Stewart	Willits, California

Second Year (6)

Charles Boyer	Elma, Washington
Candace Burkle	Middlebury, Vermont
Rebecca Leibinger	Sheridan, Wyoming
Lisa O'Hara	Woodbridge, Virginia
Sandra Robey	Traverse City, Michigan
Nancy Strain	Pine Ridge, South Dakota

Third Year (4)

Hope Burwell	Dundee, Iowa
Kelly Neal	Pflugerville, Texas
Ellen Pearson	Roosevelt, Utah
William Wiles	Rutland, Vermont

Fourth Year (4)

Michele Barger

Mark Hage

John Kasel

Bruce Rowe

Sumner, Washington

Montpelier, Vermont

Omaha, Nebraska

Granville, New York

Fifth Year (3)

Sheila Alexander

Joyce Demientieff

James McCullough

Gainesville, Florida

Ketchikan, Alaska

Petoskey, Michigan

Total in Vermont

First Year 16

Second Year 6

Third Year 4

Fourth Year 4

Fifth Year 3

33

1991 Students off the Meal Plan

Diane Alberts	Mark Luebbers
John Austin	Heidi Lyne
Robert Brandwood	Monica Matouk
William Brown	Darryl McCartt
Ira Brukner	James McCullough
Candace Burkle	Kelly Neal
David Cole	Constance Palmisano
James Conlan	John Platt
Katrien Conlan	Cristine Prucha
Christina Cooper	Sandra Robey
Rand Cooper	Mary Rosmus
Joyce Demientieff	Julia Schroeppel
Craig Evans	Leslie Shaw
Margaret Fielders	Paul Siewert
Patricia Forbes	Ralph Sneed
Barbara Ganley	Constance Sophocles-Miller
Leslie Gregory	Alexis Southworth
Mark Hage	Peter Southworth
Deborah Herrmann	Amy Stevens
Ann Hertberg	Scott Stevens
Christopher Hiland	Jane Strekalovsky
Patricia Hogan	Peter Thayer
Samuel Intrator	Ann Tift
Kelly Jewett	Carolyn Vallar
Cynthia Johnson	Joseph Varone
James Kapteyn	Sandra Varone
Paul Keane	Karen Walker
Brian Kelly	Edwin Webbley
Kristin Kelly	Elaine White
Elizabeth Kidder-Keuffel	William Wiles
William Kirby	Donna Schenebeck
Blair Kloman	
Kimberly Kubik-Keene	
Adrie Kusserow	
James Leonard	

1991 M. Litt Students

Marcia Allen

Katrien Conlan

Margaret Fielders

Conlan Wagner

Julia Schroepel

Margaret McCarthy

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS OF ENGLISH AND PRIVATE SCHOOL TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

1990

Bread Loaf Vermont

Public School Teachers of English 76
Private School Teachers of English 74

Oxford

Public School Teachers of English 33
Private School Teachers of English 27

1991

Bread Loaf Vermont

Public School Teachers of English 50
Private School Teachers of English 90

Oxford -

Public School Teachers of English 22
Private School Teachers of English 11

Santa Fe

Public School Teachers of English 24
Private School Teachers of English 22

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE ALUMNI AND SOON-TO-BE ALUMNI
BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH 1991

Bob Barsanti
Tal Birdsey
Sean Brennan
Michael Brittain
Cristen Brooks
David Cole
Hugh Coyle
Kevin Cummins
David Gilbert
Ann Gilmore
Michael Henriques
Christopher Hiland
Christopher Hopkins
Harriet Hustis
Elizabeth Hutson
Nicole Johnson
William Kirby
Susan Leness
Katherine Long
Alexandra Mahoney
Monica Matouk
Thomas McKenna
Michael Obel-Omia
Barry Parker
Kim Pope
Tim Pratt
Daniel Robb
Adam Rosenberg
Paul Siewert
Jane Strekalovsky
David Suger
Amy Thrall
Plummy Tucker
Karen Walker (not in residence)
Douglas Woodsum
Jennifer Heck
Douglas Handy
Samuel Swope

**DECLINE TO WAIVE RIGHTS
BREAD LOAF 1991**

Sean Brennan
Hope Burwell
Heather Carson
Diane Christian
Mark Hage
Samuel Intrator
Kelleher Jewett
Paul Keane
Adrie Kusserow
Jean LeBlanc
Linda Linssen
Mark Mariani
Margaret McCarthy
Nancy Olson
Robert Rue
Leslie Shaw

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH 1991
EXAMS GIVEN

Margaret Soltan	Course 34.
Stephen Donadio	Course 41.
A. Walton Litz	Course 63.
Margaret Soltan	Course 72.
Michael Cadden	Course 93.
Jefferson Hunter	Course 109.; Course 100.
Michael Cadden	Course 154.
Jacqueline Royster	Course 215.

Final Examination

34 Nineteenth Century Novel
Margaret Soltan
Bread Loaf 1991

Please write an essay in answer to one of the following:

1. In what ways does Portrait of a Lady anticipate the modernist novel? How does it remain within an identifiably nineteenth century tradition, if it does?
2. Of the novels we've studied, Madame Bovary has always been the hardest for scholars to categorize. Written in the nineteenth century, it anticipates literary modernism, and even, for some observers, can be called a postmodern novel. What elements of Flaubert's novel account for this difficulty?
3. Among all of our novels of female experience, one very "masculine" novel appears - Lost Illusions. In what does its masculinity consist? Or is it even fair to categorize novels according to some notion of their gender?
4. Tess Durbeyfield seems to some readers a simple - and even aggravating - victim of circumstance, while other readers see Tess as a self-conscious heroine, capable of volition. While she is clearly no Isabel Archer or Dorothea Brooke, is Tess more active than readers typically consider her? In what ways does Hardy's narration and characterization of her tend to undermine her independence of action? Where else do her constraints lie?
5. Visual art - in the form of painting, sculpture, and architecture - appears in a number of the novels we've studied - in particular, Middlemarch, Portrait of a Lady, and Tess. What are some of the functions of these aesthetic objects in these novels? Is it a weakness in a literary work for an author to make frequent reference to the field of the visual arts?

Name _____

Bread Loaf School of English
English 41: Studies in American Fiction
Mr. Donadio
Final Examination 1991

PLEASE NOTE: The questions on this examination have been designed to be completed in approximately two hours; an additional hour has been allotted for reflection and organization. Please read through the entire examination before you begin to write. Pay careful attention to the specific directions for each of the three parts, and please remember to: (1) write on one side of the page only in bluebooks; (2) sign your name in the space provided above in the upper right-hand corner of the examination sheet, and return the examination sheet along with your bluebooks when you have finished your work.

PART I (35 minutes: 30 points) Briefly identify and explain, in no more than two or three sentences, the significance of ten (10) of the following items, indicating in each case the author and specific title of the work in which the item figures. Where a quotation is involved, please specify -- as appropriate -- the speaker, the person being addressed, and the point of what is being said; where a description is given, indicate the symbolic importance of the detail. You may of course select these items in any order, but please be sure to make it clear in every instance which item you are identifying (by citing the first two or three words of the quotation for example).

Katisha, the country maid, in "The Wives of Abdul"

Baby Warren

"Why, I do anything you say, Aunt Mathilda. Yes, I like him. He don't say much to me, but I guess he is a good man, and I do anything you say for me to do."

a bottle of chloral

"She was the most beautiful young lady I ever saw, and the most amiable. . . and the most innocent."

a telephone call in a judge's office

James Herbert

Britannia of the Market Place

twenty dollars

"I think one thing today and another tomorrow. That is really all that's the matter with me, except a crazy defiance and a lack of proportion."

a letter unopened, burned

a packet of letters, burned

a bouquet of wild roses, tossed away

Roman fever

old Baby and young Peter and the jolly little Rags

Ames

Elsie Speers

Mrs. Peniston

Mrs. Condrip

a man at the piano, singing half a dozen songs

PART II (35 minutes: 30 points) Discuss in detail any one (1) of the following passages, indicating as precisely as you can how the specific words on the page reflect the author's characteristic themes, intentions, point of view, tone, and emotional effect.

(a) "May she come down -- ought she if she isn't really up to it?"

He had asked that in the wonderment always stirred in him by glimpses -- rare as these were -- of the inner truth about the girl. There was of course a question of health -- it was in the air, it was in the ground he trod, in the food he tasted, in the sounds he heard, it was everywhere. But it was everywhere with the effect of a request to him -- to his very delicacy, to the common discretion of others as well as his own -- that no allusion to it should be made. There had practically been none, that morning, on her explained non-appearance -- the absence of it, as we know, quite monstrous and awkward; and this passage with Mrs. Stringham offered him his first license to open his eyes. He had gladly enough held them closed; all that more that his doing so performed for his own spirit a useful function. If he positively wanted not to be brought up with his nose against Milly's facts, what better proof could he have that his conduct was marked by straightness? It was perhaps pathetic for her, and for himself was perhaps even ridiculous; but he hadn't even the amount of curiosity that he would have had about an ordinary friend. He might have shaken himself at moments to try, for a sort of dry decency, to have it; but that too, it appeared, wouldn't come. In what therefore was the duplicity? He was at least sure about his feelings -- it being so established that he had none at all. They were all for Kate, without a feather's weight to spare. He was acting for Kate -- not, by the deviation of an inch, for her friend. He was accordingly not interested, for had he been interested he would have cared, and had he cared he would have wanted to know. Had he wanted to know he wouldn't have been purely passive, and it was his pure passivity that had to represent his dignity and his honour.

(b) First he brought the bills and then the loose receipts of the day. He would take it all. He put the empty drawers back and pushed the iron door almost to, then stood beside it meditating.

The wavering of a mind under such circumstances is an almost inexplicable thing, and yet is absolutely true. Hurstwood could not bring himself to act definitely. He wanted to think about it -- to ponder over it, to decide whether it were best. He was drawn by such a keen desire for Carrie, driven by such a state of turmoil in his own affairs that he thought constantly it would be best, and yet he wavered. He did not know what evil might result from it to him -- how soon he might come to grief. The true ethics of the situation never once occurred to him, and never would have, under any circumstances.

After he had all the money in the hand bag, a revulsion of feeling seized him. He would not do it -- no! Think what a scandal it would make. The police! They would be after him. He would have to fly, and where? Oh, the terror of being a fugitive from justice! He took out the two boxes and put all the money back. In his excitement he forgot what he was doing, and put the sums in the wrong boxes. . . .

He took them out and straightened the matter, but now the terror had gone. Why be afraid?

While the money was in his hand the lock clicked. It had sprung! Did he do it? He grabbed at the knob and pulled vigorously. It had closed. Heavens! he was in for it now, sure enough.

The moment he realized that the safe was locked for a surety, the sweat burst out upon his brow and he trembled violently. He looked about him and decided instantly. There was no delaying now. . . .

At once he became the man of action.

"I must get out of this," he thought.

He hurried into his little room, took down his light overcoat and hat, locked his desk, and grabbed the satchel. Then he turned out all but one light and opened the door. He tried to put on his old assured air, but it was almost gone. He was repenting rapidly.

"I wish I hadn't done that," he said. "That was a mistake."

(c) . . . the intense silence of the house reminded her of the lateness of the hour. In the street the noise of wheels had ceased, and the rumble of the "elevated" came only at long intervals through the deep unnatural hush. In the mysterious nocturnal separation from all outward signs of life, she felt herself more strangely confronted with her fate. The sensation made her brain reel, and she tried to shut out consciousness by pressing her hands against her eyes. But the terrible silence and emptiness seemed to symbolize her future -- she felt as though the house, the street, the world were all empty, and she alone left sentient in a lifeless universe.

But this was the verge of delirium. . . she had never hung so near the dizzy brink of the unreal. Sleep was what she wanted She rose and undressed hastily, hungering now for the touch of her pillow. She felt so profoundly tired that she thought she must fall asleep at once; but as soon as she had lain down every nerve started once more into separate wakefulness. It was as though a great blaze of electric light had been turned on in her head, and her poor little anguished self shrank and cowered in it, without knowing where to take refuge.

(d) Every day now, Jeff seemed to be coming nearer, to be really loving. Every day now, Melanctha poured it all out to him, with more freedom. Every day now, they seemed to be having more and more, both together, of this strong, right feeling. More and more every day now they seemed to know more really, what it was each other one was always feeling. More and more now every day Jeff found in himself, he felt more trusting. More and more every day now, he did not think anything in words about what he was always doing. Every day now more and more Melanctha would let out to Jeff her real, strong feeling.

(e) At night, when he was alone, when Mrs. Forrester had gone to bed and the Captain was resting quietly, Niel found a kind of solemn happiness in his vigils. It had been hard to give up that year; most of his classmates were younger than he. It had cost him something, but now that he had taken the step, he was glad. As he put in the night hours, sitting first in one chair and then in another, reading, smoking, getting a lunch to keep himself awake, he had the satisfaction of those who keep faith. He liked being alone with the old things that had seemed so beautiful to him in his childhood. These were still the most comfortable chairs in the world, and he would never like any pictures so well as "William Tell's Chapel" and "The House of the Tragic Poet." No card-table was so good for solitaire as this old one with a stone top, mosaic in the pattern of a chess-board, which one of the Captain's friends had brought him from Naples. No other house could take the place of this one in his life.

(f) He went back into his house and Nicole saw that one of his most characteristic moods was upon him, the excitement that swept everyone up into it and was inevitably followed by his own form of melancholy which he never displayed but at which she guessed. This excitement about things reached an intensity out of proportion to their importance, generating a really extraordinary virtuosity with people. Save among a few of the tough-minded and perennially suspicious, he had the power of arousing a fascinating and uncritical love. The reaction came when he realized the waste and extravagance involved. He sometimes looked back with awe at the carnivals of affection he had given, as a general might gaze upon a massacre he had ordered to satisfy an impersonal blood lust.

But to be included in Dick Diver's world for a while was a remarkable experience: people believed he made special reservations about them, recognizing the proud uniqueness of their destinies. He won everyone quickly with an exquisite consideration and a politeness that moved so fast and intuitively that it could be examined only in its effect. Then, without caution, lest the first bloom of the relation wither, he opened the gate to his amusing world. So long as they subscribed to it completely, their happiness was his preoccupation, but at the first flicker of doubt as to its all-inclusiveness he evaporated before their eyes, leaving little communicable memory of what he had said or done.

PART III (50 minutes: 40 points) Write a concise and sharply-focused essay on any one (1) of the following topics, making specific references to the texts under consideration whenever necessary to support your assertions. (PLEASE NOTE: You may not choose to discuss the author whose work you have considered in Part II.)

(a) Forms of betrayal, disloyalty, or infidelity in any three (3) works on the reading list for this course.

(b) The nature, significance, and effect of self-sacrifice in any three (3) works on the reading list.

(c) The relationships between parents and children and the consequences of those relationships in any three (3) works on the reading list.

(d) The meaning of chance occurrences, coincidences, accidents in any three (3) works on the reading list.

FINAL EXAMINATION

63. YEATS & ELIOT

THREE HOURS. Answer one question from each section. Answers that display a wide range of reading and reference will be richly rewarded.

I.

- A. "Devotion to a nation was like devotion to a woman: the perfect service." -- WBY. Discuss the roles of nationalism and/or women in the poetry of Yeats.
- B. Discuss the evolution of Yeats's symbolism, with special attention to the Rose and the Tower as Emblems.
- C. To what extent are some of Yeats's major poems dependent upon our knowledge of the visionary system? Consider poems such as "The Second Coming" and "Leda and the Swan."
- D. Discuss Yeats's transformations of traditional genres and forms (e.g. the elegy, the sonnet, the ballad).
- E. Discuss Yeats's uses of classical mythology and/or Irish history and folklore.

II.

- A. Eliot's "spectators" are often caught between intellect and feeling, between "memory and desire." Discuss with reference to "Prufrock" and either The Waste Land or Four Quartets.
- B. In his memorial lecture on Yeats T. S. Eliot revised his earlier notion of the "impersonality" of the poet. Using this lecture and "Tradition and the Individual Talent" as your points of reference, discuss the differences in "voice" between The Waste Land and Four Quartets.
- C. Discuss Eliot as an allusive/elusive poet.
- D. Eliot once said that "modern poetry must be difficult." Discuss the kinds of difficulty we encounter in Eliot's poetry, and methods we can use to overcome this problem (especially in the classroom).
- E. Discuss the various uses of landscape in Eliot's poetry, OR the problem of closure in The Waste Land and Four Quartets.

III.

- A. When Pound met Eliot in 1914 he found that the younger poet had "modernized himself on his own." Yeats, by contrast, was a late Victorian poet who transformed himself into a "modern." Discuss the distinctively "modern" qualities in the poetry of Eliot and Yeats.
- B. Discuss the relationships between public and private experience in the poetry of Yeats and Eliot.
- C. The aim of the poet is "to reconcile opposite or discordant qualities" -- Coleridge in Biographia Literaria. Discuss the use of the dance as metaphor in the poetry of Yeats and Eliot.
- D. "One of the hallmarks of modern literature is cosmopolitan treatment of local or regional experience." Discuss with reference to specific poems by Eliot and Yeats.
- E. Discuss and compare the attitudes toward sexuality in the poems of Yeats and Eliot.

FINAL EXAMINATION

22. Modernism and Postmodernism
Margaret Soltan
Bread Loaf 1991

Please write an essay in answer to one of the following:

1. Andreas Huyssen distinguishes between what he calls "critical postmodernism" and a postmodernism of "anything goes." In what, in your opinion, does this distinction consist? Do you agree with Huyssen that these two very different forms of postmodernism exist and can be distinguished?

2. In what way does a movement like "appropriation art" reflect and express postmodern culture? What other contemporary trends within the visual arts (painting, film, sculpture, architecture) seem to you expressive of postmodernism? Can these movements be linked in their assumptions and forms of expression?

3. Certain American locations have been singled out as particularly "postmodern," among them, Disneyland and Las Vegas. Discuss reasons why these (and other) locations have been taken as particularly expressive of the postmodern.

4. Can the literary method known as deconstruction be seen as a manifestation of postmodern culture? Why or why not?

5. In his essay on postmodernism and consumer culture, Jameson attempts to categorize various positions that have been taken on the postmodernism question. Using his scheme (or something approximating it), place yourself in this debate.

6. Do you recognize yourself and your own experience in the various discussions of the postmodern consciousness we've encountered this summer, or do you, on the contrary, see yourself as outside that culture? Be specific.

Take 30 minutes to choose two questions and plan your response. Take 3 hours to complete the exam. Do not write about plays you have done essays on.

1. Discuss the significance of money and exchanges of money in at least three plays (by three different playwrights) that you have read.
2. Brecht complained that the traditional "dramatic theatre" presented the human being as "unalterable and unable to alter". Discuss in relation to three plays you have read (including one by Brecht, if you so choose).
3. "Perhaps the two most important -- and related -- thematics of modern drama are (1) the isolation of the individual in the midst of an increasingly less tolerable world, and (2) the ways in which the past -- often set forth as the individual powers of memory -- connects (or contrasts) with the present." Discuss, agreeing in whole or in part, in terms of three plays of your choice, and specifically in terms of the way these thematics profoundly influence characterization and structure.
4. Robert Brustein defines three categories of revolt practiced by the modern dramatist: Messianic revolt (the dramatist rebels against God and tries to take his place; Social revolt (the dramatist revolts against the morals, conventions and values of society; and Existential revolt (the dramatist revolts against the conditions of life itself -- the body, being in time). Comment with regard to at least four plays (by four playwrights) you have read. You may concentrate on one type of revolt to the exclusion of the others.

Final Examination

Write an essay about the works of Joyce you have read this summer, basing your argument on one of the quotations below. You do not necessarily need to agree with the quotation; use it as a means of clarifying or defining or structuring a Joycean topic that you genuinely want to address.

Since we spent most of our time on *Ulysses*, you may wish to concentrate on that novel. Fine, but please do not altogether neglect Joyce's other works (even if you write on quotation 2).

You must, at some point in your essay, quote and discuss, in detail, an actual Joycean passage; you may of course quote and discuss more than one.

This is an open-book, open-notebook examination. Please identify by number the quotation you have chosen, and remember to write legibly.

* * *

1. Joyce "dared--for it is a matter of daring just as much as of technique--to expose the imbecilities of the inner mind, and in doing so he discovered an America which was under everybody's nose. Here is a whole world of stuff which you have lived with since childhood, stuff which you supposed to be of its nature incommunicable, and somebody has managed to communicate it. The effect is to break down, at any rate momentarily, the solitude in which the human being lives" (George Orwell, "Inside the Whale").

2. "I may have oversystematized *Ulysses*" (Joyce, quoted in Ellmann, p. 702).

3. "In the presence of extraordinary actuality, consciousness takes the place of imagination" (Wallace Stevens).

4. "The double doors at the back and the folding doors at the right have lace curtains, which are drawn halfway. The lower sash of the window is lifted and the window is hung with heavy green plush curtains. The blind is pulled down to the edge of the lifted lower sash. It is a warm afternoon in June and the room is filled with soft sunlight which is waning" (opening stage direction from *Exiles*, Joyce's only play).

5. "I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race" (Stephen Dedalus).

Final Examination

Write an essay on one of the topics below.

You must, at some point in your essay, quote and discuss, in detail, a passage from one of the works we've read; you may of course quote and discuss more than one.

This is an open-book, open-notebook examination. Please identify by number the topic you have chosen, and remember to write legibly.

* * *

1. The works we've studied this summer, in the order in which we encountered them: Kipling, short stories; Orwell, "Shooting an Elephant" and other essays; Conrad, Lord Jim; Coetzee, Waiting for the Barbarians; Conrad, "An Outpost of Progress" and "Heart of Darkness"; Achebe, Things Fall Apart; Naipaul, In a Free State; Forster, portions of Aspects of the Novel; Forster, A Passage to India; Rushdie, Midnight's Children.

Write an essay suggesting and justifying a different way of ordering the texts of the course. I'm less interested in practical pedagogical issues (such as not teaching Midnight's Children in the busiest week of the summer . . .) than in issues of comparison. What would be interesting ways of grouping these writings, so as to bring out some aspect of theme or technique? What developing ideas (about place, about empire, about fiction) could be suggested by a different sequence?

2. Conrad said, famously, in the preface to "The Nigger of the Narcissus," that his task as a writer was "to make you see." What does this mean, exactly? How might three or four other authors of the course complete the sentence "My task as a writer is to make you . . ."? What would these definitions of authorial purpose mean, exactly?

3. During World War II the Nazis broadcast A Passage to India over the radio to Indians, in an attempt to encourage them to rebel against their British masters. This fact suggests that the works we've been studying--whatever their value in the classroom--might have a certain use in the "real" world, even if we would contest that use. Write an essay speculating on some of the possible real-world uses of some of the fiction you've read. What might these books actually do, if read by certain audiences?

4. Write your own generalizing, synthesizing question--a question which asks you to consider at least four or five of the works of the course--and answer it in a brief essay.

Take 30 minutes to choose two questions and plan your response. Take an additional three hours to complete the exam. Do not write about plays you have written essays on.

1. "In British society drama, it is often difficult to separate amorous motives from mercenary motives, desire from the desire for money." Discuss how and why this confusion exists in at least three plays (by three different playwrights) you have read this summer.
2. Earlier this summer, Isobel Armstrong offered the idea that once gender becomes a category of analysis, everything about a literary work changes. How does gender influence the ways in which you interpret three plays you have read, how might it broaden your explication of these plays? And what happens to other categories once gender becomes a consideration?
3. "Comedy is an intrinsically conservative genre. It mocks extremity in the service of the normative." Discuss with relation to three plays (by three different playwright) you have read.
4. Devise an essay question of your own and answer it with reference to at least three plays you have read. (You will be judged on the quality of your question as well as on your answer.)

FINAL EXAMINATION

Part One (Collaborative)

This course has danced with three basic notions of the concept "tradition":

an inherited, established, or customary pattern of thought, action, or behavior (as a religious practice or a social custom).

the handing down of information, beliefs, customs by word of mouth or by example from one generation to another without written instruction.

Cultural continuity in social attitudes and institutions.

Given our reading of, writing about, and discussion of each essayist in the course and the ways in which this tradition was established, shaped, and re-shaped, delineate how each writer (Stewart, Cooper, Davis, and Walker):

1. evidences that she is a part of this tradition.
2. places a particular stamp on the tradition, or extends its "boundaries" in some particular way, or sets herself apart from the others in some specific way, or evidences a particular strength as a writer within this frame.

Part Two (Independent)

Consider that this course is/should be/could be one in a series of courses designed to increase our understanding of African American women as writers of non-fiction prose:

1. What purpose does this "first" course serve? What does it "teach"?
2. Should there be a prerequisite course?
3. What should come next? On what do you base this conclusion?

BREAD LOAF COMMENCEMENT - 1991

1. At 6:15 the graduates meet in the Blue Parlor, where they are joined by the faculty and School guests and are escorted into the dining room.
2. Immediately after the banquet, the President robes in the Director's Office; faculty in Treman or the Theatre Office if it is raining; graduates in the Blue Parlor or in the Costume Shop if it is raining.
3. The procession forms on the porch outside the Blue Parlor. Cristen Brooks and Michael Brittain will assist in establishing the line of march. Faculty form behind President Light and Mr. Maddox. Graduates form in alphabetical order behind the marshals.

Marshal

M.A. Alexander through
Johnson

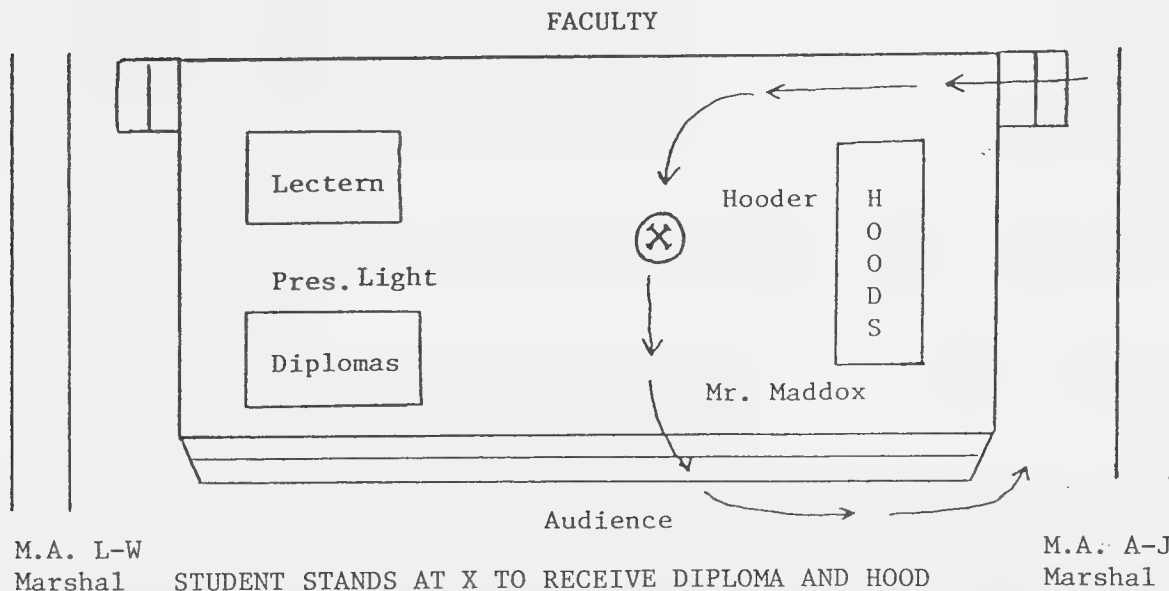
Marshal

M.A. Leonard through
Webbley

4. As the graduates approach the seats, the marshals will stand by each row of chairs until it is filled, except for one seat at the end for the marshal. Both faculty and students remain standing until everyone has reached his or her seat. At Mr. Maddox's signal, everyone uncaps and is seated.
5. After the ceremony, graduates should return their regalia unboxed to the Blue Parlor and indicate to Heather Best or a member of the Bread Loaf Office staff that they have done so. Faculty should return their regalia to Treman.

THE PROGRAM

1. Introduction of the Commencement Speaker
2. The Commencement Address
3. Introduction of the person who will hood the graduates; introduction of the President.
4. Presentation of the M.A. candidates to President Light. The candidates for the degree will rise at the request of Mr. Maddox. The candidates cap.
5. President Light bestows the degree of Master of Arts upon the candidates. The candidates uncaps and individually mount the stage by the stairs at the back.



6. The candidate on stage faces President Light, who presents the diploma and congratulates him or her. During this time, the candidate is hooded. (It is important to stand still until the hood is properly in place.) Next the candidate turns toward the person who has hooded him or her and then to Mr. Maddox for their congratulations. The candidate leaves the thrust stage by the down-center stairs and returns to his or her seat.
7. Mr. Maddox and the Hooder return to their seats.
8. The President's remarks.
9. After President Light has returned to his seat, Pamela Hunter will come forward to the thrust stage and invite the Madrigalists to join her.
10. With the playing of the recessional, all members of the academic procession rise and cap. President Light and Mr. Maddox lead the faculty and graduates out of the Little Theatre onto the West Lawn, where ceremonies conclude with congratulations.

Farewell Banquet, 1991

It is that uncanny time of the summer again when the School begins to evaporate. By this time tomorrow, many of you will already have left; by Saturday, we'll be down to a skeleton crew of Bread Loaf folks; and early on Sunday the last of us will decamp, to make way for the Writers' Conference.

On this last night when at least almost all of us are here, I want to thank the people who make Bread Loaf possible. In doing so, I want to break a Bread Loaf tradition. It is the custom for the Director to ask each person or group to stand individually and receive the community's applause. The trouble with that custom is that there are so many people deserving of thanks that everyone ends up with sore hands and a long ceremony. So tonight, I want to mention briefly the people who are to be thanked, then have us all applaud them and each other.

I want to thank the Front Desk staff, Bob and Joan Handy, Doug Handy, and Jennifer Heck, along with their sometime companion who is also the bookstore manager, Heather Best.

And I want to thank the nerve-center people, the staff you go to for comfort when you feel your life becoming academic chaos, Elaine Hall, Betsy Evans, and their trusty sidekick Kim Pope.

And the people who attend to our physical needs and who each summer have to placate the Director's overwhelming terror of microphones, Woody Woodsum, Michael Brittain, and Cristen Brooks.

And the people who ensure that Bread Loaf is here for us to return to, because they live here year-round and preserve the place for us all, Leo Hotte and Sandy LeGault.

The Bread Loaf librarians, Brent Goeres, Barbara Lynch, and Judy Watts, along with her colleagues from Starr Library downtown.

That indefatigable woman who was the original founder of Croutons, and who has returned this year to become the master-mind of that empire, Marian Litz.

Joanne Tulonen and her staff of assistants who know all the things there are to know about computers.

Bill Wright, the director of BreadNet.

The Lear family, the Gloucester family, and the rest of the Acting Ensemble.

Walter Boswell and his technical crew of Drayton Foltz, Susan Terrano, David Schallhorn, Elizabeth Marshall, Jim Dougherty, and Rich Rojo. And the theater assistants.

Ellen McCartney and the Costume Shop crew of Lynn Jeffery, Tanya Lee, and Jenny Fulton. And the costume shop assistants.

Jim Lobdell the production manager.

Pam Hunter and the madrigalists.

Sam Swop, Crumb editor and master speller.

The nurses: Laurie Brown, Sandy Brutkoski, and Kathy Heitkamp.

Peter Newton, Jeanne Leiby, and the rare company of performing waiters.

Frenchie Laroque and the kitchen staff.

The Writing Program Teaching Assistant Betty Bailey.

The interim director of Bread Loaf, Dick Brodhead.

And the Bread Loaf School of English faculty.

Some applause please.

Finally. I try to pick out a person each year who deserves special thanks, someone who seems to have incarnated the very genius of the School during the summer. This summer, I want to honor the driver of that God-awful car which we have all seen parked outside the Printer's Cabin so many times over the summer, while he was inside putting together the printing presses which he himself donated to the School and in whose arts he has already begun to instruct a new generation of Bread Loaf printers. He has given heroically of his time, his energy, and his goods, out of his love of printing and--I think I can even say--his affection for this School. Maybe even more miraculously, he has reduced to a frequency of once a day his delicately sarcastic reminders to me of just how long it took me to make arrangements to get the first of the printing presses out of his garage in Princeton and up to Vermont to the Printer's Cabin. Please applaud once more for John Fleming.

I'm sorry; I misread that last sentence. That "h" in "John" should have been an "a."

Good night to everybody. And, for the first of many times between now and Sunday, good-bye.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English

SEVENTY-SECOND SUMMER

Commencement Ceremony



THE LITTLE THEATRE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1991

8:15 P.M.

Processional

Introduction of the Commencement Speaker

JAMES H. MADDOX
Director, Bread Loaf School of English

Commencement Address

LUCY B. MADDOX
Associate Professor of English, Georgetown University

Conferring of the Degrees of
Master of Arts

TIMOTHY LIGHT
President, Middlebury College

Hooder

HUGH S. COYLE

The Bread Loaf Madrigalists

Recessional

1991

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

SHEILA DOWDELL ALEXANDER	+T. MARK KELLY
+ANDREA BABETTE BAIER	JAMES WENDELL LEONARD
CORNELIA BASKIN	MARK ERNST LUEBBERS
+SARAH AMANDA ELISABETH BECKER	JAMES MATTHEW McCULLOUGH
+MARI SUE BETHKE	*GLORIA TAFNER GALLARDO McGARRY
SUZANNE BOTTELLI	+STEVEN C. McKIBBEN
*JOSEPH F. BRADFIELD	+LAURA ANNA BARKER NELSON
IRA BERYL BRUKNER (<i>in absentia</i>)	*KATHRYN M. OVERBECK
*MARK ALAN CAMPBELL	+STEPHEN DUNNING PALMER
+ALAN RICHARD CATTIER	JOHN LOWELL PLATT
RAND RICHARDS COOPER	*LISA MAINORD POLIVICK
KEVIN JAMES NATHANIEL CUMMINS	BRUCE DAVID ROWE
JOYCE DUSTIN DEMIENTIEFF	+GILBERTO SANCHEZ
CAROLINE LESLIE EISNER	AMY REYELT STEVENS
CRAIG EMERSON EVANS	SCOTT WALKER STEVENS
+GERALDINE HAYDOCK-FINCANNON	PETER C. THAYER
+GARY L. GRIFFITH	*MICHEAL J. THOMPSON
DEBORAH JANE HERRMAN	JEANNE DEWITT VOORHEES
PATRICIA R. HOGAN (<i>in absentia</i>)	KAREN MOYER WALKER
DEBORAH HOWELL JOHNSON	EDWIN PERRY WEBBLEY

*Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English
at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 3, 1991

+Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English
at St. John's College, Santa Fe, August 8, 1991

INTRODUCTION OF COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

10 AUGUST 1991

Each year the senior class at the Bread Loaf School of English chooses a faculty member to speak at commencement. For that faculty member, election is always a great privilege, a great honor, and a great headache--or at least that is usually the case. Legendarily, while most Bread Loaf faculty members are out cavorting over the weekends, the commencement speaker sits home after an exhausting week of teaching and attempts to wring out a few more droplets of wisdom onto intimidatingly blank sheets of paper. By the third or fourth week, the commencement speaker--whose identity is traditionally kept secret--is usually recognizable by a certain gaunt and haunted air. But I have had a special opportunity to watch this year's speaker, and her quotient of trail-bike rides and river-walks hasn't diminished in the least. She has even this summer made her first sighting of a moose in her thirteen years at the School. This is not behavior appropriate for a commencement speaker. My only attempt at an explanation is that perhaps the second commencement speech loses some of its terrors--for this is the second occasion when she has been honored by a Bread Loaf senior class.

This year's commencement speaker is in many ways the exemplary Bread Loaf teacher. She has been teaching here in the summers since 1980, while teaching during the academic years at Georgetown University, where she is currently chair of the Department of English. She began her teaching career as someone interested in the literature of High Modernism; her first book, indeed, had as its subject the writer who was arguably the last surviving High Modernist, Vladimir Nabokov. Since the Nabokov book, however, she has moved toward an increasingly historicized form of criticism, which has culminated in her

recent book, Removals: Nineteenth-Century American Literature and the Politics of Indian Affairs, published by the Oxford University Press only a few days ago. The very title of that second book itself gestures toward the direction in which she has moved in the past several years. She has become increasingly interested in native American history and literature, and Bread Loaf students have profited from that interest, as her courses on modern Native American Literature are filled to overflowing each summer. If a disturbing rumor is true, Bread Loaf students have profited from her interest in another way, since there are reports that she had a devious, backstairs influence upon the founding of the Bread Loaf program at Santa Fe this summer.

But students don't take her classes simply because of the subjects she teaches; they take her classes because of the kind of teacher she is. I had the good luck to team-teach with her for two summers at Bread Loaf, and so I have some idea of what it is that attracts the students. She has a talent that seems a very simple thing, but which I think is actually very rare among teachers: she doesn't enter a performance mode when she enters a classroom. She asks questions because they legitimately puzzle her. Neither she nor her students are troubled by silences that develop in her classes because the assumption is that the questions she asks are really worth thinking about and taking some time to consider. There is in her teaching a complete absence of pedagogical vanity at knowing the right answers, and a disarming admission of ignorance before some questions that, when you think about them, are indeed unanswerable. She manages to give, in her teaching, the remarkable double impression, both that she is on the same level with her students and that she is leading them to insights that they didn't have when they came in the door. Her collegiality with her students is somehow symbolized by a publication of hers just over a month ago. The article, written about classrooms in different

parts of the country interacting though a computer network, was co-authored by tonight's speaker and by her former Bread Loaf student and president of the senior class in Santa Fe this summer, Gary Griffith; the article appeared in an issue of Studies in American Indian Literature, guest-edited by Larry Abbott, a Bread Loaf graduate, Vermont NEH teaching-award winner, and one of the two assistants to John Elder at Santa Fe this summer. In that collaboration with Gary and with Larry, the Bread Loaf teacher has become entirely inseparable from the colleague.

Small wonder, then, that for many people tonight's speaker has come to be synonymous with Bread Loaf and with Bread Loaf teaching. If you don't know her, you will presently see why I say these things. I am honored to present to you tonight's commencement speaker: Lucy Maddox.

TALKING BACK

We began this Bread Loaf summer with a speech by the Director that was addressed primarily to the first-year students; it seems appropriate to end the summer with a speech directed, at least initially, to the seniors, whose company some of us have been privileged to share through several Bread Loaf summers and whose accomplishments we celebrate tonight. I have, initially, two things to say to the seniors.

I would like, first, to tell the senior class that in asking me to speak on this special occasion, they have made me feel deeply honored and deeply moved. Given my love for this place and all that it means, and given my admiration for the members of this class and my personal friendship with many of them, I can think of no greater or more meaningful honor than being asked by this class to speak at their commencement celebration.

And I would like, next, to tell the members of the senior class that I think we can still be friends, now that you have bestowed this honor upon me.

Let me explain. Once you have been a faculty member at Bread Loaf for just a couple of summers, and have witnessed just a couple of these graduations, your life can begin to be oddly affected. You can find yourself thinking over the course of the winter that, if you keep returning to Bread Loaf, sooner or later your number may come up; sooner or later, the senior class may finger you. And then you may find that, in the watches of some sleepless November or February night, your thoughts turn to the

question of what the subject of your Bread Loaf commencement address will be. And you may find that, in the deepness of a winter night, you have no trouble at all thinking of subjects for a speech, all of them incisive, timely yet timeless, potentially spellbinding. You may even find that you begin composing some of these speeches in your head--speeches full of true wisdom that is, modestly offered and elegantly phrased, with here and there a pleasing witticism. You may or may not be amazed at your own eloquence, in November or February.

And then there may come the day in June when you stroll into the Bread Loaf dining hall with nothing weightier on your mind than the question of whether to go for the hamburger or do the right thing and hold out for the salad bar, when the president of the senior class stops you and says ominously, "Hi. Guess what?" Then, as you stare at your hamburger, all you can think is, "Oh my God. The speech."

In the watches of the night in July, then, you may find yourself doing things like creeping out in the dark to find a phone book so that you can check the Yellow Pages under "speeches," just on the off chance. In the Middlebury phone book, the listings in the Yellow Pages skip from "Speech Therapy" to "Speed Equipment." By late July, both of these listings may sound promising; I was tempted to call.

I should now apologize to you. You would have loved the November speech or the February speech, but since I can't remember anything about them, you're going to have to settle for

the August speech. But then, as we have recently been so well reminded, ripeness is all.

The November and February speeches were full of insight, authority, and correct answers. This August speech is only a series of questions and speculations, and many of the words in it aren't even my own. I want simply to mention some of the things I have been thinking and talking about lately, in and out of the classroom.. They are things that have been on the minds of many of us this summer. And I want to read to you some brief comments from other people that have helped to shape my thinking. More specifically, I want to raise some questions about a subject that we have all heard a lot about lately, the subject of cross-cultural communication--which I have come to think of as "talking back." Like it or not, it seems that, for this summer, I get to have the final word on a hot topic.

Along with many of you, I have, for the last three years, been a regular participant on BreadNet, Bread Loaf's own computer network. If Jim was right in his opening night observation that Vermont has begun invading the world, then BreadNet--under the tireless and fearless leadership of Bill Wright--has played a major role in advancing the invasion electronically. BreadNet involves many teachers and their students, both in the United States and abroad, and it offers participants the opportunity to take part in a variety of conferences and projects.

The BreadNet conference on which I have been most active is one that was designed especially for teachers of Native American

students; some of these teachers are in reservation schools, while others teach in non-reservation communities with a significant Native American population. We have also had two college teachers as participants on the conference; one of them is myself, and the other is a former Bread Loaf student who has been teaching freshman writing courses in the Native American Studies program at Berkeley.

As the Native American conference has evolved, it has begun to serve two distinct purposes. In the first place, it has allowed the teachers to maintain a year-round conversation about matters of mutual interest and concern. Usually this conversation is about pedagogical matters, but occasionally it has been about the seasonal return of the wild geese to Alaska or the reaction to "Dances With Wolves" on the Rosebud reservation. This has been the most invigorating professional conversation I have ever had; I seldom talk about teaching with my university colleagues as honestly or as seriously as I do with my BreadNet colleagues.

The second purpose of the conference has been to provide an opportunity for the exchange of writing by our students, including my students at Georgetown and some non-Indian students at Berkeley. When we were first planning these student exchanges, we were excited about the possibilities. We believed, for one thing, that giving students the chance to "publish" their writing electronically might be a good way to motivate some of the reluctant writers among them. We also believed, good high-

minded liberal sorts that we all were, that we were launching an experiment in cross-cultural communication that was going to be excitingly productive. We were going to have Indian and non-Indian students, high school and college students, writing to each other about their schools, their communities, and their interests. The prospects looked good. We were going to communicate.

Three years later, I know that we have accomplished some of the things we intended to accomplish. We have gotten students to communicate with each other via the computer, and we have seen some reluctant writers beginning to take themselves seriously as writers and, apparently, to enjoy the experience of sitting down at the computer and writing for an audience. I have watched these things happen, but I've seen other things happening as well. I have watched my college students struggle to figure out how to respond to the Indian high school students. I have watched myself responding clumsily and very self-consciously to the Indian students. I have seen some of the Indian students turn reticent and awkward when they are asked to respond to someone else. And I have had to do a lot of serious rethinking.

I came to the network fully convinced that it was essential for all of us to listen to other voices, to hear from people whose perspectives have been largely excluded from our classrooms, our literature, our history texts, even from our imaginations. Three years later, I still believe that listening is essential; in fact, I'm even more persuaded that we must

listen and that a computer conference like ours offers an excellent opportunity for listening. But my participation on the conference has also made me realize that there are some essential questions remaining to be addressed, questions I hadn't even considered when I began.

For me, the first of these questions is, what do we do after we have listened? How do we talk back? How can we do more than just consume the statements of others--a process that Bell Hooks has described as "eating the other"? Listening, as it turns out, isn't particularly difficult; having a real conversation, as it turns out, and as Jackie Royster has reminded us several times this summer, can be extremely difficult.

Someone has said that a dominant language is a dialect with an army and a navy. Translating that theory into classroom terms, we might say that a dominant language is a dialect with a grade book. In beginning our computer conference, we believed that we were banishing the army, navy, and grade book and making it possible for students to write in the language they were comfortable with, the language they ordinarily used when they had important things to say--which might be a version of Alaskan village English, or a Navajo-inflected English, or even some dialect that was inflected in a purely personal and idiosyncratic way. We agreed that, for purposes of this project, the important thing was to get students to write honestly about subjects they knew about and cared about, and that we would never accomplish that goal if the teachers constantly leapt in to correct the

students' grammar and syntax.

Again, I think we have succeeded in what we set out to do. Some of the student writing on the network is in polished standard English, and sometimes standard English is present only in flashes and echoes. And as it has turned out, some of the writing that the teachers have found most interesting and engaging is the writing that is at the farthest remove from standard English. But once we have read and marveled at that writing, then what do we do? How do we keep from treating that writing like an artifact, an exotic object that we turn over in our hands and murmur about, then put aside? How do we talk back?

Let me turn now to those examples I promised. I want to read just a few brief samples from the conversations and exchanges on the Native American network so that you can better understand where some of my questions originate and why these issues have been on my mind.

1. The first is a poem, written by a freshman student at Berkeley, whose ethnic background is explained in the poem:

What was her name?
 She went by Hannah,
 I know her as great-grandma.
 He was Morris White,
 great-grandpa--
 a traveling Methodist minister
 through the Mississippi Delta region.
 She was fourteen,
 tied to a pole in the middle of a farm.
 She was supposed to be
 a white man's slave.
 He passed by her,
 he watched and observed.
 Days went by,

he watched and observed.
 He went away.
 She was quiet,
 tied to a pole in the middle of a farm.
 He came back,
 he "rescued" her.
 For a year she was hidden--
 hidden with friends of the family.
 He went away Again.
 He came back.
 She was sixteen.
 He took her to Douglas County, Georgia
 and he married her.
 He was black, a runaway slave.
 She was Choctaw, Chickasaw, Blackfoot.
 She was seventeen,
 she had a baby boy--
 my great uncle Marshall.
 "The rest is history."
 The rest is lost
 forgotten.
 What was she thinking?
 I want to know.
 I imagine what her life was like,
 the stories she told.
 But my imagination is not enough.
 It never will be
 And it's all I have.

2. This is from a Navajo student:

Morning cold breeze enter from the top of the hogan, as I
 fasten myself to prepare my day. It is still dawn, yet my
 ancestors believe that waking early is a key to the way of life
 and that when the sun comes up, the evil spirit then become aware
 on who is still asleep when they are suppose to be awake. The
 weather seemed fine while I looked up the chimney hole, when I
 made breakfast below. Then I knew today would be special. I was
 still looking when the bright red glow hit the chimney when my
 grandmother walks in on a daily routine praying to the great
 ones. She helps me with the cooking, while I go out to free the
 sheep from the corral. It was then when it hit me--while I was

eating about. The way things I thought was working out around my home--this is what I call home living, running everything traditionally. Then again I thought about the ways of life in the white man's world on a Saturday morning--probably children watching TV or other such non-useful daily activities. I was about done eating when I felt on how much I would miss this place, if I'd ever leave my language nor my traditionality. But then again it's just another Saturday morning.

3. This is from a Lakota student:

At our school some teachers think we students are not capable of doing stuff that bigger schools do, just because we are Indians. Some people say the teachers shouldn't teach us Shakespeare because we won't understand. I heard his name before, but I never really knew what he wrote. You know, science is supposed to be experimenting, but we don't even have a science lab. People think that it will be too complicated for us, so we don't even do it. I wish that people would just give us a chance.

4. This is from a teacher in Alaska:

We had a memo from central office last week . . . about the policy changes on attendance. The memo said in effect that it is now district policy that there are no attendance requirements and students have the right to miss as much school as they wish and make up the work at their leisure. It will be interesting to see how this develops. Attendance has always been a sorry issue. Parents could not be expected to religiously trundle their

youngsters off every morning to the world of the Gussacks [whites]. That was a world which placed demands on their children that they did not fully understand or they could not see the reason for. Most parents did it on faith that the Gussacks really did know what was best for their children and some good would come of it. Other people thought the Gussacks were invading their culture and stealing their children's minds and wills and making Gussacks out of them. What we are seeing is a welling up of these repressed feelings.

5. This is another story from the Navajo student:

It was early, stars were fading, I could see my ancestors land across the field and the grazing of my herd. I feel like I'm home even though there's quite a ways. I was only five years old at that time I was in control of 98 sheep and 64 goats. I couldn't count that well so I let my father count for me. . . . I stayed with the herd all night long with a few snacks I brought the day before. . . . I got back home before sun-down and of course my father has to count the sheep again. . . . The next day I had to go to school. I was in first grade then, I could still remember it clearly because it was my first day in school. Everybody was different than me, there was white, black, and even other tribe I never seen.

6. This is from the teacher at Berkeley:

Again and again, this network makes me appreciate the power of words. Lately the other things I do in graduate school tend to make me doubt or mistrust the power (or at least the efficacy)

of words. Concepts like voice make sense in the context of these network exchanges.

7. Finally, a comment from a teacher in Montana:

I've been trying to get a handle on all the correspondence on the network, searching for a way of expressing the value of what's happening here. I think it's very valuable . . . , all of it, but how do we describe or measure it?

I agree with the Berkeley teacher and the Montana teacher that much of the writing on this network is powerful, that something valuable is going on here, and that we teachers are learning things from watching our students and ourselves write for the network. But what are we learning? What are we hearing?

Certainly, one thing we are hearing is that for many students, school is not a place where they feel comfortable or free to speak about their experiences or their concerns. In retrospect, I can see that my own experience of school, from first grade through my Ph.D. orals, was in most ways a liberating and empowering experience, one that gradually allowed me to acquire the skills, the knowledge, and the confidence I needed to take part in the conversations that seemed most important to me. And it was through school that I acquired my understanding of which conversations were the important ones.

In listening to these students and teachers, however, I am reminded, forcefully, that for many people school is not the inviting and liberating place that it was, and still is, for me.

For some, school is a place of exclusion, a place that makes them feel they don't belong, even a place of danger.

I read to you a poem by a student who knows that her history is not a part of the history she will learn about in school; hers, she says, is lost. I read a story by a Navajo student who didn't find it strange to be herding sheep all night at the age of five, but who did find it strange and disorienting to be in school at the age of five; this is the same student who expresses his anxiety about losing his language and being removed from all the things that, for him, constitute "home living." I read a comment from a student who believes that her school underestimates her and withholds things from her because she is Indian. And I read a comment from a teacher who says that some parents in his community fear that the schools are stealing their children away from them and turning them into strangers.

Why does school make these students, and some of their parents, feel frustrated, or angry, or afraid? Why isn't school liberating and empowering for them? That is in some ways, I realize, a disingenuous question, and clearly the answers to it are complex. I don't have many answers to offer. But I can speak of some things that, at this point, I have come to believe.

I believe, in the first place, that we have contrived, whether consciously or unconsciously, to prevent these students from talking, in school, about their frustrations, their anger, their ambitions, their values. I think, perhaps, we've been afraid of what they would say. And I think we might also have

been afraid that, if they were encouraged to take part in a conversation, we might even find ourselves excluded from the conversation. Perhaps we really do want to give them the power to speak, to make them articulate, but do we want to empower them to speak to each other, to trust their own discourse?

If there is to be genuine cross-cultural conversation, are we prepared to relinquish control of it? Are we prepared to see our way of speaking as one dialect among many? Do we have the patience, or the will, to learn how to talk back?

Toward the end of the year on BreadNet, some of us on the Native American conference began an electronic discussion of these same issues that I've brought up tonight. As we made our tentative way from theorizing about the issues to trying to figure out how to match our theories with our practice on the network, we began to speculate about whether the best way to prepare the ground for a conversation was to let the students just exchange stories. Our discussion was cut short by the end of the academic year and our dispersal to Ripton, Oxford, Santa Fe and other less interesting places, but I've continued to think that we had hit on an idea that was both novel and as old as the hills. We were beginning to surmise that maybe people communicated best through their stories.

Of course, there are people who have been telling us exactly this for a long time. One of my favorite writers, Leslie Marmon Silko, speaks of her origins in a family that understood the primacy of story-telling. "I come from a family," Silko says,

"which has been doing something that isn't exactly standard English for a while. I come from a family which, basically, is intent on getting the stories told; and we will get those stories told, and language will work for us. It is imperative to tell and not worry about a specific language. The imperative is the telling."

My students didn't know how to respond to the Navajo student who wrote about herding sheep the night before his first day at school, but I'm sure many of my students had stories of their own about entering school. And I'll bet the Navajo student would have liked hearing them. My students just didn't know that they could exchange their stories for his stories. Maybe that's how we begin to talk back. Maybe it's only through the slow process of listening to other stories and then telling our own that we make further conversation possible. Are we willing to tell our own stories, to speak of our own confusion? Are we willing to acknowledge the fears we might have about threats to our own "home living," our own language, our own history? Are we willing to take that Navajo student seriously enough to exchange one of our stories for his?

As it turns out, having the last word on a complex and controversial subject isn't necessarily daunting, as long as you limit yourself to questions and don't attempt the answers, then say a cheery goodnight, pack up your car, and drive off down the mountain, making a clean exit. (Tell them they've got to learn how to talk back, then don't let them.) On the other hand, maybe

the method I've chosen hasn't been inappropriate, since the asking of difficult and controversial questions is part of the essential business of Bread Loaf, part of the reason this is such a vital place, and it has been my experience that I always drive down off the mountain with a head full of questions.

But it has also been my experience that the questions change from one year to the next, and that too is surely a sign of vitality. Bread Loaf changes; it has to. We change; we have to. Some of you are graduating tonight and moving on from Bread Loaf; you have to. But I certainly hope you aren't finished with Bread Loaf, with the people you have met here, or with the conversations you have begun here. I hope your heads stay full of hard questions. I even hope that some of your conversations become more difficult and perplexing. And I hope that whenever and however you come back to Bread Loaf, you will find it, and us, changed.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

20 February 1992

Acting President John McCardell
Old Chapel
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

Dear John:

I am pleased to submit the annual report of the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English for the seventy-second summer at the Bread Loaf campus in Vermont; the fourteenth summer at Lincoln College, Oxford; and the inaugural summer at St. John's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

I regret that this report comes to you considerably later in the academic year than is usual. I hope you will assign its lateness to my own busy schedule; I'm aware on my side that, with your own schedule, you very likely would not have had a great deal of time to read it before now.

The Vermont School

In the summer of 1991 the Bread Loaf School in Vermont enrolled 236 students, a decline of 5 students from the previous summer. The number of new students was up, from 104 in 1990 to 108 in 1991. 23 students received their M.A degrees in Vermont in 1991. The applicant pool remained a healthy one; as in all recent years, an appreciable number of qualified students were turned down.

The Acting Ensemble, under the direction of Alan Mokler, continued to be a vital part of the Bread Loaf educational experience, both in their many visits to Bread Loaf classrooms and in their performance in this summer's production of Shakespeare's King Lear. Shortly after the end of the 1991 Bread Loaf session, I received notification that Bread Loaf had been awarded funds for an NEH Institute, "Acts of Interpretation," to be held at Bread Loaf for 20 secondary-school teachers in the summer of 1992. I enclose our brochure on that upcoming Institute. I will of course describe this Institute more fully in next year's report.

Bread Loaf will also be the site in 1992 of an NEH Seminar, "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales taught by Professor Lee Patterson of Duke University. Professor Patterson, who has been a Bread Loaf professor in the past, will not be teaching at Bread Loaf in 1992 (although his wife, Annabel Patterson, will). Lee Patterson's seminar, however, will make use of Bread Loaf facilities, and the indirect costs from the Seminar will flow to Middlebury College.

The long standing grant from Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity finally ran out on June 30, 1991. This grant, besides adding substantially to Bread Loaf's endowment over the years, also left in place educational projects throughout the country that have the names of Middlebury and Bread Loaf associated with them.

Although the flow of Bingham money to Bread Loaf has ceased, the resourceful and indefatigable Dixie Goswami has managed to secure \$30,000 in Bingham money per year for five years to be given to individual Bread Loaf students (at up to \$2,500 a grant) for research in their classrooms. Under the leadership of Professor Goswami, Bread Loaf's Program in Writing is becoming even better known than before as a center for classroom research in America's schools.

Also, under the direct influence of Professor Goswami, Bread Loaf is exploring the possibility of a partnership with the Piney Woods School, an all-black private school near Jackson, Mississippi. The team of Professor Goswami, Professor Jacqueline Royster of Spelman College (a 1991 Bread Loaf faculty member who will return to Bread Loaf in 1992), and myself have twice visited Piney Woods since the close of the 1991 Bread Loaf, to help the school establish its own Writing across the Curriculum Program and eventually to become a regional center, in the summers, for the training of high-school teachers.

Bread Loaf's historically fruitful relationship with the Phillips Andover Academy continues, through the Andover/Bread Loaf Writing Workshops. These workshops, run in the summers at Andover but supervised in their curriculum by Bread Loaf faculty (with the ubiquitous Professor Goswami doing the vast preponderance of the work at the Bread Loaf end) have as their target populations the teachers at American inner-city high schools. The workshops remain important feeders to Bread Loaf itself, and have helped contribute to the (still distressingly small) success that Bread Loaf has had in attracting minority students. There is a strong possibility that, working with the ABLWW, we will be able to bring a small number of black South African teachers to Bread Loaf, beginning in 1992 or 1993.

BreadNet, Bread Loaf's telecommunications network, continues to thrive, directed by Bill Wright. Through various outreach projects and Bill's consulting work, BreadNet raises a modest sum of money for Bread Loaf, some of which is used to subsidize Bill's salary, some of which is used to meet BreadNet expenses. My own view is that the premier project in BreadNet remains the Native American Network, an ongoing conference of teachers of Native American students. Given the often very limiting conditions under which these teachers work, the Native American Network at any one time has only a small number of teachers active on it. Nevertheless, the Network and Bread Loaf's entire commitment to teachers on American Indian reservations remain very high personal priorities for me as Director. It may be of interest to you that the very modest charges I have made to my discretionary fund this year have mostly been in the direction of Bread Loaf's commitment to teachers of Native Americans.

Bread Loaf News is becoming a better and better magazine under the editorship of Leslie Owens; the most recent issue, which consists mainly of interviews with professors concerning their Bread Loaf teaching philosophies, is, I believe, the very best issue we have published. I am very grateful indeed to Middlebury for helping to support Bread Loaf News after the expiration of the Bingham grant.

The number of minority students at Bread Loaf, as I have suggested above, remains quite low, although even the very low figures over the last two years are, to the best of my knowledge, historic highs for the School. I have worked to make Bread Loaf itself visibly more friendly toward minorities by increasing the number of minority faculty members (2 African American teachers in Vermont, one in Santa Fe in 1991; these numbers will remain constant for 1992) and by gradually but, in the end, emphatically changing the nature of the Bread Loaf curriculum (as is startlingly clear in the Santa Fe curriculum for 1992).

The printing presses donated by Professor John Fleming of Princeton were a great hit at Bread Loaf in the summer of 1991. The Printer's Cabin is once again quite seriously the Printer's Cabin, and the first (admittedly tiny) book from the Bread Loaf Press appeared at the very end of last summer. I anticipate that the Printer's Cabin will become an ongoing enterprise and even the center of a yearly Bread Loaf course in the near future.

Finally, a concert of the Vermont Mozart Festival was held at the Frost Farm during the Bread Loaf session last summer; as a courtesy, the Festival administration donated 25 tickets to Bread Loaf; we dispensed them to members of the community through a lottery. The Festival plans to hold another concert at the Frost Farm in 1992.

The Oxford School

Enrollments at the Oxford Bread Loaf suffered considerably because of the Persian Gulf crisis in January and February, exactly the months when students make their Bread Loaf plans. The Oxford school enrolled 51 students (as opposed to 74 in 1990). The number of students receiving the M.A. degree was 6.

Enrollments at Oxford suffered, but morale did not. Indeed, Oxford struck me very forcibly, on my brief visit there in July, as the happiest of the three Bread Loaf campuses. (It even seemed to me on that visit that 50 students might be considered the ideal population, maybe the largest that a population can be without beginning to break off into subsidiary clumps. This is not an argument, however, that I plan to make to Dave Ginevan or anyone else concerned with the economic side of enrollments.)

Certainly a great part of the aforementioned happiness at Oxford was owing to its on-site director, Professor Lawrence Danson of Princeton, the most seasoned of all the Bread Loaf Oxford directors. The success of the school was also owing to the efforts of Dennis Kay of Lincoln College, John Wilders, and Joy Makin, the steward of Lincoln College.

For the first time in 1992, the on-site director of the Oxford school will not be an American sent across the Atlantic; instead, Dennis Kay of Lincoln College, who has had a very long affiliation with Bread Loaf, will direct the school.

It is my goal to fill Oxford to capacity this coming summer (despite my remarks above on 50 as an ideal number)--approximately 80 students. (That goal is low this year, since Lincoln College will this summer be renovating half of its housing for married students.)

In 1991 there were 3 women on the Oxford faculty (as opposed to 1 when I took over as Director); there will be the same number in 1992.

The Santa Fe School

The big news of the summer of 1991 was, of course, the opening of the Santa Fe school at St. John's College. 66 students were enrolled at Santa Fe--not only a respectable but perhaps a remarkable number in this, the first year of the program. 11 students received their M.A. degrees at Santa Fe in 1991.

I do not need to rehearse here the problem of relations with St. John's President John Agresto, which plagued us throughout most of academic year 1990-91 and the opening weeks of the 1991 summer session. The success of the school in weathering the Agresto storm was owing entirely to the efforts of John Elder. He cannot be praised highly enough for making the first Santa Fe summer an outstanding one for Bread Loaf.

Another problem--not a crippling problem, in my view, but a problem nonetheless--has to do with the difference between our occupancy of Lincoln College and our occupancy of St. John's. The great success of our Oxford program has depended upon two factors. First, the Lincoln staff is extraordinarily friendly toward the Bread Loaf program, for reasons that begin in the very genuine affection that key Lincoln staffers--maybe most particularly Joy Makin--feel for Bread Loaf; there is a reserve of good feeling between Lincoln and Bread Loaf that is inestimably valuable to us. Second, Bread Loaf exactly fits into and fills the space at Lincoln (one of the very smallest of the Oxford colleges), so that we have the illusion that Lincoln actually is Bread Loaf. At St. John's, as I have already said, the friendliness of the staff is not in place (not yet, at any rate). And at St. John's we share space with other groups during the summer. Perhaps this latter objection sounds as if it comes from a Director too spoiled by the ambience of the Bread Loaf campus and Lincoln College. Nevertheless it's the case that sharing space makes things more ragged, far less unitary at St. John's than at Bread Loaf or at Lincoln.

These reflections lead, of course, to the whole issue of the possibility of Middlebury's purchasing a permanent home for the Southwestern Bread Loaf. Since this question is even now being thoroughly discussed, I need not spend a great deal of time and space on it here. Bread Loaf can survive in the Southwest without a home of its own: I am more sanguine on this point than John Elder is. But the wisdom of a purchase in the Southwest seems to me obvious and overwhelming.

Financial statistics

This year I have decided to depart from Paul Cubeta's long-standing practice--and my own in my first two annual reports--and omit detailed financial statistics, since I'm certain that Dave Ginevan's office can supply these with more detail and in more depth. Should you want those figures from me, however, I will be happy to supply them.

I will report here that the book value of all funds in the Bread Loaf School of English endowment increased from \$1,420,495 on June 30, 1990 to \$1,547,920 on June 30, 1991.

Annual giving to Bread Loaf is impressive in the numbers of donors--we have a very faithful body of alumni. The dollar totals, however, are modest, hovering around \$30,000 per year.

Bread Loaf received modest funding in 1990-91 from the Gates Foundation, the International Paper Company Foundation, and the Hunt Foundation. Grant writing is problematic at Bread Loaf--a function not fully built into anyone's job description and an activity that overtaxes the already frenetic Bread Loaf faculty and administrators involved on the particular grants. In the small number of grant proposals we have actually sent forward, however, Susan Veguez of the Grants Office has been remarkably and untiringly helpful.


The future

I am enclosing a copy of the 1992 Bread Loaf bulletin for your perusal, along with the most recent copy of Bread Loaf News. These two publications should give both a concrete sense of Bread Loaf's direction and a more intangible impression of the kind of School we are just now. I believe it is probably obvious from those publications as well as from this report that I have to some extent opened the School to a more multicultural curriculum; that I have tried to maintain the School's commitment to rural teachers while strengthening our ties to teachers on Indian reservations and initiating (so far with only very limited success) the recruitment of more teachers from inner-city schools.

I frankly see no big initiatives in the immediate future. I think that this coming year, especially given that Santa Fe is still in the start-up phase, must be a year of consolidating our strengths. Those strengths, I believe, are very considerable.

We already have the best possible start on the summer of 1992: at this quite amazingly early date, all three Bread Loaf campuses are full nearly to capacity. Even though some attrition will certainly take place, 1992 looks like a very good summer for us.

Respectfully submitted,



James Maddox
Director

cc: Provost Nicholas Clifford
Treasurer David Ginevan
Professor Dixie Goswami
Professor Alan Mokler
Professor John Elder



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

19 November 1990

Dear Friends of Bread Loaf:

If it's November and you're hearing from me, this must be a fund-raising letter. I am indeed writing once again to ask you to consider making a contribution to the Bread Loaf School of English. But let me first tell you of some of the exciting things that have been happening at Bread Loaf--and therefore some of the exciting things that your gifts would help to support.

The major news since I wrote to you last year is that Bread Loaf will be opening a third site--after Vermont and Oxford--in the summer of 1991. The new Bread Loaf West will be housed at St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico. This first summer, John Elder will be the director of the Santa Fe Bread Loaf, with 6 faculty and 70 students. Although this new Bread Loaf will have a curriculum similar to those already in place in Vermont and Oxford, we will take special advantage of the uniqueness of the physical site and demographics of Santa Fe by putting special emphasis on courses in Native American literature, American Hispanic literature, and nature-writing of the Southwest. The Santa Fe Bread Loaf will have the most American emphasis of the Bread Loaf programs in its subject matter, just as the Oxford Bread Loaf has the most English. I hope that many of you reading this letter will be with John and the other faculty and students this summer to share the first-year excitement.

In great part because of some rethinking we've done as we've moved toward the Santa Fe opening, we're going to have a completely new catalog format this year: Vermont, Oxford, and Santa Fe will all be described together in one booklet. Not only will those of you who are current Bread Loaf students have the usual agony of choosing among different courses; you will also have three entire tantalizing Bread Loaf programs spread before you. I'll leave it to the catalog to describe the courses in detail, but I will mention here some especially exciting new offerings. In Vermont, Alvin Kernan will be returning to Bread Loaf after a long absence, to teach a course on Shakespeare and the Court; Professor Kernan's recent book The Death of Literature has been one of the most widely reviewed and acclaimed books of the fall. Other old Bread Loaf hands are coming back after absences of long or short duration: Michael Cadden, John Fleming, Walt Litz. Robert Stepto has devised a new course on African-American drama; Stephen Donadio will be teaching a new course on Hemingway and Fitzgerald; Jonathan Freedman, whose new book on Henry James and aestheticism, Professions of Taste, has already drawn wide praise, will be teaching the first film course at Bread Loaf in years; new faculty member Margaret Soltan will be teaching a course on modernism and post-modernism. Other new faculty are Jacqueline Royster from Spelman and Andrea Lunsford from

Ohio State. Finally, Dick Brodhead and Alan Mokler will together be team-teaching a blockbuster of a course on Shakespearean Tragedy.

Larry Danson will be directing the School at Oxford. New courses there include Val Cunningham's course on eighteenth-century satire, John Pitcher's course on Shakespearean and Greek Tragedy, and new faculty member Jeri Johnson's courses on Joyce and on Virginia Woolf. Tony Burgess will again be offering "Writing, Discourse, and Culture," and Robert Smallwood and Charles Whitworth will offer their classic "Shakespeare: On the Page and on the Stage." The Santa Fe faculty will include two of Bread Loaf's most acclaimed teachers of long standing: John Elder, already mentioned, and Ken Macrorie.

Some of you, I know, saw Fred Hechinger's article on Bread Loaf in the New York Times in late August, describing Bread Loaf's new initiatives to reach more inner-city teachers. We are continuing our partnership with the Phillips Academy (with Bread Loaf alumnus Lou Bernieri as our Andover contact-man), which brings to Andover, and then to Bread Loaf, teachers from East Orange, New Jersey, Cleveland, Ohio, and school-systems in and around Boston. We are now also seeking a similar partnership with schools in Washington, D. C.

And Bread Loaf's historic commitment to teachers from rural America continues. We even hope to extend and broaden that commitment as we now open in Santa Fe and take advantage of an entirely new geographical base. The siting of Santa Fe should also allow us to extend the special partnership which has developed over the years between Bread Loaf and teachers on Indian reservations.

Now about that annual giving. As I hope is apparent, we're doing lots of things at Bread Loaf these days--and, alas, they all cost money. Our most pressing need for money, not surprisingly, is for financial aid, since many of the very people we try to recruit for Bread Loaf are themselves underpaid and not well able to afford a Bread Loaf summer. Middlebury is very generous in its financial aid budget for Bread Loaf students, and we have succeeded in securing some funding from foundations for scholarships, but there is never as much money on hand for financial aid as we really need. Last year, indeed, we simply ran out of funds before we were able to consider all the candidates who were truly deserving of assistance.

On the enclosed card, you may prefer simply to contribute to the Bread Loaf endowment fund. There are also several specific scholarships to which you might consider contributing. I would especially call your attention to two of them. One is the William Sempreora Memorial Scholarship Fund, established by Bill's wife and Bread Loaf alumna Meg, along with other friends of Bill. There are many of Bill Sempreora's friends who will be receiving this letter who should know that their contributions can now go directly into the fund that bears his name. The second fund is the Challenger Award, established some years ago by one of Bread Loaf's most generous donors, Mr. Anthony Penale. The Challenger Award honors Christa McAuliffe and is designated to be awarded to teachers similarly devoted to their profession. This year for the first time I am listing the Challenger Award on the enclosed card, so that other contributors might add their gifts to the very generous amount which Mr. Penale originally gave to establish the fund.

Thanks for your past generosity to Bread Loaf. I can only assure you once again that any gifts you are able to send to us this year will be used to bring to Bread Loaf the same kind of committed learners who have made Bread Loaf the great school that it is.

With best wishes,

Jim

James Maddox
Director

P. S. While I've got your attention, let me make another request of you. This past summer, Mrs. Juanita Cook, the widow of "Doc" Cook, former Director of the School, gave Bread Loaf a magnificent collection of photographs made at the School in the 20's, 30's, and 40's. Included in the collection are what I believe to be unpublished photos of, among others, Willa Cather, Hamlin Garland, and Sinclair Lewis. It occurred to me as I was going through this real treasure-trove that many of you probably have photographs which, if brought together, would constitute a fascinating visual history of the School. If you do indeed have any photos--from any period--that you would like to contribute, please send them along to Hugh Coyle at the Bread Loaf office in Vermont. We will take good care of them and keep you posted on the progress of this pictorial archive.



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL

PERMIT NO. 8

MIDDLEBURY, VT

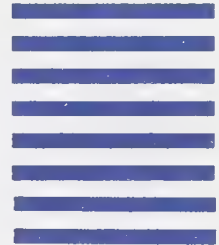
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Bread Loaf School of English Support Fund

FOREST HALL

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY VT 05753-9988



Gifts to the Bread Loaf School of English

I wish my gift credited to the following:

The Annual Scholarship Fund

The Endowment Fund in support of:

The George K. Anderson Book Fund

The Challenger Award

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship

The Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship

The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture

The Robert Frost Chair in Literature

The Laurence B. Holland Memorial Scholarship

The Charles J. Orr Memorial Scholarship

The William Sempreora Memorial Scholarship

The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholarship

Checks should be made payable to Middlebury College. Gifts may also be made in securities by assignment to Middlebury College. All gifts are tax-deductible. Our fiscal year ends June 30th.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

April 1991

Dear Bread Loaf Student soon to be at Oxford:

This is a first effort to help you make your travel plans for a great summer at Lincoln College, Oxford. A letter of "useful details" will be sent you in May.

You should secure a valid passport at once, a task that can take several weeks. You may obtain a passport application from your travel agent or town clerk. If you already have a passport, make sure it is valid until at least September 15, 1991.

You should make your flight reservations as soon as possible, if you haven't already. Be sure to shop around if you can. There is a very wide range of rates and plans. If you are departing directly from the States, would you please let me know the following: 1) date of departure; 2) point of departure from the U.S.; 3) airline and flight number; 4) time of departure and arrival. This information will assist Lawrence Danson if you don't turn up when you should.

Plan to arrive in Oxford no later than Monday, June 24, so that you will be almost over jet lag by Registration Day at Lincoln on June 25. Many seminars last year began meeting as early as Tuesday. Lunch at 1:00 p.m. Monday is the first meal served. Your room will be available at Lincoln on June 24. If you have trouble booking lodging at Oxford before then, write Miss Joy Makin, The Steward, Lincoln College, Oxford OX1 3DR, United Kingdom. A good bet at Oxford for room and board that's not too expensive is the Walton Guest House, 169 Walton Street, Oxford (011-45-865-52137).

Tutorials conclude by Friday, August 2, but you're welcome to stay for the final Banquet and Commencement on Saturday evening, August 3. We'll have a great ceremony for about six graduates. You should plan to leave Lincoln by Sunday morning, August 5, but you can make reservations during the summer to stay on at the Mitre, a bed-and-breakfast hotel run by Lincoln across the street from the College. Rates are about £20 a day for bed and breakfast. You will not be able to stay on in your room at Lincoln.

Most flights to London from the States leave either early in the morning or late at night. Because of the five-hour time differential from the East Coast, night flights usually arrive in London early the next morning, so that you will have no trouble making direct connections to Oxford. Early morning departures, on the other hand, arrive in London around 10:00 p.m., too late to make connections to Oxford. If you arrive in London at night, hotel accommodations are highly desirable, even essential, but expensive. Details on how to proceed to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick airports will be sent out in my next letter. Heathrow is vastly more convenient than Gatwick because of its proximity to Oxford. Beware of standby air tickets and charter flights, which may encounter delays with rerouting to Stansted in Essex, a long and complicated commute to Oxford. Be sure to have a reservation for your return flight.

Students in The Program in Writing course with Tony Burgess should bring manual typewriters, if possible. Oxford tutors, however, do not insist that you type your papers.

Typewriters and computers (expensive and scarce) can be rented in Oxford. Electric typewriters will set you back about £75 for the summer. Remember that electric typewriters and all electrical appliances must be fitted with an adapter (purchased here since they are not available in Oxford). British current is 220v, not 110v, as in the States.

Airlines allow two suitcases - any weight - and one piece of luggage to go under the seat. Since surface shipping takes at least two months (or forever), and air freight is expensive, it's better not to send books or clothes on in advance. If you must send ahead, please address the label as follows:

(Your Name)
Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR
United Kingdom

HOLD FOR ARRIVAL: June 24

Neither Middlebury nor Lincoln College assumes any responsibility for items lost either in transit or after arrival at Lincoln College.

Under Britain's medical program, you must have American medical insurance to cover pre-existing problems. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan in order to expedite payment to our Oxford doctors, should you need their services.

You can purchase your books at Blackwell's, one of the world's greatest bookstores, or at several fine paperback bookstores, all just a block away from Lincoln on Broad Street. You must, however, read as many of the main texts as possible prior to the session. Books published in the U.S. are less expensive, but are cumbersome to carry over.

I know that it will be a summer worth waiting for. I look forward to joining you for a while late in July.

Cordially,



James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

May 1991

Bread Loaf School of English

Dear Bread Loaf Student at Lincoln College:

I am sending along the last set of details for your trip to Oxford. I hope that they make your trip easier and your arrival at Lincoln more pleasant.

Enclosures:

1. Medical Information Form. Please complete and turn in at the Bread Loaf Office on Registration Day.
2. Insurance Information.
3. Information Sheet re: Passport Number/Next of Kin. Please complete and turn in at the Bread Loaf Office on Registration Day.
4. Lincoln College Floor Plan.
5. List of Bread Loaf Students at Oxford, enclosed for your delectation, curiosity, anticipation.
6. Bus Schedules from Heathrow and Gatwick to Oxford and Gatwick/London.

Your bill has been mailed to you. It is due and payable upon receipt prior to your leaving for England. Bills not paid by the deadline given by Middlebury College will be charged a late fee of \$50 per month. For those of you receiving a Stafford Loan, you should be aware that there is a new Federal wrinkle. Loans will not be disbursed as one lump sum. Payment will be divided into two segments: one at the beginning of the session and the second during the middle of the session.

Money: It's probably best to take your money in traveler's checks (American Express, Barclay, Visa) in £; banks charge 55-75p or more for an international exchange transaction. Traveler's checks in £'s eliminate the uncertainty of currency fluctuations. The best plastic money is VISA. Be sure to convert enough money into British currency at the airport to get you through the first weekend. There isn't time to open summer checking accounts at Oxford. Even certified cashier's checks will take two weeks to clear. Personal checks (yours, or those made out to you) are uncashable. You should take about \$1,000, or their £ equivalent, in traveler's checks for spending money while at Lincoln. Students in Messrs. Smallwood and Whitworth's course should expect to spend another \$300. Seniors will also encounter some graduation week extras including, but not limited to, a charge of around \$20 for the rental of the hoods which are a part of the graduation ceremony.

Instructions on Arrival at Heathrow Airport - Commercial Flights - Concourse C

1. Go through Immigration, present passport, explain nature and length of stay.
2. Collect luggage downstairs.
3. If you have nothing to declare (no one does), go through customs exit GREEN AISLE.
4. Get \$ converted to £ at Barclay's Exchange near customs exit
5. You can take a direct bus to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick (X70). Joy Makin and Dennis Kay strongly recommend the bus. There is frequent service and it's cheaper.

6. Or you can buy a British Rail (Air-Rail link) ticket to Oxford at the window next to Barclay's. Follow coach signs outside and get Brit Rail coach (bus) direct to Reading Station. Board express train north to Oxford. Outside Oxford Station, get a cab to Lincoln College (tip 5p per 25p charge). At main entrance to Lincoln, give your name to the Porter, who will give you your room assignment.
7. You should be met by a Bread Loaf Green Ribbon Greeter.
8. Get over jet lag.

Instructions on Arrival at Gatwick Airport - Charter Flights

1. After you go through Immigration and pick up your luggage, you can get to Oxford by bus (a 2-hour trip) or a bus-train link. There are two direct trains per day via Reading. There are many more trains with a change at Reading.
2. You can get a convenient direct bus to Gloucester Green, Oxford, a ten-minute walk or short taxi ride to Lincoln (see schedule).
3. There is also a train from Gatwick to Victoria Station, London. At Victoria Station, take the 'Circle Line' Underground (subway) West to Paddington Station. Get express to Oxford (1 hour). Or you can catch the X190 bus from Victoria Coach Station to Oxford.

Advanced Arrival: Lincoln cannot accommodate early comers (before June 24), nor will the Mitre be available. You must make your own arrangements with hotels or guest houses. The attached medium-priced guest houses in Oxford have been recommended by Bread Loaf students and Joy Makin, the Steward of Lincoln College.

Please send us your expected time of arrival, if you haven't already, so that we can give the Steward an accurate meal count. Lunch is at 1:00 and dinner at 7:00. Your room in Lincoln will be ready on Monday. It will be either a living room with attached bedroom, or a single. There are shared bathrooms in most entries. Most bedrooms have hot water. The number of rooms in each entry varies from two to twenty-five. Some rooms are directly across the Turl (a medieval street not so wide as the road to the Barn at Bread Loaf). It is not possible to accommodate all Bread Loaf students in College quadrangles.

Registration Day, Tuesday, June 25: You will need to register in the Bread Loaf Office (Staircase VIII) after taking your luggage to your room. After registration you can spend the day going to Blackwell's, checking out the location of the tutor's College where your seminar will be held (many of your first seminars will be held on Tuesday, June 25), or getting acquainted with Oxford. Mr. Danson will be in the Bread Loaf office during the day for registration and will have maps of Oxford for you. He will be assisted by Paul Crumbley and Phebe Jensen. They will be in residence at Lincoln and are ready to help you adjust to Oxford, socially and academically. Mr. Kay will take you over in groups to sign in at the Bodleian. You will need two passport-sized photographs or obtain them from a coin-operated machine in St. Aldate's Street or in the Covered Market, a block from Lincoln. There will be an introductory meeting at 5:00 in the Oakeshott Room and a reception at 6:15 in the Beckington Room before dinner at 7:00. A short ceremony of welcome will follow afterwards in Hall.

Tutorials: You should be ready to read your papers before your seminar group or in tutorial, since that is part of the Oxford system. Do try to get as much reading done in advance as you possibly can. You'll be happier in July since substantial secondary reading will be assigned.

Mailing Address: (your name)
Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR
United Kingdom

Phones: The main phone at the Porter's Lodge of Lincoln College can be direct dialed from the States 011-44-864-279800, (for person-to-person calls stateside: 01-44-865-279800). If necessary, the Porter will take an incoming message and leave it on the Bread Loaf bulletin board outside the Main Entry. Should you wish to make or receive international calls between 1:30 and 2:30 P. M. Oxford time, the Bread Loaf office phone is 011-44-865-279818.

Dress: Casual clothes for travel and daily wear (corduroys, slacks, jeans, sweaters, informal dresses or skirts and blouses). Since the British like to dress for an occasion, suits and ties are more common in London than in New York, or at Bread Loaf. One or two dressy outfits for our formal evenings, opening night, our evenings in Stratford, London, and Commencement would be appropriate. Don't forget your raincoat. Try to underpack; there is a wide variety of stores in Oxford if you forget anything. Good walking shoes are a must. The Laura Ashley dress sale takes place in July.

Medical: Our doctors (McPherson, Fowler, McLennon and Lloyd) do not treat visiting students on the National Health Service. There are reasonable rates (a minimum of £10) for an office consultation or for a visit in College (£15 minimum in day time; £20 between 11 P.M. and 8 A.M.)

Laundry: Lincoln has washers and driers for your use. The College provides blankets, linens and towels, but not face cloths.

Computers: Lincoln College has informed us that they do have a computer room and students are allowed to make use of them. I do not recommend that you bring your own word processors.

Sports: Bring your own squash and tennis rackets if you want to play. Lincoln has squash courts and tennis courts. Although the latter are not always available, other tennis courts in the City are available for about £5 for six weeks. There is a 20-minute walk to the courts. Bicycles may be hired on a daily or weekly basis.

Reading About Great Britain: Bread Loaf students recommend a good student guide like *Let's Go*. You'll be given a map of Oxford and a copy of *Vade Mecum*, a handy guide around Oxford.

Please don't bring radios or stereos.

Weather: As unpredictable as Vermont's, only more frequently. Days can be warm (80), although the average Oxford temperature in July is 60. It does rain in Oxford, even on sunny days.

Time: Oxford is five hours ahead of Eastern Daylight time. It's daylight until 9:30 P.M. or so.

Guests: Student guests can be accommodated at meals in Hall if responsible warning is given at the Bread Loaf office. You will be asked to sign up and to purchase a meal chit the day before. If you plan to have overnight guests, make reservations for them to stay in the Mitre, a nice bed-and-breakfast hotel across the Turl from Lincoln and operated under the auspices of Lincoln. If you'd like to stay in Oxford after the School, you can book a room at the Mitre. During the summer your guests can be accommodated there for £12.75 per diem for bed and continental breakfast. The cost of meals for your guests in Hall will be £2.75 for English breakfast, £4.45 for lunch and £6.85 for dinner. Your guests are not permitted to reside in College. Violations of Lincoln's regulations could create an embarrassing hassle. You will be billed by the College, and your guest will be asked to leave. We are guests of Lincoln College and are expected to abide by the Rules of Lincoln College.

Plays: We will make picnic excursions to the Royal National Theatre in Stratford to see *Twelfth Night* on July 8th and to the Barbican Theatre in London to see *King Lear* on July 22nd. Tickets have been purchased for you.

There! That should answer just about everything. I hope that the trip will not be an anxious one for you because the summer holds every promise of being a wonderful one; Oxford, after all, is Oxford. I look forward to seeing you there myself in late July.

Cordially,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

Guest Houses
(Bed and Breakfast)

Acorn Guest House
260 Iffley Road
Oxford OX4 1SE
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-247998

Combermere House
11 Polstead Road
Oxford OX2 6TW
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-56971

Mr./Mrs. K. M. Flanakin
103 & 105 Woodstock Road
Oxford
United Kingdom

Old Parsonage Hotel
3 Banbury Road
Oxford
United Kingdom

Mulberry Guest House
265 London Road
Headington
Oxford OX3 9EH
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-67114

Portland House
338 Banbury Road
Oxford OX2 7PR
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-52076

The Ridings
280 Abingdom Road
Oxford OX1 4TA
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-248364

Lakeside Guest House
118 Abingdon Road
Oxford OX1 4PZ
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-244725

Norham Guest House
16 Norham Road
Oxford OX2 6SF
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-515352

Walton Guest House
169 Walton Street
Oxford
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-52137

Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Middlebury College does not provide sickness insurance, but does automatically provide accident insurance for students while they are enrolled in the summer session.

Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company will pay for the expense of treating injuries up to a total of \$2,000 for any one accident. The company will cover the first \$100 of an accident. Claims in excess of \$100 will be paid only to the extent that they are not payable under the terms of other policies covering the student.

Covered treatment includes x-rays, laboratory tests, surgery, physician's visits, nursing care, hospital care and treatment, and prescription drugs. The expense for dental treatment of injuries to sound natural teeth is limited to \$1,000.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company, Claims Division, 120 Royall Street, Canton MA 02021 within 30 days from the date of the accident. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment. Claim forms are available from the Parton Health Center, Middlebury College (802-388-3711, Ext. 5135). If you have any questions concerning the limitations and exclusions of this plan or filing a claim, please contact Walter W. Sussenguth and Associates, the plan administrator at the above address, or use the toll-free number: 1-800-669-2668, Ext. 445.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School, Vermont	25 June - 10 August, 1991
-------------------------	---------------------------

English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	24 June - 3 August, 1991
---	--------------------------

English School at Santa Fe	26 June - 8 August 1991
----------------------------	-------------------------

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
INFORMATION SHEET

Please Print or Type

NAME: _____
 Last First Middle

PASSPORT NO. _____ DATE OF ISSUE _____

PLACE OF ISSUE _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

NAME AS IT APPEARS ON PASSPORT _____

PERSONAL SICKNESS & ACCIDENT INSURANCE (if any)

Name of Company _____

Policy No. _____

Father's Name _____ Address _____

Mother's Name _____ Address _____

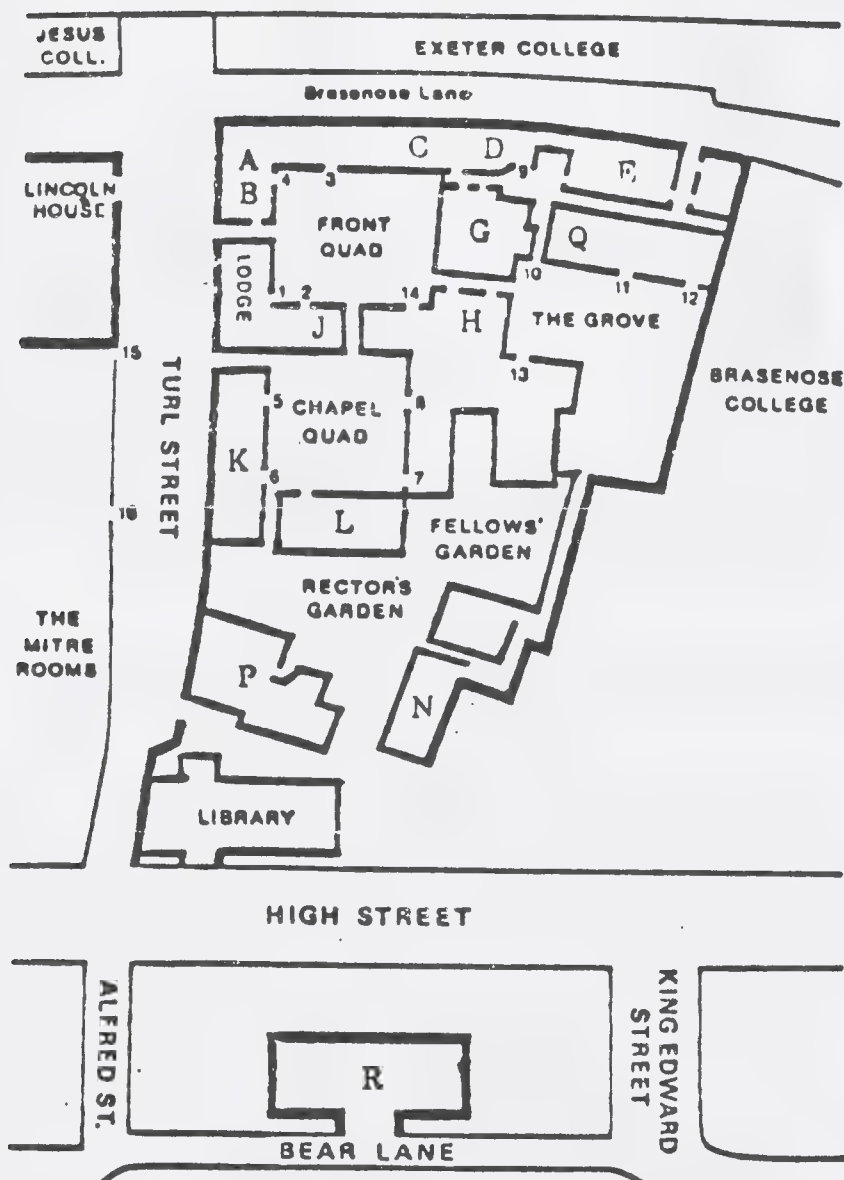
Spouse's Name _____ Address _____

ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER (with area code) OF PARENTS OR NEXT OF
KIN (Please give relationship.)

Signature _____ Date _____

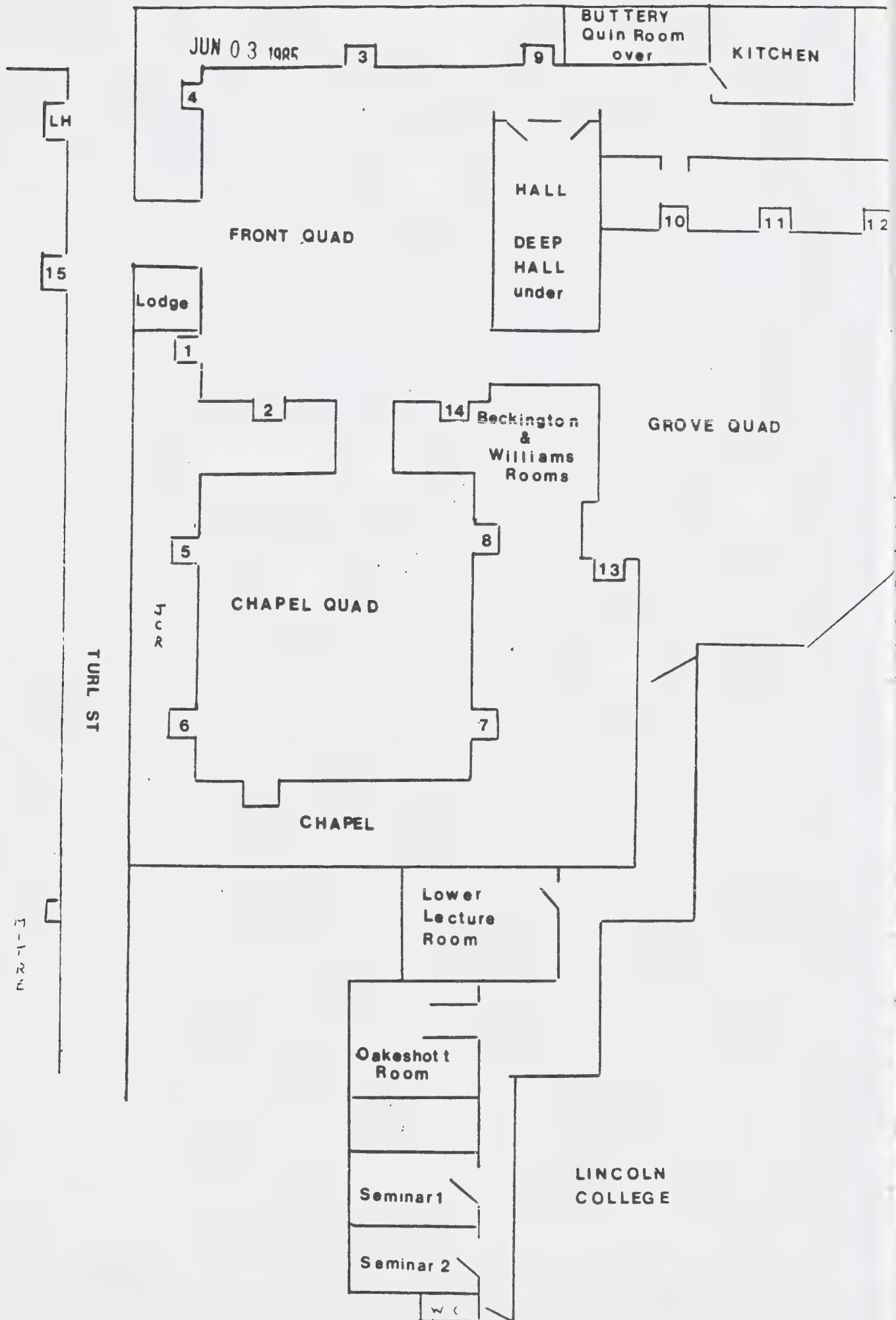
LINCOLN COLLEGE

Sketch Map GROUND FLOOR PLAN



- | | |
|---|--|
| A. Burger's Office | J John Wesley Room, over :
War Memorial facing Chapel
Quad |
| B Steward's Office, Rector's Office
& College Secretary's Office above | K Junior Common Room |
| C Senior Common Room | L Chapel |
| D Buttery, Quin Room above | N Lecture Room |
| E Kitchen | P Rector's Lodgings |
| G Hall, 'Deep Hall' under | Q Middle Common Room |
| H Beckington Room,
Williams' Room | R New Bear Lane Building |

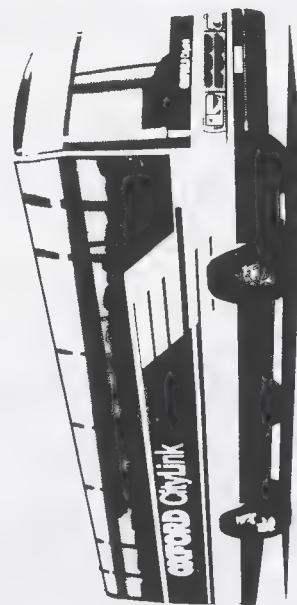
NB Numerals indicate staircase numbers



OXFORD BUS COMPANY

390, 400

OXFORD
ABINGDON
WALLINGFORD
HENLEY
MAIDENHEAD
HEATHROW AIRPORT
LONDON



FROM SUNDAY 29 APRIL 1990

For information on our services
OXFORD 711312

ABINGDON - WALLINGFORD - HENLEY - MAIDENHEAD - LONDON

400

Monday to Friday

ABINGDON, Northcourt Turn	0603	ALDGATE, Bus Station, Point M	1700
ABINGDON, Bridge Street	0608	Bank, opposite Royal Exchange	1705
Berinsfield, opposite Little Chef	0617	St Pauls, Newgate Street	1707
Dorchester, By Pass	0618	Holborn Viaduct, Rail Station	1709
WALLINGFORD, Market Place	0631	Holborn Circus, outside Daily Mirror	1711
Nuffield, opposite Crown	0639	Aldwych, Strand, Point S	1716
Nettlebed, Common	0643	Trafalgar Square, Cockspur Street, Point T	1721
Bix, Church Corner	0646	Green Park, Point D	1725
HENLEY, New Street, Kenton Theatre	0656	Hyde Park Corner, Point L	1730
Hurley, East Arms	0705	Knightsbridge Barracks	**
MAIDENHEAD, Thicket Corner	0708	Royal Albert Hall	**
Kensington, High Street, Argyll Road	0802	Kensington, High Street, Argyll Rd, Point R	1738
Royal Albert Hall	**	MAIDENHEAD, Thicket Corner	1828
Knightsbridge Barracks	**	Hurley, opposite East Arms	1830
Hyde Park Corner	0813	HENLEY, Hart Street	1835
Green Park	0816	Bix, opposite Church Corner	1840
Piccadilly Circus, Piccadilly Hotel	0819	Nettlebed, Common	1842
Trafalgar Square, National Gallery	0823	Nuffield, Crown	1845
Aldwych, Drury Lane	0827	WALLINGFORD, Market Place	1857
Holborn Circus, Prudential Building	0830	Dorchester, By Pass	1907
Holborn Viaduct, Rail Station	0832	Berinsfield, Little Chef	1908
St Pauls, Cheapside	0834	ABINGDON, High Street	1919
Bank, outside Royal Exchange	0837	ABINGDON, Northcourt Turn	1922
ALDGATE, Bus Station	0840		

29.04.90

Codes

** - Stops to pick up and set down, as required

NO SATURDAY OR SUNDAY SERVICE

OXFORD - HENLEY - MAIDENHEAD - HEATHROW - LONDON

390

Daily

SERVICE NUMBER	390	390	400	390	390	390	390	390	390
DAYS OF OPERATION	M-F	SSu	M-F	M-F	SSu				SSu
OXFORD, Gloucester Green Bus Station	0515	0545		0730	0745	1015	1245	1515	1745 1930
North Hinksey, Raleigh Park Road	0520	0550		0735	0750	1020	1250	1520	1750 1935
Hinksey Hill, Top	0523	0553		0738	0753	1023	1253	1523	1753 1938
ABINGDON, Northcourt Turn	0530	0559	0603	0745	0800	1030	1300	1530	1800 1944
ABINGDON, Bridge Street	0535	0604	0608	0750	0805	1035	1305	1535	1805 1949
Culham, opposite Lion	0539	0608				1039	1309	1539	1809 1953
Berinsfield, opposite Little Chef	0547	0615	0617	0802	0817	1047	1317	1547	1817 2000
Dorchester, By Pass	0548	0616	0618	0803	0818	1048	1318	1548	1818 2001
WALLINGFORD, Market Place	0601	0628	0631	0820	0835	1105	1335	1605	1835 2016
Nuffield, opposite Crown	0609	0635	0639	0828	0843	1113	1343	1613	1843 2023
Nettlebed, Common	0613	0639	0643	0832	0847	1117	1347	1617	1847 2027
Bix, Church Corner	0616	0642	0646	0835	0950	1120	1350	1620	1850 2030
HENLEY, New Street, Kenton Theatre	0626	0651	0656	0845	0900	1130	1400	1630	1900 2039
Hurley, East Arms	0635	0659	0705	0854	0909	1139	1409	1639	1909 2047
MAIDENHEAD, Bridge Avenue	0647	0710	##	0909	0924	1154	1424	1654	1924 2100
MAIDENHEAD, Bridge, Ray Park Avenue	0650	0713		0912	0927	1157	1427	1657	1927 2103
Burnham, Huntercombe Lane	0653	0716		0915	0930	1200	1430	1700	1930 2106
HEATHROW AIRPORT, Central Bus Station, Bay C	0710	0732		0932	0947	1217	1447	1717	1947 2121
Hammersmith, Bridge Road	0752	0802		1017	1017	1247	1517	1747	2017 2148
Kensington, Olympia	0756	0806		1021	1021	1251	1521	1751	2021 2152
Kensington, High Street, Argyll Road	0800	0810	0802	1025	1025	1255	1525	1755	2025 2156
LONDON, Royal Albert Hall	**	**	**	**	**	**	**	**	**
LONDON, Knightsbridge Barracks	**	**	**	**	**	**	**	**	**
LONDON, Hyde Park Corner	0811	0821	0813	1036	1036	1306	1536	1806	2036 2204
LONDON, Victoria Coach Station	0830	0830		1045	1045	1315	1545	1815	2045 2215
LONDON, Aldgate Bus Station			0840						

LONDON - HEATHROW - MAIDENHEAD - HENLEY - OXFORD

390

Daily

SERVICE NUMBER	390	390	390	390	390	400	390	390	390
DAYS OF OPERATION	M-F					M-F			SSu
LONDON, Aldgate Bus Station						1700			
LONDON, Victoria Coach Station, Bay 11	0900	1115	1345	1615	##	1845	2115	2245	
LONDON, Hyde Park Corner, Stop L	0907	1122	1352	1622	1730	1852	2122	2250	
LONDON, Knightsbridge Barracks	**	**	**	**	**	**	**	**	**
LONDON, Royal Albert Hall	**	**	**	**	**	**	**	**	**
Kensington, High Street, Argyll Road, Stop R	0915	1130	1400	1630	1738	1900	2130	2255	
Kensington, Olympia	0918	1133	1403	1633		1903	2133	2258	
Hammersmith, opposite Latymer Court	0920	1135	1405	1635		1905	2135	2300	
HEATHROW AIRPORT, Central Bus Station, Bay A	0941	1156	1426	1656		1926	2156	2315	
Burnham, Huntercombe Lane	1000	1215	1445	1715		1945	2215	ss	
MAIDENHEAD, Bridge	1003	1218	1448	1718		1948	2218	ss	
MAIDENHEAD, Bridge Avenue	1006	1221	1451	1721		1951	2221	ss	
Hurley, opposite East Arms	1019	1234	1504	1734	1830	2004	2234	ss	
HENLEY, Hart Street	0724	1029	1244	1514	1835	2014	2244	ss	
Bix, opposite Church Corner	0729	1034	1249	1519	1840	2019	2249	ss	
Nettlebed, Common	0731	1036	1251	1521	1842	2021	2251	ss	
Nuffield, Crown	0734	1039	1254	1524	1845	2024	2254	ss	
WALLINGFORD, Market Place	0746	1051	1306	1536	1857	2036	2306	ss	
Dorchester, By Pass	0756	1101	1316	1546	1816	2046	2316	ss	
Berinsfield, Little Chef	0757	1102	1317	1547	1817	2047	2317	ss	
Culham, Lion	0803	1108	1323	1553	1823	2053	2323	ss	
ABINGDON, High Street	0808	1113	1328	1558	1828	2058	2328	ss	
ABINGDON, Northcourt Turn	0811	1116	1331	1601	1831	2101	2331	ss	
Hinksey Hill, Top		1120	1335	1605	1835		2105	2335	ss
North Hinksey, Raleigh Park Road	0818	1123	1338	1608	1838		2108	2338	ss
OXFORD, Gloucester Green Bus Station	0845	1150	1405	1635	1905		2135	2359	ss

Codes

29.04.90

M-F - Monday to Friday only
SSu - Saturday and Sunday only

** - Stops to pick up and set down, as required
- For full details of Service 400, see over
ss - Stops to set down only, as required

For details of fast, frequent and direct CityLink X70 between Oxford and Heathrow Airport, see separate timetable

The City of Oxford Motor Services Ltd, 395 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 2DJ. Telephone Oxford (0865) 774611

The facility provided for Culham Village is operated under contract for Oxfordshire County Council with financial support

The bus schedules for 1991 have not arrived, so we are including last year's schedule. We don't believe there has been much change. If you need more specific information, please write Miss Joy Makin, The Steward, Lincoln College. Schedules should also be available at the airport.

OXFORD CityLink X70

Gatwick & Heathrow to Oxford daily

Gatwick airport south terminal	airport north terminal		Heathrow † terminal 4	airport central bus sta.		Oxford Gloucester Green
0215	0220	→	0250	0300	→	0445*
0515	0520	→	0550	0600	→	0745*
				0720	→	0830
				0820	→	0930
				0850	→	1000
0815	0820	→	0915		→	1025
				0920	→	1030
				0950	→	1100
				1020	→	1130
				1050	→	1200
				1120	→	1230
				1150	→	1300
1115	1120	→	1215		→	1325
				1220	→	1330
				1250	→	1400
				1320	→	1430
				1350	→	1500
				1420	→	1530
				1450	→	1600
1415	1420	→	1515		→	1625
				1520	→	1630
				1550	→	1700
				1620	→	1730
				1650	→	1800
				1720	→	1830
				1750	→	1900
1715	1720	→	1815		→	1925
				1820	→	1930
				1920	→	2030
				2020	→	2130
2015	2020	→	2115	2135	→	2245
				2250	→	2400
2315	2320	→	2350	2400	→	0145*

† Use the free shuttle bus to & from Terminal 4, when there is no through X70.

* These journeys may arrive in Oxford earlier, depending on traffic conditions.

Sunday 29 April – Saturday 29 Sep 1990

OXFORD CityLink

Oxford Bus Company
395 Cowley Road
Oxford OX4 2DJ

AIRPORT LINK X70

Oxford Heathrow Gatwick

NON-STOP MOTORWAY EXPRESS

SUMMER
SERVICE

Sunday 29 April – Saturday 29 Sep 1990



Designed by Ray Stanning of Best Impressions 081 740 6993

OXFORD CityLink

Flying out from Heathrow or Gatwick?

Get off to a flying start with Oxford CityLink X70, the smart way to the airports — quick, comfortable and direct. Now every half hour to Heathrow for much of the day, non-stop.

Take off from Oxford

— at Gloucester Green, the city centre or a number of convenient points on the way out. If you take your car to Thornhill Park & Ride car park you'll find an X70 stop right outside on the A40. And you don't have to book in advance. Just pay the driver as you get on — what could be easier!

On board the wide tinted windows give you a grandstand view, your seat reclines, and there's ample room for all your luggage. Just sit back, relax and in about an hour you're at Heathrow central bus station, right by terminals 1, 2 & 3. A free airport shuttle bus takes you on to Terminal 4 when there is no direct X70.

Eight coaches a day take you through to Gatwick Airport, both north and south terminals, conveniently timed for most charter flights — now only 125 minutes from Oxford. And it only costs you £6 to Heathrow, £10 to Gatwick.*

OXFORD TO	HEATHROW	GATWICK	OXFORD - HEATHROW SEASON TICKETS
single	£6	£10	2 weeks £70
day return	£8	£12	4 weeks £120
period ret	£10	£15	13 weeks £350
			52 weeks £950

fares correct at 29 April 1990
Sorry, but reduced fares for students and pensioners are not available on X70.

BOOK YOUR FLIGHT AT CARFAX TRAVEL
138 High Street, Oxford tel 726172

24 hour X70 timetable information Oxford (0865) 722270
all other OXFORD bus & coach information Oxford (0865) 711312

The driver has the right to refuse to carry exceptionally cumbersome baggage.

OXFORD CityLink X70

Oxford to Heathrow & Gatwick daily

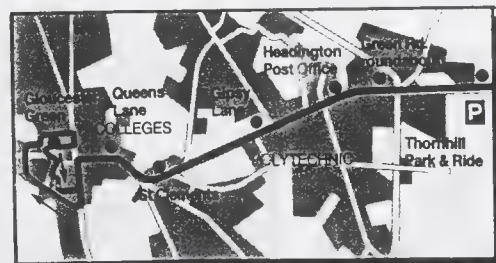
Oxford Gloucester Green		Heathrow airport central bus sta.	terminal † 4		Gatwick airport south terminal	north terminal
0200	→	0310	0330	→	0425	0430
0500	→	0610	0630	→	0725	0730
0600	→	0710				
0700	→	0810				
0730	→	0840				
0800	→		0910	→	1005	1010
0800	→	0910				
0830	→	0940				
0900	→	1010				
0930	→	1040				
1000	→	1110				
1030	→	1140				
1100	→		1210	→	1305	1310
1100	→	1210				
1130	→	1240				
1200	→	1310				
1230	→	1340				
1300	→	1410				
1330	→	1440				
1400	→		1510	→	1605	1610
1400	→	1510				
1430	→	1540				
1500	→	1610				
1530	→	1640				
1600	→	1710				
1630	→	1740				
1700	→		1810	→	1905	1910
1700	→	1810				
1800	→	1910				
1900	→	2010				
2000	→	2110	2130	→	2225	2230
2130	→	2240				
2300	→	0010	0030	→	0125	0130

You should allow sufficient time to check in for your flight.

Heathrow airport central bus station is for terminals 1, 2 & 3.

† Use the free shuttle bus to & from Terminal 4, when there is no through X70.

where to
board in
Oxford



Sunday 29 April – Saturday 29 Sep 1990

LIFE AT LINCOLN: HOUSEKEEPING FACT SHEET

1. MEALS

Meal Times

All meals are served in Hall at the following times:

Monday-Sunday

Breakfast	8:00 a.m.
Lunch	1:00 p.m.
Dinner	7:00 p.m.

If you are on a special diet, please bring your diet identification card with you to every meal.

Coffee is served after Lunch and Dinner in the Junior Common Room (JCR), across from the Bread Loaf office in the Chapel Quad.

Signing Out for Meals

Every morning a sign-out sheet for lunch and dinner will be posted on the bulletin board. If you are planning to miss a meal, you **MUST** sign out for that meal by 10:00 a.m. on the day in question. There are two important reasons for this procedure: the kitchen needs a fairly accurate head count for meals; otherwise food is wasted or there is not enough; and Bread Loaf must settle weekly accounts with Lincoln based on attendance at meals. Please make signing out for meals a priority.

Guests at Meals

Guests (including Bread Loaf students not on the meal plan) may dine in Hall at the following rates, payable in the Bread Loaf office:

Breakfast:	£2.75
Lunch:	£4.45
Dinner:	£6.85
High Table Dinner:	£8.85

The office **MUST** be notified of lunch and dinner guests by 10:00 a.m. on the day in question.

Your guests can be accommodated at the Mitre for bed and breakfast for £13.75 per day.

2. DEEP HALL

Lincoln's very own pub is located underneath the Hall, accessible from the Grove Quad down Stairway 10. Deep Hall is open before lunch and dinner on every day except Sunday. It is perfectly acceptable to grab a pint, a glass of wine or

whatever at Deep Hall and bring it upstairs to have with a meal. The pub also sells wine by the bottle to take away.

Regular Deep Hall hours are:

Monday - Saturday: 11:30 until 1:00; 5:30 until 8:00
Wednesdays and Fridays: Open in the evening until 11:00
Sundays: Closed

3. OFFICE HOURS

Once registration is over and things settle down a bit, the Bread Loaf office will be open weekdays at the following times: 9:00 - 11:00 a.m. and 1:30 - 3:00 p.m.

4. TELEPHONES

Outgoing Calls

Most phones - including the pay phones in Stairway 14 (Lincoln House), Stairway 6 in the Chapel Quad, and Stairway 10 in the Grove Quad - operate with phone cards which can be purchased at the Porter's Lodge, the Post Office, and various shops around town. When the phone card is inserted, a digital display tells you how much money is left on the card; once you're connected, the display counts down so you know how much time is left (and can see it ticking maddeningly away). This system allows you to make direct-dial calls to the States or anywhere else at the lowest rate possible, which is still not so cheap. It is, in fact, far cheaper to call from the U.S. to England as opposed to the other direction, which is a good thing to keep in mind if you plan to spend hours talking with someone at home.

If you want to make collect or credit-card calls to the States, dial 155 for the International Operator. The local operator is 100; Director Inquiries is 194. You can make operator-assisted calls from any phone, including pay-card phones.

Local, collect, and credit-card calls may be made from the Bread Loaf office during office hours. You may also use the Bread Loaf phone for international and long-distance calls by first ascertaining from the operator what the charges will be per minute, timing the call, and paying up in the office. Keep in mind, however, that these calls are no cheaper than calls made with a phone card.

Incoming Calls

Be warned that the Lincoln College pay phones have been rigged so that they will not ring, and as a result will not accept incoming phone calls. However, all other pay phones around Oxford do.

You may also arrange to have people call you in the Bread Loaf office during office hours. Please don't arrange to receive a phone call in the office at any other time unless, of course, it is an emergency.

Messages can be left at the Porter's Lodge at any hour of the day (not after 11:00 at night, when the Porters go to sleep).

5. LAUNDRY

There are two laundry rooms in Lincoln: one directly downstairs from the Bread Loaf Office (Stairway 8 in the Chapel Quad) and one up two flights in Stairway 15 (across from Lincoln's main gate, next to the book shop). Washers and dryers take 10p coins (40p per wash load; 10p for about 20 minutes of drying time).

The laundry room in Stairway 15 has an ironing board and permanently affixed iron. The other laundry room (Stairway 8) has only an ironing board. Irons can be signed out from the Porter's Lodge.

6. MAIL

Mail arrives once a day, first thing in the morning, and is distributed in the Hall at breakfast. The mail remains in Hall throughout the day, though it is moved around to a windowsill or side table.

The Porters will weigh letters and sell postage if they're not too busy. The main Oxford Post Office is located down St. Aldgates Street, on the right just past the Tourist Information office; another, smaller post office is located on Michael's Street near the Nosebag cafe.

7. SECURITY

The peace and quiet inside the walls of Lincoln can beguile you into forgetting that Oxford is a big, busy modern city. There is always the possibility of theft, and in past years several items were stolen from the rooms of Bread Loaf students. Unfortunately, we are particularly vulnerable at the beginning of the program when intruders can go unidentified amidst so many unfamiliar faces.

Always lock your door when you leave your room, even if you'll be gone for a short time, and even if your room is in an isolated place. If you live on the ground floor, or if your window looks out onto an accessible ledge, be sure to lock your window when you leave the room as well. (If you lock your keys inside your room, there is a spare at the Porter's Lodge.)

Though the streets of Oxford are perfectly safe during the day, in past years some students have been harassed when walking around alone late at night. If you'll be walking about long after the pubs close, try to go with someone else.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 6, 1991

*Miss Joy Makin
The Steward
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR*

Dear Joy:

I am writing to invite you to the opening reception of the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College on Tuesday, June 25, at six fifteen in the Beckington Room. Dinner will follow at seven. Following dinner, Dr. Shock will welcome our students in Hall as we begin our fourteenth session in Oxford.

I hope that you can join this year's Director, Larry Danson, and our Bread Loaf students at this event. I regret that, as usual, my scheduled trip to Oxford does not coincide with the session's opening festivities.

You will probably find it most convenient to respond to this invitation by writing to Dennis Kay at Lincoln, pending Larry's arrival in Oxford. I wish you a pleasant time at the School's opening, and I look forward to seeing you later this summer.

Cordially,

*James H. Maddox
Director*

JHM/hsc



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 1, 1991

Dear Colleague:

All grades of students at Bread Loaf are reported by letter. More important than the grade on the transcripts are the brief comments I'll ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grade. These comment cards are enclosed. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are most helpful in determining whether to readmit a student and in the preparation of letters of recommendation. Attached is a statement on School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974.

I should like to suggest the following scale, but please remember Middlebury's computer has not been programmed to take Oxford grades:

<u>Description</u>	<u>Oxford</u>	<u>Bread Loaf</u>
A superlative achievement.	A+, A	A+
An extraordinary accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are probably received by no more than 10% of all the students.	A-, A--, AB	A
A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.	BA, B++	A-
Very good work. (About half of Bread Loaf grades are B+ or A-)	B?+, B+	B+
Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in the lower range of your class.	B?+, B, B?-	B
Passing, but undistinguished work.	B-, B--, BC	B-
A failure. No credit awarded.	C	C

If you have concerns about any of this, let me know.

Sincerely,

James H. Maddox
Director

JM/elh

PLACEMENT AND READMISSION RECORDS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

The policy of Middlebury College and the Bread Loaf School of English regarding the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974 is as follows:

Students or former students have the right to inspect and review all Placement, Admission, and Readmission Records placed in their files after 1 January, 1975, unless they sign the Student's Waiver Statement attached. Placement Records are letters of recommendation written by the Director of the School of English. Admission letters are the letters submitted by your references at the time of your acceptance at the School. Readmission Records are comments submitted each summer by your instructors regarding your performance. These comments are used by me for determining readmission and for preparing letters of recommendation.

If the Student's Waiver Statement is not signed, your instructors will be advised that comments they may submit cannot be held confidential. The School will defer to the wishes of any instructor who does not submit an evaluation under those circumstances. In such cases, letters written on your behalf may be considerably more sparse in this content, and readmission will be determined only on the basis of your grades.

Please sign the blue waiver form on the appropriate line and return it to the Bread Loaf Office immediately. Feel free to stop by with any questions or concerns you may have as well.



James H. Maddox
Director

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
AT OXFORD
1991

DECLINED TO WAIVE RIGHTS

Ulrike Nuessler
Sharon Workman

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 29, 1991

Dear Bread Loaf Student at Oxford:

To begin planning for next summer, I would appreciate your help, as will the Director at Lincoln in 1992. These questions are meant to be illustrative, so please add anything you believe will help make next summer even better. As it is very important to get feedback, both positive and negative, I strongly urge you to help by filling out this evaluation and returning it promptly. You may submit this assessment anonymously, but it will be more helpful if I knew who was advising me as I may desire more information. Thank you for the time you've taken in filling out this form.

James Maddox
Director

1. The Academic Program

Your comments on your courses, its structure and demands, etc. What was your judgment of your tutor, his/her interest in you, the class? What was your assessment of the papers (amount of work required for them), your tutor's criticism?

2. Lincoln College

Your comments on your room, the food, the personnel of Lincoln, etc.

3. Improvements

What would improve the program? What was your happiest surprise? Your most serious disappointment? What would you recommend I tell next summer's students?

4. Your further suggestions or comments. (Please use reverse, if needed)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1991

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS AT OXFORD (11)

Michelle Burdsall

Kathleen Inman

Jo Ellen Jacobs

Kathryn Micati

Catherine O'Connell

Katherine Philp

Mary Santerre

Susan Sheridan

Trina Tjersland

Thomas Westbrook

Elizabeth Zale

Oxford awards: 1991

This evening I want to honor, in a very brief ceremony, some Bread Loaf students who are the recipients of this year's named scholarships and other awards.

The named scholarships are, quite simply, those scholarships that have been established in memory of Bread Loaf alumni and friends over the years. In most cases, hundreds of Bread Loaf students, faculty, friends, and alumni have contributed to these scholarships, until today they provide a healthy part of Bread Loaf's financial aid awards. Those of you who have so generously responded over the years to the appeals for Bread Loaf's annual giving can see a part of the benefit of your gifts tonight. I say a part of the benefit, because your gifts, of course, benefit all three Bread Loaf locales. Two weeks ago I announced the names of 16 students who were the recipients of scholarships and other awards in Santa Fe, and last week I honored 28 more students in Vermont. Again, thanks to all of you who have contributed to these funds.

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship was founded in honor of a former director of the School and his wife; Mrs. Juanita Cook, indeed, continues to be a warm and generous friend of the Bread Loaf School. This year's recipient is Edith Mason.

The Lucy and Wylie Sypher Scholarship honors two college teachers, one of them a Bread Loaf teacher of genius for many years. The recipient this year is Joe Bradfield.

The Pauline Decker Scholarship was named by Mr. Decker in memory of his wife, whom he married here at Bread Loaf while they were both students in 1941. This year's recipient is Mark Campbell.

The Kathleen Downey Scholarship is named for a Bread Loaf graduate whose life ended tragically early. Her family and friends have continued to contribute to this fund in her memory in every succeeding year. The Downey scholar this year is Lisa Polivick.

The Laurence Holland Memorial Scholarship means a great deal to many of the people in this room, who were aware of Larry as one of the most brilliant members of the Bread Loaf faculty in its history; many of us present now were here that day in 1980 when Larry drowned. I try to award the scholarship each year to someone whose academic record here is especially outstanding, and this year the Vermont Holland scholar is Michael Youmans.

The John M. Kirk, Jr. Scholarship was established by his parents in memory of a Bread Loaf student who did his work both here in Vermont and at Oxford. Many subsequent students have been assisted in their own education through the Kirks' generosity. This year's Kirk scholar is Bette Ford.

The Lillian Becker Scholarship was established in honor of a Bread Loaf legend who was secretary of the School for 28 years. This year the scholarship in her name goes to Gerri Carlson.

There are still very many people in this room who remember the man memorialized by the Charles Orr Scholarship. The person chosen this year shares Charlie's scholarship and athleticism. He is Joe Breakey.

It is, alas, true, that many of our scholarships are established in memory of Bread Loaf students who died young. Some of you here knew Bill Sempreora, who died unexpectedly only a few years ago. His wife Meg and other friends established this scholarship in his name. The recipient of the Sempreora Scholarship this summer is Kate Overbeck.

The newest of the Bread Loaf scholarships was established by the extraordinarily generous gift of a Bread Loaf alumna, Ruth Walzer. Only the second recipient of the award in its brief history is Melanie Menagh.

This year, through the grant-writing genius of Dixie Goswami, Bread Loaf received a very generous gift to fund the research of Bread Loaf teachers in their own classrooms. These grants, which come to us through the generosity of Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity, offer awards of from \$1500 to \$2500 for an academic year, no strings attached, with full freedom for the teacher-researcher. In this, the first summer of these grants, the Clemson/Bread Loaf Writing Program grants, there were almost 50 applications for only 12 awards. Competition was intense, the level of the applications was extraordinarily high, and many worthy projects went unfunded; I can only encourage those unsuccessful this year to apply again, for these grants will be offered for three more years. The grants that went to Bread Loaf students here in Oxford this summer were awarded to:

Hazel Lockett
Lisa Polivick
Micheal Thompson
Margaret Cintorino

Bread Loaf also offers its own teacher-research grants of \$500, generously funded by Middlebury College. The Oxford recipients this year are:

Marjorie Kleinneiur
Melanie Henson

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, OXFORD

1991

GENERAL STATISTICS

Student attendance by states: (according to applications)		Total student enrollment	51
		Men students	18
		Women students	33
Alaska	1	Former students	40
Arizona	1	New students	11
California	4	Cancellations	44
Connecticut	1	Number of courses	15
Delaware	1	Number of faculty	12
District of Columbia	1	Number teaching one course	9
Georgia	3	1991 M.A. degree candidates	6
Illinois	1	1991 M.Litt. degree candidates	0
Indiana	1	Scholarship students	27
Iowa	2	Candidates for Midd. M.A.	41
Kentucky	1	Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.	5
Massachusetts	6	Candidates for Midd. M.M.L.	0
Michigan	3	Undergraduates	2
Minnesota	1	Continuing Education	5
Mississippi	1	Undesignated	0
Missouri	1	Average age of students	36
Montana	1	Median age of students	32
New Hampshire	2	Under 21	0
New Jersey	2	21-25	6
New York	5	26-30	11
Ohio	1	31-35	13
South Carolina	1	36-40	6
Texas	4	41-50	12
Vermont	3	51 & over	3
Virginia	1	Private school teachers	14
Germany	1	Public school teachers	21
Indonesia	1	College & Jr. College teachers	5
(25 states represented and 2 foreign countries)		Other:	
		Undergraduates	2
		Graduate students	2
		Ph.D. students	0
		Unemployed	1
		Other occupations	6
		Pre-1986 B.A. or B.S. degree	38

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, OXFORD

1991

FACULTY LOAD

Burgess, Tony	12	12
Bednarowska, Dorothy	2	2
Cunningham, Valentine	2	2
Danson, Lawrence	2	2
Flint, Kate	3	2 (+ 1 auditor)
Gray, Douglas	4	4
Johnson, Jeri	5	3 + 2
Kay, Dennis	1	1 + 0
Park, Roy	1	1
Pitcher, John	1	1
Smallwood, Robert/Whitworth, Robert	12	12
Wilders, John	6	4 + 2

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, OXFORD

1991

COURSE ENROLLMENTS

504. Seventeenth-Century Poetry	Wilders	2
506. Innocence and Experience	Park	1
508. Yeats and Joyce	Johnson	3
518. Shakespeare: On the Page and On the Stage	Smallwood/ Whitworth	12
523. The Victorian Woman Novelist	Flint	2
524. Chaucer	Gray	4
525. Sidney and Spenser	Kay	1
526. Shakespeare's Comedies in Performance	Wilders	4
533. Writing, Discourse, and Culture	Burgess	12
534. Eighteenth-Century Satire	Cunningham	2
553. Jane Austen and the Brontes	Bednarowska	2
554. The Essay: Readers and Writers Reading and Writing	Danson	2
560. Virginia Woolf in the Context of Feminist Theory	Johnson	2
561. Tragedy: Shakespeare and the Greeks	Pitcher	1
528. Shakespeare and Jacobean Drama	Kay	0

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, OXFORD

1991

UNDERGRADUATES

Michelle Burdsall - Georgia State University

Kathryn Micati - Wheaton College

CONTINUING GRADUATE EDUCATION

Jo Ellen Jacobs

Melanie Menagh

Susan Sheridan

Trina Tjersland

Thomas Westbrook

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS

Joseph F. Bradfield

Mark Alan Campbell

Gloria Tafner Gallardo McGarry

Kathryn M. Overbeck

Lisa Mainord Polivick

Micheal J. Thompson

Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College, Oxford
1991

M.A. Candidates

Joseph Bradfield

Mark Campbell

Gloria McGarry

Kate Overbeck

Lisa Polivick

Micheal Thompson

Kathryn Wilde

M.Litt Candidates

None

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1991

PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS (OXFORD)

Third Year (4)

Gerri Carlson
Margaret Cintorino
Laura Cook
Kathryn Wilde

Hradec Kralouy, Czechoslovakia
Castleton, Vermont
Rochester, New York
Tucson, Arizona

Fourth Year (3)

Rock Emmert
Dennis Lenssen
Edith Mason

Ferdinand, Indiana
Mountain Village, Alaska
Lawrenceville, Virginia

Fifth Year (3)

Joseph Bradfield
Mark Campbell
Kathryn Overbeck

Sibley, Iowa
Osage, Iowa
Waitsfield, Vermont

Total

Third Year	4
Fourth Year	3
Fifth Year	<u>3</u>
	10

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE



The Bread Loaf School of English
at
Lincoln College, Oxford



Fourteenth Summer

Commencement Ceremony

THE LINCOLN COLLEGE CHAPEL

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1991

4:30 P.M.

1991

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

JOSEPH F. BRADFIELD

MARK ALAN CAMPBELL

GLORIA TAFNER GALLARDO McGARRY

KATHRYN M. OVERBECK

LISA MAINORD POLIVICK

MICHEAL J. THOMPSON

Processional

Introductory Remarks

LAWRENCE DANSON, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of English, Princeton

Director of the Bread Loaf School of English

Lincoln College, 1991

Introduction of Commencement Speaker

JOSEPH F. BRADFIELD

Commencement Address

TONY BURGESS, M.A., Ph.D.

Senior Lecturer in Education, University of London

Conferring of the
Degrees of Master of Arts

LAWRENCE DANSON

GREGORY MOHRMAN, M.A.

Concluding Remarks

KATHRYN M. OVERBECK, M.A.

Recessional

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13 No. 1 - Bread Loaf School of English - 24-25/6/91

=====

WELCOME TO LINCOLN COLLEGE

Please come to stairway 7 to register, receive maps, meet the director and assistants, fulfill minor administrative requirements. We won't take much of your time and may be able to answer one or two questions.

MEAL TIMES

Meals are served in Hall at the following hours Monday through Friday: breakfast, 8:00; lunch, 1:00; dinner, 7:00. Weekend meal hours will be slightly different; details to follow. Any day you plan to miss lunch or dinner please sign out here by 10:00 a.m.

DEEP HALL

The college pub, located beneath the Hall, is open the following hours: 11:30-1:00; 5:30-8:00. You may purchase drinks in Deep Hall and bring them with you to meals.

TUESDAY EVENTS

10:30 am: Dennis Kay will lead all interested students on a tour of Lincoln. The tour begins in Hall.

Bodleian Library Registration: All persons desiring access to one of the world's finest libraries must go through an official registration in order to receive a reader's card. To complete this process successfully, you must bring a passport and two passport photographs. Two groups will be departing from the porter's lodge at the following hours:

10:55 for all last names A-M

11:25 for all last names N-Z

Orientation: At 5:00, all students are invited to an informal gathering at the Oakshott Room. The director will open with a few introductory remarks and the assistants will provide a few observations about recreational opportunities.

Reception at 6:15 in Beckington Room: Drinks and canapes for your pleasure. Standard dress for all receptions and high table dinners is jacket and tie, skirts, dresses, nice slacks - semi-formal.

High table dinner: 7:00 in Hall.

THOSE LIVING ON MUSEUM ROAD

Until your rooms are prepared for habitation, you are invited to join us at hall as guests for lunch. Should you wish to eat dinner in hall, you and each family member will be charged the standard rate of £6.85. Tuesday evening, all students are invited to attend high table dinner as guests of Bread Loaf. The charge for non-students who are guests of students at high table is £8.85. Please sign-up for any meals you plan to eat in college by 10:00 am so that we can tell the kitchen how many people to expect.

FIRST CLASS MEETINGS

Your class will probably have its first meeting on Tuesday or Wednesday. Times and locations are posted on this bulletin board.

COMPUTER DEPENDENTS

£10 will buy you access to Lincoln's computer room for the summer. Sign up and pay in the office.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 2 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 25/6/91

=====

KEEP YOUR DOOR LOCKED

Unfortunately, the high walls of Lincoln are not sufficient to prevent thieves from entering the college. Every year at this time unsuspecting visitors to Oxford fall prey to the wiles of innocent appearing criminals. To be on the safe side, conceal all valuables - passport, traveler's checks, cameras, jewelry - and keep your door locked at all times, even when you go to the toilet.

OFFICE HOURS

The Bread Loaf Office will be open the following hours most days: 9:00-10:30; 2:00-3:30. Please try to conduct your business during these times. Mr. Danson's office is XXX.1 (Grove Quad). He welcomes your visit, or you can make an appointment to see him.

THEATER TICKETS

Bread Loaf has purchased extra tickets for each of the nine plays the Page and Stage class plans to attend. Anyone wishing to join them may purchase tickets through the office. We will announce tickets sales ahead of time. The first performance this year is an unusual all-day affair at Stratford when all interested will see parts one and two of *Henry IV*. Tickets for this venture go on sale tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon. The bus will leave Oxford at 11:00 am Thursday and return around midnight. We will post prices tomorrow.

The following is a schedule of all the plays for which tickets and transportation are provided. Tickets for all Bread Loaf students are already purchased for *Twelfth Night* and *King Lear*. Person wishing to see any of the remaining plays must purchase tickets through the office.

- Thursday, 27 June, *Henry IV* (pts. 1 & 2)
- Thursday, 4 July, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*
- Monday, 8 July, *Twelfth Night*
- Saturday, 13 July, *Comedy of Errors*
- Saturday, 13 July, *Troilus & Cressida* (same date as *Comedy*)
- Thursday, 18 July, *Much Ado About Nothing*
- Monday, 22 July, *King Lear*
- Friday, 26 July, *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*

SPEAKERS FOR THE SUMMER

Please note the following dates as special occasions when semi-formal dress is in order. All lectures begin at 5:00 in the Oakeshott Room, reception and dinner to follow.

- Tuesday, 2 July, Lyndall Gordon
- Tuesday, 9 July, Christopher Ricks
- Tuesday, 30 July, Charles Tomlinson

WEEKEND MEALS

Meal times are slightly different on Saturday and Sunday. Breakfast is from 8:45-9:15; Lunch still at 1:00; Dinner from 6:30-7:15.

BRUNCH OPPORTUNITY

Coffee and rolls are available in Deep Hall from 10:30-1:00.

LOST AND FOUND

One heart-shaped ear ring with amethyst was found in Hall after breakfast. We have it in the office.

1. 13 No. 3 - The Great Leaf Beetle of England - 20/5/91

Copies of *The Times*, *The International Herald Tribune*, *The Economist*, and *The Independent* are available daily in the Junior Commons Room (JCR). This room is located in Chapel Quad, across from the Great Hall Office. Thanks to the hospitality of Lincoln students, you may also watch the television located in this room.

This Friday at 10:15 pm, one of Oxford's most famous locals, Sir John guide aboard who is interested in a tour of Oxford night. This is an annual event that has been a highlight of the year for many students. The excursion will depart from the Porter's Lodge.

FEMALE BONDING PARTY

The first official Oxford Female Bonding Party will commence on Friday at 4:30 with a gathering in Paula Zesiotarski's room (10/5 above Deep Hall). Fellows, tutors, students and friends are invited to our version of 'English tea.' Donations will be accepted.

VEGETARIANS

The Lincoln staff has been instructed to serve vegetarian meals only to those people who have vegetarian cards. These cards are located in the Bread Loaf Office and must be prominently displayed on the table at meals. This procedure is necessary in order that the kitchen staff know ahead of time how many vegetarians to expect and who the proper recipients of vegetarian meals are.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 4 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 27/6/91

=====

SENIORS MEET ON FRIDAY

The director would like to meet with all this year's graduating seniors on Friday at 5:30 in Deep Hall. At this meeting you will elect officers, receive details about decisions you need to make in the coming weeks, and learn who you are. Please attend as plans will move ahead rapidly from this point and you will want your thoughts known.

MADRIGALS?

Are any of you interested in forming a madrigals group? If so, come to the office, tell us, and we will begin a sign-up sheet. The main obstacle to overcome is that of locating a director. We have music but need someone willing to organize and lead.

VEGETARIANS?

We may not know who you are. We seem to have the wrong count of people who require vegetarian or fish-only meals. If you have a pink diet card and your name is not Breakey, Burdsall, Carlson, Cintorino, Czepiel, or Kleinnefur please let us know.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 5 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 28/6/91

=====

SENIORS MEET IN DEEP HALL TODAY

Mr. Danson meets with all members of the senior class today at 5:30 in Deep Hall. This is an important meeting for all of you who plan to graduate this summer. Once business is concluded, the Director will seal all decisions by treating seniors to a round of their favorite beverage.

PUB TOUR THIS EVENING

Pip's guided tour of a few favorite Oxford pubs departs from the Porter's Lodge at 8:15 this evening. Anyone interested in sampling local ale (or Europe's various fine non-alcoholic simulacra) and discovering some of the best drinking establishments the city has to offer should make every effort to attend.

HISTORICIZED GENDER AND IDEOLOGICAL DISCOURSE GENRE

Dennis Kay's special seminar on "The Renaissance in Literary Theory" meets for a first-time introductory meeting today at 1:40 in Mr. Kay's room at the bottom of staircase XIII. The seminar is open to anyone interested in learning about major theoretical schools of thought now influencing Renaissance scholarship. No prior knowledge required.

FEMALE BONDERS GATHER THIS AFTERNOON

All women in or around Lincoln for the summer are cordially invited to tea at 4:30 this afternoon in Paula Zeszotarski's room (X:V). No R.S.V.P. necessary.

WEEKEND MEALS

If you are not careful, you will show up for meals at the wrong time this weekend. On Saturdays and Sundays Breakfast is from 8:45-9:15, Lunch is at 1:00, and Dinner is from 6:30-7:15. Anyone not planning to attend meals during the weekend should indicate as much on the sign-up sheet no later than 10:00 Saturday morning. Your cooperation is greatly appreciated.

DANCE THIS SATURDAY

All members of the Bread Loaf community, together with all Lincoln students and staff, are cordially invited to a dance this Saturday at 9:00 in Deep Hall. Music will be provided by means of the Deep Hall sound system. If any of you have tapes, please bring them as Mick has a limited sound library.

BREAKFAST SNAFU

Sincerest apologies to all who came to breakfast at 8:45 on Saturday. Saturday breakfast is in fact at 8:00, just as every other day. Sunday is the only day when breakfast is at 8:45.

BREAD LOAF T-SHIRTS

New Bread Loaf T-shirts (the Oxford edition) are on display in the office. Director Danson has seen them and says, "DYNAMITE!" If you are interested, come by the office or contact Rock Emmert. Cost is £7.00 or \$11.00.

AUTHORS! POETS! EXHIBITIONISTS!

Mimi Danson would like to meet with other writers to share poetry and prose readings. If you would like to do this and can meet on Wednesday evenings, please sign the attached sheet. We will announce the meeting place when it has been found.

Interested Authors (sign below)

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 6 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 31/6/91

=====

LYNDALL GORDON SPEAKS ON TUESDAY

Lyndall Gordon, the first of this summer's speakers, will give a lecture on "Women's Lives and the Possibilities of Biography" in the Oakeshott Room at 5:00 tomorrow afternoon. Dr. Gordon is well known for her biographies of T. S. Eliot. The lecture will be followed by a reception at 6:15 and dinner at 7:00. Dress is semi-formal.

TICKETS FOR TWO GENTS ON THURSDAY

Tickets for *Two Gentlemen of Verona* will go on sale in the office at 2:00 tomorrow afternoon. The price is £19.00 for a ticket and £3.00 for the bus. This production has gotten rave reviews; at the least, it's the best production of this seldom-produced play you're likely to see. Anyone interested in going must be prepared to depart from Trinity College gates at 5:00.

PAGE AND STAGE TICKETS

Would all members of the Smallwood and Whitworth Page and Stage class please come by the office during the next two or three days to pick up tickets for the remaining plays. You can begin purchasing tickets for all this summer's plays at any time.

PAGE AND STAGE TWO GENTS READING

Those Page and Stagers interested in reading *Two Gents* together - please meet at the Porter's Lodge Tuesday at 4:30.

NOTE FROM DENNIS KAY TO RENAISSANCE THEORISTS

A reminder that my class meets on Wednesday at 2:10 pm in the Quin Room, and that copies of the articles to be discussed are available from the Porter's Lodge.

DEEP HALL HOURS

Mick, the barman in Deep Hall, has agreed to continue serving until 9:00 each day except Sunday. If business warrants, hours can be extended even further. He would love to see more of us begin to visit Deep Hall for after dinner drinks.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 7 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 2/7/91

=====

TWELFTH NIGHT TICKETS ALSO FOR SALE

In addition to selling Page and Stage and *Two Gents* tickets, the office is now selling extra tickets for your guests who want to join us for the production of *Twelfth Night* the entire school will attend next Monday. Tickets will cost £20.00, plus £3.00 for transportation. The bus will leave from Trinity Gates at 5:00.

Tickets for *Two Gentlemen of Verona* go on sale this afternoon at 2:00. The cost is £19.00 for the show and £3.00 for transportation. We will leave from Trinity Gates at 5:00 on Thursday.

LYNDALL GORDON SPEAKS AT 5:00

Please come to the Oakeshott Room to hear Lyndall Gordon, biographer of Virginia Woolf and T.S. Eliot, lecture on "Women's Lives and the Possibilities of Biography" this afternoon at 5:00. Her talk will be followed by a reception at 6:15 and dinner at 7:00.

MADRIGALISTS TO MEET

Anyone interested in singing this summer: please attend an initial meeting on Wednesday at 6:00 in the Oakeshott Room. Bring music, ideas, and organizational abilities.

NOTE TO NOTE LEAVERS

The proper place to leave messages is the note board in the Porter's Lodge. Please refrain from leaving notes elsewhere, especially the front gate.

WEEKEND LIBRARY USE

If you missed the opening tour of Lincoln Library, you may not have learned that a cryptocard is required to enter the library on Saturday and Sunday. These cards can be secured from the librarian during regular weekday work hours.

OTHER EVENTS THIS WEEK

- Wednesday at 2:10 Dennis Kay's Renaissance Theory class meets in the Quin Room.
- Dance Saturday at 9:00 in Deep Hall.
- Deep Hall is staying open until 9:00 every night except Saturday and Sunday.

WRITERS INK.

Bring your poetry or prose, new or old, to share with a friendly group of fellow writers. Mimi Danson invites anyone who's interested (whether you've signed the list or not) to gather in the Mary Lasker Room (next to the Quin Room, where we have coffee) on Wednesday at 8:15.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 8 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 7/3/91

=====

TWELFTH NIGHT NEXT WEEK

On Monday, the 8th of July, the first of the summer's two all-school theater outings will take place. Tickets have been purchased for students as part of their tuition. Guest tickets are available at the rate of £20.00, plus £3.00 for transportation. We have lots of these tickets, so anyone wishing to purchase one for a guest should be able to do so. The buses depart from Trinity Gates at 5:00. Chef will provide packed lunches for all students on the meal plan.

TWO GENTS ALL SOLD

All extra tickets to *Two Gentlemen of Verona* were sold yesterday.

TWO GENTS AT STRATFORD TOMORROW

Those of you who are fortunate enough to have secured tickets to *Two Gentlemen of Verona* should be ready to leave from Trinity College Gates at 5:00 Thursday. Page and Stagers leave at 9:15 am.

OUT FOR MEALS?

We have been woefully off on the daily head count we give to the kitchen and Hall staff every day. Please help us by remembering to sign out for meals.

JAZZ FRIDAY AT EXETER

Beginning at 8:30 Friday evening, Valentine Cunningham's jazz band, Dark Blues Jass Band, will be performing at Exeter College. Cunningham is a member of the Bread Loaf faculty who has occasionally regaled us with his musical talents. This year he has invited Michael Youmans to bring his trumpet with him to Exeter, so we may be able to see student and teacher together on stage. Admission is £3.00. Alcohol sold on the premises.

WEDDING PARTY IN COLLEGE THIS WEEKEND

At 2:00 Saturday afternoon a Lincoln graduate will be married in Lincoln Chapel. The reception and dinner that follow will flow into Grove Quad first and later recede into Hall. As a result, we will be eating Saturday dinner in the Quin Room.

OTHER EVENTS THIS WEEK

- Wednesday at 2:10 Dennis Kay's Renaissance Theory class meets in the Quin Room.
- Wednesday at 6:00 madrigalists meet in the Oakeshott Room.
- Wednesday at 8:15 prose and poetry writers meet in the Mary Lasker Room (next to where we have coffee). Come share your work, or hear the work of friends.
- Deep Hall stays open until 9:00 each night, as long as patrons are present.
- Late Friday night Karaoke expedition???
- Saturday at 9:00 the dance begins in Deep Hall. Bring your favorite tapes.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 9 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 4/7/91

=====

PROPER QUAD DECORUM

Members of the college have asked that we refrain from lounging in Front Quad. That part of the college is traditionally kept pristine and uncluttered. The best place for outside conversation and sunbathing is Grove Quad.

TWO GENTS THIS AFTERNOON

The bus for Stratford departs from Trinity College Gates at 5:00. Check in the Porter's Lodge for your packed dinner if you are on the meal plan.

TWELFTH NIGHT STILL AVAILABLE

We have lots of tickets for *Twelfth Night* next Monday in Stratford. The cost is £20.00, plus £3.00 for transportation. Departure is from Trinity College Gates at 5:00 Monday afternoon.

INTERESTED IN REAL TENNIS?

Information about the Oxford University Real Tennis Club is now available in the office. Details of play too intricate and subtle to explain in this notice distinguish Real Tennis from the conventional game we have all been watching on television. The O.U.T.C. courts are nearby on Merton Street, and for a very reasonable fee the pros there will introduce you to this ancient sport.

THINKING ABOUT EMPLOYMENT?

Carney, Sandoe & Associates have left literature in the office outlining the placement services they offer teachers. CS&A is a Boston firm specializing in independent schools. If you are interested, please step by the office and read their flyer.

EVENTS IN THE COMING DAYS

- Thursday evening Fourth of July celebrations throughout Oxford.
- Friday night at 8:30 Valentine Cunningham's band begins playing at Exeter College.
- Late Friday night there may be a Karaoke expedition to a bar on George Street.
- Saturday afternoon and evening a wedding in college means we will be dining in the Quin Room.
- Saturday at 9:00 the dance begins in Deep Hall. Bring your favorite tapes.
- Sunday at 8:00 madrigalists meet in the Oakeshott Room. Don't forget your music.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 10 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 5/7/91

=====

TWELFTH NIGHT TICKETS

Tickets are still available for Monday's *Twelfth Night* trip to Stratford. If you want to see Stratford, this is an excellent opportunity. The next and last trip to the Bard's home will be on July 26, and for that production we have a limited number of tickets.

COMEDY AND TROILUS GO ON SALE

Beginning Tuesday the office will start selling tickets for Saturday's (July 13) theater trip to London. This will be a big day at the Barbican, as we will be seeing two plays, *Comedy of Errors* at 2:00 and *Troilus and Cressida* at 7:30. The bus will leave Oxford at 11:30 am.

WHAT IS KARAOKE?

Karaoke is a form of audience participation in M-TV. Thanks to technological innovations by the Japanese, we are free to fulfil our fantasies about becoming rock stars. At select Oxford pubs, individuals are invited to take the stage and sing leads to favorite songs. Words and background visuals flash on the screen as members of the public perform with microphone in hand. Often, the pub provides a huge selection of tunes from which potential singers can choose. In Oxford, a new Karaoke bar has only just opened. It is called Shuman Karaoke Bar & Restaurant and it is located on George Street across from the bus station. A group of us are planning to go there tonight after listening to Valentine Cunningham's band at Exeter.

MADRIGALISTS PRACTICE SUNDAY

Madrigals will meet again this Sunday evening at 8:00 pm in the Oakeshott Room - don't forget your music!

TRANSPORT TO AIRPORTS AT THE END OF BREAD LOAF

Now is the time to begin thinking about how you plan to reach the airport once courses conclude. Charles Martin, the Head Scout, has driven students to Heathrow and Gatwick in past years. He can rent a mini-van in advance and simplify an otherwise complicated process if groups are organized so that eight or so people are transported at the same time. He can secure a bus for about £15.00 per person if eight people are interested. His fee as driver will have to be worked out with the group. Cash must be provided up front to cover rental. This service is expensive, but if you have lots of luggage, it may be worth it.

WEEKEND EVENTS

- Friday at 8:30 Valentine Cunningham's band performs at Exeter.
- Later Friday night (10:00) Karaoke expedition to George Street.
- Saturday afternoon and evening a wedding in college necessitates our dining in the Quin Room.
- Saturday at 9:00 the dance begins in Deep Hall.
- Sunday breakfast is at 8:45.
- Sunday at 8:00 pm madrigalists meet in the Oakeshott Room.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 11 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 9/7/91

=====

CHRISTOPHER RICKS IN OAKESHOTT

Christopher Ricks will be lecturing on Bob Dylan at 5:15 this afternoon in the Oakeshott Room. Formerly the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, Ricks is now teaching at Boston University. He is famous for intellectual pyrotechnics and a rapid-fire discussion of subjects ranging from Milton to Samuel Beckett to the obituaries in today's paper. A reception at 6:15 will follow the talk with dinner served at 7:00.

TICKETS TO SATURDAY'S PLAYS IN LONDON

The office begins selling tickets to *Comedy of Errors* and *Troilus and Cressida* this afternoon at 2:00. We will leave for London at 11:00 Saturday morning, see *Comedy* at 2:00 and *Troilus* at 7:30. Anyone interested can purchase tickets for one or both of the plays. The price of tickets is £16.50 for *Comedy* and £12.00 for *Troilus*. Transportation is the standard £3.00.

OXFORD RAMBLERS MEET WEDNESDAY

The Bread Loaf Oxford Rambling Society (BLORS), a division of the Bread Loaf Outing Club, is planning a couple of rambles in the next couple of weeks and would like to see how many Loafers are inclined to wander. The first ramble will be a combined city bus/walk to the top of Boars Hill just southwest of Oxford. the view is said to be "nice." The second trek is farther afield - a day trip to Cambridge. We need to know how many people are interested in one or both of these trips so we can figure out dates, times, cost of transportation and all. If interested, come to the BLORS meeting at 8:00 pm at #21 Museum Road, Wednesday, 10 July. Or else leave a note for Micheal Thompson indicating your wanderlust.

COMPUTER RELIEF

In response to the various computer crises of the weekend, sometime today we will be hauling two computers into the JCR for the use of Bread Loaf.

BAKHTIN THE USSR

Gender discourse and ideology, or, the ideology of gender discourse, or the discourse of gender ideology--don't forget today's Critical Theory and Renaissance Texts meeting at 2:10 in the Quin Room. Xeroxes for last-minuters are in the lodge.

DUELLING PEDANTS

To the defacer of Paniculae: Invariably your emendations have been incorrect; please trouble us no more. These sheets are checked daily by the finest lexicographical minds of two continents. Have a care before you draw your pen to correct your betters!

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 12 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 7/10/91

=====

LONDON THEATER SALES CONTINUE

Tickets to *Comedy of Errors* and *Troilus and Cressida* will be on sale for the rest of the week. The total package price for both plays and transportation is \$31.50. You can choose to provide your own transportation and see only one of the plays, if you wish. Departure from Oxford is 11:00 am Saturday.

BLORS MEETS THIS AFTERNOON

The Bread Loaf Oxford Rambling Society (BLORS) convenes this evening at 8:00 at #21 Museum Road. If you would like to make it but can't, leave a note on the notice board for Micheal Thomson.

SECOND FEMALE GATHERING SCHEDULED

Female bonding continues! There will be another women's tea this Friday at 4:00 in Liz Zale's room, 13:4. Sorry men - not even a dress will do.

SECOND DEEP HALL DANCE THIS FRIDAY

Repeated requests for a follow-up to last Saturday's dance have convinced the office to request that Mick keep Deep Hall open late this Friday. The dancing will begin at 9:00 and last until 12:00. The music selection depends entirely on the tapes you bring. Should anyone wish to mix a special dance tape, Mick can probably be persuaded to provide the necessary equipment.

WINE TASTING PARTY

For those interested in fine vintage and excellent company, a wine tasting party is in the works for Friday evening after dinner and before the dance in Deep Hall. Enthusiasts are requested to bring one bottle and a glass. Hosts will provide the bread and cheese to cleanse the palette and the company to cleanse the mind of the week's ravages. For more information, contact Kathy Micati.

Some wine shops in the area:

- Oddbins, 108 High Street
- Marks & Spencer, Queen Street
- Bottoms Up, 1/8 St. Clements
- more wine shops listed in your Vade Mecum

PACKAGE ADRIFT

A few days ago a small package containing a cassette tape and addressed to Laura Cook was seen in Hall. Since then Laura has searched high and low to no avail. If you have seen the package, please notify her.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 13 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 11/7/91

=====

TROILUS SOLD OUT, COMEDY STILL A POSSIBILITY

All tickets for *Troilus and Cressida* have now been sold. We do, however, still have six tickets to *Comedy of Errors*. These tickets sell for £16.50, plus £3.00 for transportation.

WRITERS, READERS, LISTENERS

Tonight's the night! Come to the Mary Lasker Room at 8:30. Bring something to read if you have it. Stay as long as you can; leave when you must. Enjoy a chance to hear from other writers.

NO SENIOR BOAT TRIP

A preliminary survey has convinced members of the senior class not to move ahead with plans to hire a boat the evening before graduation. They are considering options at this moment and will propose a suitable alternative in the near future.

TRANSPORT TO AIRPORTS

Charles Martin, the Lincoln Head Scout, tells us that if any Bread Loaf students would like to hire a mini-van for door-to-door delivery to Heathrow or Gatwick, he must be notified by the end of the week. Students have taken advantage of this service in the past purely because it simplifies the process of connecting with flights the day after commencement. If eight or more people are interested, the price is £15.00 a head.

SUNDAY WALKING TRIP

On this notice board, just to the right of the *Paniculum*, is a description of the walking trip Richard Kortum will lead this Sunday. Richard is a Lincoln student who has organized these trips in the past and is a very accomplished guide. Please add your name to the list soon if you would like to go so Richard can tell Chef how many packed lunches to prepare.

XEROXERS BANISHED ACROSS THE STREET

The handy Uniprint store across the Turl will be happy to cater to all your copying needs for a small fee. Please do not use Lincoln's machines unless it's for institutional business (madrigals, senior plans, etc.).

COMING EVENTS

-Friday at 4:00 female bonders band together for tea in Liz Zale's room, 13:4.

-Friday at 8:00 wine tasting party in Grove Quad. Participants are asked to bring a bottle of wine. Lincoln will provide glasses and bread. Anyone with white wine can bring it to the office during regular hours and chill it in the office refrigerator.

- Friday at 9:00 the dance begins in Deep Hall. Please bring tapes of your favorite music.
- Saturday at 11:00 am the bus leaves for London.
- Sunday at 10:30 am the walking tour leaves from Lincoln

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 14 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 12/7/91

=====

COMEDY OF ERRORS REMAINS A POSSIBILITY

The office still possesses a few tickets to *Comedy of Errors*. These tickets sell for £16.50, plus £3.00 for transportation.

TOMORROW'S TRIP TO LONDON

Anyone going to London for one or both of the plays, whether you are travelling with us on the bus or by yourself, should pick up a packed meal from the Porter's Lodge between 10:45 and 11:00 in the morning. The bus leaves from Trinity College Gates at 11:00 am.

MUCH ADO NEXT WEEK

Next Thursday at 4:30 pm, a bus will depart for London to see *Much Ado About Nothing*. Tickets will go on sale Monday afternoon.

PLEASE REQUEST PACKED LUNCHES THROUGH THE OFFICE

The kitchen staff has asked that students desiring packed lunches make their requests through the Bread Loaf Office at least two days in advance. They tell us that they are still being approached by individual students, even though we made a similar announcement last week. The point is that they will not refuse to prepare lunches despite their not being happy to do so. We need to respect their policies and act in accordance with the protocol they have established. We in the office will be only too happy to make your wishes known to the kitchen.

TRANSPORT TO AIRPORTS

Charles Martin, the Lincoln Head Scout, tells us that if any Bread Loaf students would like to hire a mini-van for door-to-door delivery to Heathrow or Gatwick, he must be notified by the end of the week. Students have taken advantage of this service in the past purely because it simplifies the process of connecting with flights the day after commencement. If eight or more people are interested, the price is £15.00 a head.

SUNDAY WALKING TRIP

On this notice board, just to the right of the *Paniculum*, is a description of the walking trip Richard Kortum will lead this Sunday. Richard is a Lincoln student who has organized these trips in the past and is a very accomplished guide. Please add your name to the list soon if you would like to go so Richard can tell Chef how many packed lunches to prepare.

COMING EVENTS

- Friday at 4:00 female bonders band together for tea in Liz Zale's room, 13:4.
- Friday at 8:00 wine tasting party in Grove Quad. Participants are asked to bring a bottle of wine. Lincoln will provide glasses and bread. Anyone with white wine can bring it to the office during regular hours and chill it in the office refrigerator.
- Friday at 9:00 the dance begins in Deep Hall. Please bring tapes of your favorite music.
- Saturday at 11:00 am the bus leaves for London.
- Sunday at 10:30 am the walking tour leaves from Lincoln

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 15 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 15/7/91

=====

MUCH ADO ON THURSDAY

The bus leaves Oxford at 4:30 Thursday for a 7:30 performance of *Much ADO About Nothing* at the Barbican. We will begin selling our twelve extra tickets this afternoon. The price is £16.50, plus £3.00 for transportation.

READERS AND WRITERS

Let's meet on Tuesday evening this week. All welcome, whether you came to our previous reading or not. Bring friends and something to read (with copies, if at all possible). Details of time and place will appear in tomorrow's *Paniculum*.

DRINKS AT THE GENERAL ELIOT DAY AFTER TOMORROW

Pip has offered to lead any of us who are interested to The General Eliot, a picturesque eighteenth-century pub in South Hinksey. This pub has been a favorite resort of another Scout, Dennis, who will meet us there with his dog Ben. The walk itself is worthwhile as it involves crossing The Devil's Backbone, a series of causeways over water-meadows south of Oxford. Those of you who went on the walk with Richard Kortum will recognize the area. We will leave from the Porter's Lodge at 8:00 pm.

JIM MADDOX ARRIVES THURSDAY

Our esteemed director will fly into London on Thursday. He will then become a resident of Lincoln until Friday, the 26th of July. During his visit he will need to meet with all faculty and staff, and would like to meet with any students whose special concerns require his formal attention. We will begin scheduling student meetings later this week. We will be happy to arrange personal conferences to the extent that time allows.

SWEET SHADWELL OF AVON

Thomas Shadwell's The Virtuoso is one of the hits of the season at the Swan in Stratford. Some students have seen it; others plan to go. Our own Charles Whitworth, one of the world's unrivalled experts on the works of Shadwell, will lecture on the playwright and his play in the Oakeshott Room this Tuesday at 5:15. If you've ever seen a play by Shadwell, or if you ever think you will, or if you ever thought you wouldn't, or if you simply like good lecture on theatrical subjects: Be there!

DISCO INFERNO III THIS FRIDAY

In response to popular demand, the office has arranged for a third dance to be held in Deep Hall this Friday. If you missed the first two, don't miss this one. The music will start at 9:00.

SOFTBALL CHALLENGE SLATED FOR SUNDAY

Students of Lincoln have challenged Bread Loaf to play them in a game of softball this Sunday. For the moment we are approaching this as an England verses USA challenge, but the competitive element will no doubt diminish when teams are actually arranged and nationalities mix. Please plan to be around for the fun.

LOST AND FOUND

A multicolored barette made of Guatamalan fabric was found in Deep Hall after the dance Friday. It can be claimed at the office during regular hours.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 16 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 16/7/91

=====

MUCH ADO SOLD OUT, LEAR MONDAY

The office has sold the final two tickets to *Much Ado About Nothing*. We do, however, have many extra tickets to Monday's all-school trip to *King Lear*. All Bread Loaf students have tickets which we will provide at the time of the play. If you would like to purchase additional tickets for friends or family members, the cost is £14.50, plus £3.00 for transportation. The bus to *King Lear* departs from Oxford at 4:30 on Monday.

WHITWORTH ON SHADWELL AT 5:15 TODAY

Charles Whitworth discusses one of the funniest little known plays of all times, Shadwell's The Virtuoso, this afternoon in the Oakeshott Room. A lucid interval is promised to all past, present, or future Shadwell fans.

YOU ARE INVITED TO THE GENERAL ELLIOT WEDNESDAY

Pip and Dennis and Dennis's dog Ben will be on hand at The General Elliot in South Hinksey after dinner tomorrow. If you are interested in tipping a pint or two at a late seventeenth-century pub in beautiful rural surroundings, be ready to leave from the Porter's Lodge at 8:00 pm. The twenty-minute walk there is beautiful.

SENIORS CONGREGATE AT THE GENERAL ELLIOT WEDNESDAY

Members of the graduating class are encouraged to attend tomorrow's excursion to The General Eliot where they will convene an important meeting. If you are unable to attend this meeting, please notify Kate Overbeck.

BREAD LOAF DIRECTOR ARRIVES THURSDAY

Jim Maddox flies to England on Thursday and will begin meeting with faculty and students on Friday. We have scheduled almost all faculty and staff sessions and can now begin making appointments with students whose special concerns require his formal attention.

READERS AND WRITERS, RIGHT ON

Come to the Mary Lasker Room tonight at 8:30. If you didn't come before, you're welcome to join us. We'll listen to each other's work, critique, and admire.

UPCOMING EVENTS

- Disco Inferno III begins at 9:00 Friday in Deep Hall.
- England vs. USA Softball at Lincoln Grounds Sunday.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 17 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 17/7/91

=====

MUCH ADO UN-SOLD-OUT

As of nine o'clock this morning, we have one and possibly two tickets available for Beatrice and Benedict at the Barbican on Thursday.

MUCH KING LEAR STILL TO SELL

Monday is the All-School trip to the Barbican to see King Lear. He will suffer, but you will be uplifted. If your friends or relatives would like to share the tragic uplift, tickets are available at the office. They cost £16.50, and round-trip bus is £3.00.

WALK AND QUAFF TONIGHT

At 8:00 tonight, Pip will lead us to the General Elliot in Hinksey. Other, more studious contingents may depart later; get directions from Phebe or Paul.

SENIORS

The senior meeting will be held al fresco at the General Elliot. Please notify Kate Overbeck if you cannot attend.

FIRST, SKINHEAD HAMLET; NOW, BULEMIC DONNE

Tired of being under-historicized? Embarrassed at being inadequately theorized? Come and revel in the mutual permeability of the discourse of history and the history of discourse. Situate yourself on the cutting edge. And situate yourself in the Quin Room today (Wednesday) at 2:10 for episode three of Dennis Kay's mixed genre production of The Renaissance in Literary Theory. Not for the squeamish.

UPCOMING, ON-GOING EVENTS

- Sign up for an appointment with Jim in the office during regular hours.
- Disco on Friday
- Softball on Sunday

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 18, No. 18 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 18/7/91

=====

LEADER ARRIVES

A new but familiar face will appear in our midst this morning as Jim Maddox arrives from The Mountain. You may schedule an appointment to see him in the office; informal greetings and chats can begin as soon as he emerges from jet lag.

SO-WHAT'S-THE-BIG-FUSS-ABOUT-ANYWAY TONIGHT

It's the regular drill for those of you with tickets to Much Ado About Nothing at the Barbican: packed meals will be available at the lodge, bus leaves from Trinity Gates at 4:30. As of this writing there is one ticket available for tonight's performance.

ANNUAL AWARDS DINNER ON TUESDAY

Next Tuesday, dinner will not be High Table, but it will be enhanced by wine and ceremony as Larry and Jim announce various Bread Loaf awards for students. Pre-dinner reception will begin at 6:15. No need to dress for dinner.

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH JIM?

Baseball players should congregate at the Porter's Lodge at 2:00 Sunday for the trek to the Angel Meadow near Magdalen bridge. We hope to convince Jim Maddox to help swell our numbers and increase our hitting power.

DAILY LEAR ANNOUNCEMENT

Monday is the All-School trip to the Barbican for King Lear; extra tickets available in the office.

BRIEFLY NOTED

--Dance on Friday at 9:00.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 18, No. 20 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 19/7/91

=====

DIRECTOR READY TO MEET STUDENTS IN STAIRWAY 13

Jim Maddox, late of Vermont, is now residing in the Fellow's Guest Room on the ground floor of Staircase 13. Those of you with appointments to see him may meet with him there. Those of you without appointments can still make them in the office.

SOME TO MEET FINANCIAL ADVANCEMENT

Jim has come bearing loan and grant checks from Middlebury's financial aid office. If you are expecting one, you should either make an appointment to see him or drop by his office in Staircase 13 between 4:00 and 4:30 today. Feel free to stop Jim and ask him questions about this--or anything else--as you run into him around college.

DANCERS AND OTHER CONVIVIALISTS MEET IN DEEP HALL

The music will begin at 9:00 tonight for the third weekly Deep Hall dance.

SOFTBALL PLAYERS MEET AT PORTER'S LODGE

Players of all abilities are welcome to Sunday's friendly game of softball against Lincoln. Spectators are also encouraged to attend, though they risk being pressed into service if our numbers are small. Meet at the Porter's Lodge at 2:00 Sunday for the walk to Angel Meadow.

WHOLE SCHOOL TO MEET THE PLEASURES OF THE HEYFORDIAN BUS

Monday we all go to the Barbican in London to see King Lear; the bus will leave at 4:30. Extra tickets are still available in the office. Please let us know if you will not be attending so we don't delay the bus waiting for you. Tickets will be distributed on the bus.

SENIORS TO MEET FOR POSTERITY

A reminder: seniors will meet to have their picture taken by head scout Charles Martin after lunch on Wednesday.

CELEBRANTS TO MEET AT CHERWELL BOAT HOUSE

If you are trying to decide whether to stay for graduation, here is added incentive. The Seniors have arranged a party on graduation eve, Friday, August 2nd, at the Cherwell Boat House. Details are still being arranged, but there will probably be live music, food catered by Chef, a cash bar, and punting possibilities.

UPCOMING EVENT

--Tuesday is Awards Night; the ceremonial dinner will be preceded by a reception at 6:15.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 21 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 22/7/91

=====

LEAR TONIGHT

The bus leaves from Trinity Gates at 4:30 for tonight's all-school trip to the Barbican in London. Delicious and nutritious packed meals will be available in the Porter's Lodge; please pick one up on your way out.

HALL BEREFT OF FOOD TONIGHT

Dinner (delicious or nutritious) will not be served in Hall tonight. If you decide not to go to the play, please pick up a packed meal from the lodge between 4:15 and 4:30, and let someone from the office know your plans so we don't hold the bus for you.

SEX AND VIOLENCE, 17TH CENTURY STYLE

We have approximately 12 extra tickets to the last Page and Stage jaunt to Stratford this Friday. The class and other hangers-on will see John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, a rarely performed Jacobean tale of incest, murder and intrigue, in the intimate Swan theater underneath the main stage. We will begin selling tickets at 2:00 on Tuesday afternoon on a first-come, first-served basis; tickets are £19.00 plus £3.00 for the bus.

LISTS OF WORLD-WIDE BREAD LOAFERS

We now have lists of our opposite numbers in Santa Fe and Vermont; copies are available in the office.

FREE OUT-GOING MAIL SERVICE

When Jim departs for foreign soil on Friday, he will take with him mail for students on both the Santa Fe and Vermont campuses. Bring your compositions to us in the office by Friday morning at the latest.

SANTA FE, EXPLAINED

From 12:00-1:00 on Thursday, Jim Maddox will give an introductory talk on the program in Santa Fe in Seminar Room 1 (along the passage to the library). All welcome.

PLANS FOR NEXT YEAR

Sometime today applications for Bread Loaf Santa Fe, Bread Loaf Vermont, and Bread Loaf Oxford will appear near the mail in Hall. If you are planning to Bread Loaf it anywhere next summer, please fill out an application and return it to the office as soon as possible.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 18, No. 22 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 23/7/91

=====

HEMIDEMISEMI FORMAL DINNER

A reception at 6:15, complete with the debut performance of this year's madrigalists, will kick off tonight's Award Dinner. Dinner will be longer and more festive than usual, though there is no dress code; that is, tie and jacket is optional for men, but trousers are recommended.

HOT TICKETS ON SALE AT 2:00

If you are tired of all the niceness around this place come with us on Friday night to see some extremely mean and confused people doing all kinds of nasty things in John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's A Whore. Tickets are £19.00 plus £3.00 for the bus, which will leave at 5:00 on Friday.

WRITING DISCOURSE AND CULTURE COURSE RECONVENES TOMORROW

Tony Burgess is feeling better and should be back in college sometime today. His class will meet at 10:00 on Wednesday instead of 9:00 as originally scheduled.

DISCO INFERNO IV

The raging success of our last bacchanalia in Deep Hall has raised cries for another. This weekend, the dance will happen on Saturday instead of Friday night.

WRITER'S READING GROUP

This being such a busy week (two plays, Awards Dinner, etc. etc.) we will wait until next week to meet again. Please use the intervening time to write a masterpiece, or at least a piece.

SENIOR PHOTO TOMORROW

Seniors are reminded to gather after lunch Wednesday to have their picture taken.

BREAD LOAF MAIL CALL

Please be sure to mark any letters to our compatriots in New Mexico SANTA FE; otherwise they will languish in Vermont, waiting to be collected. Jim will take mail for either campus back with him on Friday.

APPLY, APPLY

Applications for all three Bread Loaf campuses are now available in Hall. If you are planning to apply, please try to do so before Jim leaves on Friday so he can get a sense of numbers for the various campuses.

ONGOING EVENTS

--Appointments with Jim still available; check in the office.
--Thursday lecture on "Aesthetics of Snow" in Oakeshott Room.

COOLING LECTURE ON THURSDAY

Jo-Ellen Jacobs, a Bread Loaf student, will give a slide presentation entitled "Listening to Snow: An American View" next Thursday at 5:30 in the Oakeshott Room. Her paper is on the aesthetics of snow--actual snow landscapes, snow in painting and in poetry (particularly Wallace Stevens).

UPCOMING EVENTS

- Senior photo taken after lunch on Wednesday
- Appointments with Jim still available; check in the office.
- Awards dinner Tuesday preceded by reception at 6:15.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 18, No. 23 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 24/7/91

=====

FESTIVITIES EXTEND INTO AUGUST

We are pleased to invite any and all Bread Loafers to attend the graduation ceremony, dinner, and related celebrations on Saturday, August 3rd. If you would like to stay, please sign the graduation sign-up sheet on this bulletin board; we need names so we can complete a seating plan for the formal dinner in Hall that evening.

STUDENTS TO BE INTERROGATED

The following students should make an appointment to see Jim Maddox, if you haven't already: Mike Youmans, Hazel Lockett, Michelle Burdsall, Melanie Henson.

CUTTING EDGE IV: THE FINAL SWEEP

In the aftermath of last week's G7 summit, today at 2.15 in the Quin Room the world's major discursive economies meet to plan the new world order. This is the final struggle.

SANTA FE TALK TOMORROW

Jim will give an informal explanatory talk about the new program at Santa Fe at 12:00 on Thursday in the Seminar Room !; all are welcome.

SENIORS TO BE SHOT

It's senior photo time: seniors should gather together directly after lunch this afternoon.

UPCOMING AND ONGOING EVENTS

- Dance Saturday in Deep Hall at 9:00.
- Thursday lecture by Joellen Jacobs on snow.
- Tuesday lecture by Charles Tomlinson on Ruskin, followed by High Table dinner.
- Mail for Mountain and New Mexico being collected in office.
- Applications now being accepted in Bread Loaf office.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 18, No. 25 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 26/7/91

=====

'TIS PITY TICKETS AVAILABLE

We still have two tickets available to TONIGHT'S play at £19.00 plus £3.00 for the bus. We depart from Trinity College Gates at 5:00.

LAST DANCE THIS SATURDAY?

This may your last chance to join the late night (sort of; the bar closes at 12:00) euphoria of a Bread Loaf/Lincoln dance. Music will begin in Deep Hall this Saturday at 9:00.

APPLICATIONS STILL AVAILABLE

Thanks to all of you who have completed your applications for next year. If you didn't fill out a form in time to give it to Jim, don't despair; we will be happy to forward any applications to the Mountain, whenever you complete them. We also have additional copies of all the application forms now available in Hall.

GET YOUR T-SHIRTS WHILE YOU CAN

Last chance to get your Bread Loaf t-shirts. There are still some left, but the colors are somewhat limited. You may purchase them in the office during regular hours.

LOTS OF ROOM FOR GRADUATION

Monday we will start tallying our count for graduation, so please sign up by then if you plan to stay.

SUMMER PORTRAIT NEXT TUESDAY

The office has arranged for the first ever All-School Lincoln Bread Loaf picture to be taken next Tuesday at the reception following Charles Tomlinson's talk.

ONGOING, UPCOMING EVENTS

--Charles Tomlinson lecture on Tuesday at 5:15, followed by reception honoring Seniors and High Table dinner.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 13, No. 24 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 25/7/91

=====

SANTA FE TALK

At 12:00 today in Seminar Room 1, Jim will explain, describe, meditate upon, and otherwise discuss Bread Loaf's Santa Fe program, now debuting in New Mexico. All welcome.

WEATHER COULD BE WORSE

Joellen Jacobs will give a talk on "The Aesthetics of Snow" at 5:00 in Seminar Room 1 (note change of venue). Joellen will be talking about actual snow landscapes, snow in paintings, and snow in poetry, particularly Wallace Stevens; her talk will be punctuated by slides.

'TIS PITY TICKETS AVAILABLE, WITH OR WITHOUT TOURIST OPTION

We still have two tickets available to Friday night's play at £19.00 plus £3.00 for the bus. Ticket holders have the option of leaving for Stratford at 9:00 a.m. with the hard-working Page and Stage class, and spending the day touring bard sites until the play begins at 7:30. Another bus will leave at 5:00.

COUNTER-REVOLUTION PLANNED FOR TOMORROW

Tomorrow Jim will leave us to storm the Mountain and wrest control from the puppet government established in his absence. Mail for both insurgents and members of the resistance will be delivered provided you bring it by the office today or (last chance) place it in the "Mountain Mail" envelope at breakfast tomorrow.

APPLIERS APPLAUDED

Thanks to all of you who have completed your applications in such a timely fashion. Anyone else who wants to be a Bread Loafer again next summer please apply before Jim's departure tomorrow. We will be collecting applications in the office today and at breakfast tomorrow.

SUMMER PORTRAIT NEXT TUESDAY

In response to popular agitation, the office has arranged for the first ever All-School Lincoln Bread Loaf picture to be taken next Tuesday at the reception following Charles Tomlinson's talk.

ONGOING, UPCOMING EVENTS

- Dance Saturday night in Deep Hall.
- Charles Tomlinson lecture on Tuesday at 5:15, followed by reception honoring Seniors and High Table dinner.
- Sign-up for graduation on August 3rd.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 18, No. 26 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 29/7/91

=====

CHARLES TOMLINSON AND ACCOMPANYING HOOPLA TOMORROW

Tomorrow at 5:15 in the Oakeshott Room, Charles Tomlinson will lecture on John Ruskin. The reception that follows will be held in honor of our small but highly distinguished senior class of Joseph Bradfield, Mark Campbell, Gloria McGarry, Micheal Thompson, Kate Overbeck, and Lisa Polivick, who will be serenaded by our equally distinguished Madrigalists. Sartorial splendour is advised, since Charles Martin will capture us in an all-school photograph during the reception.

WATER SCARE PAST

Dryness and confusion reigned yesterday in College after news broke that water in East Oxford had been tainted. Our water has now been cleared of dangerous impurities, and you are licensed to drink it with gusto and abandon.

SIGN UP NOW FOR FRIDAY EVENING FETE

The senior class has organized a waterside party Friday evening at the Cherwell Boathouse, located in a beautiful spot on the River Cher north of University Parks and Lady Margaret Hall. There will be music, a buffet dinner provided by Chef, punting possibilities, and a cash bar. Since the seniors will be inviting Lincoln staff to come as our guests, this is also a chance for you to mingle with the people who have made our lives so comfortable this summer.

Price of admission, to cover the rental of facilities and music, is £7.00 per student. Since the seniors need the cash and a head count as soon as possible, please sign up on the ubiquitous sign-up sheet if you plan to attend, and pay in the office (office hours 9-10:30; 2-3ish) as soon as possible. Last-minuters will be accommodated at the door.

CUTTING EDGE TURNS THESPIAN THIS WEDNESDAY

"Who is speaking?" All to be revealed during l'apres-midi du pestle flambe at 2:15 in the Quinn Room on Wednesday. Pick up your pestle-parts from the Porter pronto.

MADRIGALISTS REHEARSE THIS EVENING IN NEW VENUE

Madrigalists meet at 6:00 in the Chapel to test the acoustics for their upcoming performance at graduation on Saturday.

DEPARTURE ARRANGEMENTS

You have paid for your room in College until Sunday, August 4th, the day after graduation. Breakfast Sunday will be the last meal served in Hall. Extra days in your room in college will set you back £15.00 per night (bed and breakfast). If you would like to stay on for a few days, please let us know and pay in the office by Friday morning at the latest.

SENIOR FINERY ALMOST COMPLETE

In addition to hoods rented from our office, seniors must also robe themselves in black gowns which they can rent for £3.00 from Bob, the head Porter. Seniors should go by the Porter's Lodge on Wednesday evening when Bob is on duty, money in hand, to be fitted and supplied with their garments.

GRADUATION LIST COMPLETE?

There is more room at graduation, but it would help us to know the complete count as soon as possible--by Friday morning at the latest. If you have not signed the list but may stay after all, please let the office know. Graduation is at 4:30 Saturday, followed by a reception, High Table dinner in Hall, and late night (really late night this time) revelries in Deep Hall.

BOOKS CLOSE ON FRIDAY

The massive financial wheels of the Bread Loaf office must grind to a halt on Friday afternoon. Please help us out by settling all accounts by that time.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 19, No. 27 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 30/7/91

=====

POET REPLIES TO CRITIC TONIGHT

Charles Tomlinson, one of Britain's most distinguished poets when he is not being one of its most distinguished painters or translators, speaks today at 5:15 in the Oakeshott Room. His subject is "John Ruskin: A Poet's View," wherein (we may presume) the poet Tomlinson addresses the critic Ruskin on the issues of painting, poetry, and criticism. Something, in other words for everyone, and an interesting time promised to all. Reception honoring the Seniors and High Table dinner to follow.

STAYING

Ordinary mortals residing in college can stay after Bread Loaf ends officially Sunday morning by alerting the office and paying an extra £15.00 per night. Museum Roaders may stay on a few extra days with no charge provided they let us know their plans.

LEAVING

There is no official bureaucratic procedure for leaving if you go on or before Sunday, July 30th. All you have to do is drop your key off at the Porter's Lodge on your way out. Don't forget to say goodbye.

BEFORE YOU GO

Now is the time to show some material appreciation for the scouts who have been making our beds, serving us meals, and generally making Lincoln a better place to be this summer. From now until Friday the office will collect tips for the scouts which Joy Makin will then distribute evenly among the work force. Please be as generous as you can be! We recommend that you give five to ten pounds--more if you can swing it.

CHERWELL BOATHOUSE FUN AND GAMES ON FRIDAY

Why not sign up now for your once-in-a-lifetime chance to attend a bona fide boathouse bash on Friday evening with the luminaries of Bread Loaf/Lincoln? The party will start at 5:00, and should go until about 10:00. There will be no meal in Hall that evening; instead, we will take both the food and the servers with us to the Cherwell, where we will dine waterside at around 6:00. Reserve your place now; sign-up on the board; pay in the office.

STAYING LINKED

BreadNet is Bread Loaf's telecommunications system, linking many Bread Loaf classrooms and teachers during the academic year. If you are interested in joining BreadNet--even if you know absolutely nothing about computers--give your name to Phebe or Paul. Bill Wright, the BreadNet coordinator, will be in touch with you shortly after your return to the States. Or you may contact Bill directly, by writing to him at 1250 24th Street, N.W., Suite 600, Washington DC 20037.

There is a special network on BreadNet for teachers of Native American students. If you teach Native Americans and would like to join this network, Bread Loaf has a few mini-grants available (in the range of \$250-300 a school year). To apply, send a half-page proposal to Bill Wright, describing your classroom. Please also tell Bill what computer you use (Mac, IIe, IBM, or clone) and whether you can get support from a computer teacher or someone who knows how to use a modem.

SENIORS SOLICITED

Seniors should pay for graduation guests as soon as possible--by Friday morning at the latest. The cost is \$10.40 per guest.

UPCOMING, ON-GOING, FORTHCOMING EVENTS

- T-shirts on sale in the office; get em while they last.
- Seniors rent gowns from Bob on Wednesday afternoon.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 18, No. 28 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 31/7/91

=====

EVALUATION TIME

Your opinions, effusions, complaints, and insightful ideas for improvement are now cordially solicited on the Bread Loaf evaluation sheets which will appear in Hall today. Please take a few minutes to fill out your own individually labelled form. You may return completed evaluations anytime before you leave, either to the envelope near the mail in Hall or to the office.

PERFORMERS PRIMED FOR PESTLE

O Muse O inspiration come
To versify Paniculum!

For soft, I come: a doughty knight with arrow thro' his head
To speak lines writ by Beaumont or by someone else instead.
In company with grocers, barbers, knaves and sundry folk
Performing in a play whose very title is a joke.
When comes the crunch? Just after lunch, when we in Room of
Quin
Will gather round to make a sound will make the College spin.
Good readers fair, assemble there, and strain with all your
might
To recreate in proud estate the burning pestle's knight.

Who is yon fair Knight with the arrow through his head? All
are welcome to find out this afternoon at 2:10, when Dennis
Kay's erstwhile theory group and guests will read through
Beaumont and Pirandello's justly neglected early 17th century
play, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." Pick up your parts
at the Porter's Lodge and join us in the Quin room after
lunch.--E.K.

ANOTHER SHOT AT A SHOT

The all-school picture which was thwarted by the weather
yesterday has been rescheduled for today at 6:45 in the Grove
Quad, weather permitting (i.e. as long as it's not pouring).
We apologize for the short notice, but today is the only day
Charles Martin can do it.

GRADUATION REHEARSAL

Seniors, Madrigalists, speakers, hooders, and anyone else
associated with graduation (you know who you are): please come
to a graduation rehearsal at 3:00 on Friday afternoon in the
Chapel.

SENIORS GATHER GOWNS TODAY

Seniors should go by the Porter's Lodge this evening with
£3.00 in hand to rent a gown from Bob.

PARTY GUESTS

An invitation has now been extended to the Lincoln staff to join us at the Cherwell on Friday evening. To personalize the invitation, please feel free to encourage your own scout to attend.

ALTERNATIVE FRIDAY PLANS

A small buffet dinner will be provided on Friday evening for those of you who can't make it to the party at the magnificent Cherwell Boathouse. Dinner will be early--at 6:00--so that the kitchen staff can get to the party afterwards. Please sign up if you would like dinner in Hall that evening so we can get a sense of the numbers.

WRITERS WHO READ, READERS WHO WRITE: ANOTHER POEM

Let's get together on Thursday night.
We will meet at half past eight,
Read and listen until late.
Come and read; come and hear--
Last chance until next year.

ONGOING, UPCOMING EVENTS

- Tip collection for Scouts started in the office.
- Let us know if you want to stay an extra night in college.
- T-shirts still on sale in the office.
- BreadNet info available in office.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 18, No. 29 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 1/8/91

=====

PARTY-GIVERS' FIRE SALE! CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! CRAZY LARRY
WON'T BE UNDERSOLD!

The senior class and the mighty Bread Loaf administration want everyone to have a wonderful last night of term at the very attractive Cherwell Boathouse. And they don't want to impoverish anyone in the process. So the price of fun has just come down! Make it four pounds a head: anyone who has paid more, come in for a refund; anyone who has been scared off, come on in and join us now. Further financial breaks may be available on application to the Director.

OTHER LATE BREAKING NEWS FROM THE MINISTRY OF FUN

Kevin, the Butler, has kindly agreed to lead a tour of Lincoln's wondrous wine cellars, which stretch away beneath the Quads of the college, on Friday at 12:00; gather at Hall.

APPLICATION INFO IN FOR BREAD LOAF TEACHER AWARDS

The Mountain has just FAXED us guidelines for applying for 1992 Bread Loaf Teacher-Researcher awards. You may pick up your copy by the mail in Hall. Be forewarned that the quality of the FAX leaves something to be desired.

WARBLERS WAFT WONDROUS SOUNDWAVES AT 6:00

Madrigalists are cordially reminded to rehearse at 6:00 this evening in the Chapel.

WRITERS READING FINAL FLINGING

Farewell performance this evening for writers and friends--if there's sufficient interest. Please see Mimi at lunch today if you want to participate, and we'll set a time and place. Share your creative wealth!

FRIDAY PLANS?

Please let us know if you want dinner in college on Friday. It is not a problem for the staff, but we must have a count by Friday morning.

CHRISTMAS CARDS SOLICITED

Some people on this campus are peeved at being left off the Lincoln College address list this year. Their names are Phebe Jensen and Paul Crumbley, and they can be tracked down at 2705 Whitfield Road, Chapel Hill, NC 27514. Their assistants, Larry and Mimi Danson, live at 158 Cedar Lane, Princeton, NJ 08544. Additional copies of Bread Loaf lists from all three campuses are available in the office.

ON-GOING CONCERNS

- Get your T-shirts NOW; make great Christmas presents
- Turn in those evaluations before you leave.
- Remember the scouts.
- Arrange to stay an extra night in college in the office.
- Incur the mighty wrath of the Office if you don't settle all accounts by Friday.

Paniculum

=====

Vol. 16, No. 30 - The Bread Loaf School of English - 2/8/91

=====

TOUR OF LINCOLN WINE CELLARS TODAY

The Lincoln wine cellars and their contents are a sight to behold, especially if you like wine. Join Kevin for a tour of this marvelous place today at 12:00; gather in Hall.

BASH TONIGHT BEGINS AT 5:00; ALL WELCOME

Please come join us at the Cherwell Boathouse, where for a mere four pounds you can enjoy a lovely setting, the New Orleans-style jazz of Val Cunningham's quartet, and the illustrious company of Bread Loafers and Lincoln Staff. Dinner will be served at around 6:30. If you haven't signed up, that's okay; just turn up and pay at the party.

BASH TOMORROW BEGINS AT 4:30; ALL WELCOME THERE, TOO

The commencement ceremony will begin in the Chapel at 4:30 tomorrow afternoon; arrive promptly, and let our beautiful usherettes show you to a seat. After the degrees have been conferred, the madrigalists have sung, and hundreds of pictures have been snapped, we will move on to the Rector's Garden for a reception, then to Hall for dinner. Deep Hall will be open afterwards. If you would like to attend but have not signed up yet, please let us know your plans by the end of today.

REHEARSAL THIS AFTERNOON

Madrigalists, seniors, usherettes, anyone else who will be involved in the graduation ceremony: please come to a graduation rehearsal today in the Chapel at 3:00.

PRE-REHEARSAL REHEARSAL

Madrigalists meet in the Chapel at 2:00 to sing through their graduation programme. When you've finished singing, please don't go anywhere, since your presence is also required for the graduation ceremony rehearsal at 3:00.

PICK UP PICTURES AT THE LODGE

The copies you ordered of the all-school photographs will be available in the Lodge sometime Saturday afternoon. Ask for the envelope with your name on it. The price will be printed on the envelope, and you can pay the Porter at that time.

EXTRA NIGHTS IN COLLEGE

Would you like to stay on a night or two after the program ends on Sunday? If so, please let the office know and pay us £15 per night by the end of today.

OTHER OVERLOOKED ADDRESS

Shockingly, Miss Triņa Tjersland's name was not included on the Bread Loaf address list. Miss Tjersland is at home at 1410 Ashland Road, Hockessin, DE 19707.

SKIN-HEAD HAMLET AVAILABLE AT LODGE

Copies of the famous Skin-Head Hamlet, an excellent heuristic for teachers of Shakespeare, will be available upon request at the Lodge by this afternoon.

SCOUT FUND REMAINS OPEN

We will continue to accept money for the scouts until everyone leaves on Sunday. Please drop your contribution off in the office today or give it to Paul or Phebe.

EVALUATIONS

Please leave your program evaluations in the office or in Hall before you go.

SO LONG, FAREWELL

May the office be permitted to say that in their extensive experience there has never been an easier or more convivial bunch of charges than this summer's crop of Bread Loafers? Thanks, everyone.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

1991 ADDRESS LIST

Abbott, Susan, 60 Otis Street, Needham MA 02192

Baier, Andrea, 110 Woodbury Road, Watertown CT 06795

Becker, Sarah, 329 W 76th Street, Apt. 2, New York NY 10023

Bethke, Mari Sue, 704 E Bluff, Boscobel WI 53805

Beyer, Frank, 472 Via Colinas, Westlake Village CA 91362

Bradford, Edward, 28 Robinwood Avenue #3, Jamaica Plain MA 02130

Burson, Linda, P.O. Box 1487, Alamo Route, Alamo NM 87825

Cattier, Alan, 1757 Preston Road, Alexandria VA 22302

Chisholm, Colin, Fountain Valley School, Colorado Springs CO 80911

Cintrino-Hobbs, Anna, 296 Nicasio Way, Soquel CA 95073

Crowley, Melanie, Yale Station, Box 4281, New Haven CT 06520

Davis, Robert, P. O. Box 30, Nulato AK 99765

Day, Mary, P. O. Box 4663, Santa Fe NM 87502

Dombek, Lynn, 205 Carolton Avenue, Brooklyn NY 11205

Ferguson, Angela, 12926 Neal Road, Bethel OH 45106

Fincannon, Geraldine, Route 2, Box 424, Hendersonville NC 28739

Finch, Anna, P. O. Box 366, Enfield NH 03748

Fontis, Matthew, 33 Carlton Street, Salem MA 01970

Gamage, Jane, 56 East Kidder Street, Portland ME 04103

Gindele, Sylvia, P. O. Box 1543, Lyons CO 80540

Gray, Nancy, 634 Lyon, San Francisco CA 94117

Grieco, Nicole, St. Paul's School, Box 299, Concord NH 03301

Griffith, Gary, P. O. Box 2056, Page AZ 86040

Griffith, Sheila, 535 Gilcrest Road, Colorado Springs CO 80906

Grundmeier, Stephen, 6085 Stanley Drive, Auburn CA 95603

Hansen, Anne, 3422 Jewell Street, San Diego CA 92109

Hart, P. O. Box 868, 116 N Fifth Street, West Branch IA 52358

Jacobson, Marla, 5730 East Cedar Avenue, Denver CO 80224

Kelly, Mark, 43 Pleasant Street, Fort Kent ME 04743

Kilmister, 25 Miller Road, Kittery Point ME 03905

Klingler, Jean, Groton School, Box 991, Groton MA 01450

Lane-Zucker, Lawrence, 351 Amsterdam 9N, New York NY 10024

Lew, Ann, 35 Watt Avenue, San Francisco CA 94112

Lorentzen, Jane, R.F.D. 1, Quaker Point Road, West Bath ME 04530

Lyman, Michael, Eaglebrook School, Deerfield MA 01342

Maddoux, Ardith, P. O. Box 764, Chinle AZ 86503

Martino, David, 1341 Canyon Road #3, Santa Fe NM 87501

McKibben, Stephen, 110 Woodbury Road, Watertown CT 06795

Mobbs, Rebecca, Route 1, Box 332, Ocoee TN 37361

Neidorf, Julia, 138 E Santa Fe Avenue, Santa Fe NM 87501

Nelson, Gail, 164 Park Avenue, Palo Alto CA 94306

Nelson, Laura, PEA Box 1174, Exeter NH 03833

Orr, Benjamin, P. O. Box 96, Tununak AK 99681
Ortega, Sandra, 2501 W Zia Road #5103, Santa Fe NM 87505

Palmer, Stephen, The Taft School, Watertown CT 06795
Perkins, Owen, 1493 County Road 106, Carbondale CO 81623
Perry, David, 255 Goddard Avenue, Brookline MA 02146
Peters, Deanna, Box 873, Riverton UT 84065

Raevuori, Kathryn, P. O. Box 1089, Keams Canyon AZ 86034
Ricci, Michael, 70 Glenmoor Drive, East Haven CT 06512
Robbins, Jessie, P. O. Box 67, Freeman MO 64746

Sanchez, Gilberto, 1402 Lombard Street #8, San Francisco CA 94123
Simons, Gretchen, 802 Valhalla Street, Castle Rock CO 80104
Samuelson, Shawn, 31 Academy Street, South Berwick ME 03908
Sindler, Jeffrey, McDonough School, Box 380, Owings Mills MD 21117
Stephens, Karen, 26800 S Academy Drive #59, Palos Verdes Peninsula CA 90274
Stokes, Anne, 800 Jackson Street, Denver CO 80206
Sutro, Martha, P. O. Box 78, East Burke VT 05832

Thompson, Elizabeth, 1040 Apt. D, Los Gatos Road, San Rafael CA 94903
Toppo, Gregory, 138 E Santa Fe Avenue, Santa Fe NM 87501

Wax, Naomi, 322 E 55th Street 2B, New York NY 10022
Wilson, Barbara, 64 Jefferson Avenue, Marshfield MA 02050
Wyss, Hilary, 104 Isley Street, Chapel Hill NC 27514

Yeiter, Joni, 54 Grant Avenue, Petaluma CA 94952
Yunker, Keith, Southridge High School, Highway 231 S, Huntingburg IN 47542

Zistl, Barbara, Camerloherstrabe 7, W-8050 Freising, Federal Republic of Germany



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

14 May 1991

Dear Bread Loaf/Santa Fe Faculty Member:

I am enclosing the letter that is being sent to all Bread Loaf/Santa Fe students. Although much of the letter applies to students alone, it contains much information that I think you might find useful.

I will soon be writing to you again, both to tell you about faculty doings in the first days of the session and to tell you how to get to the houses that have been rented for you. I've had two very trustworthy real-estate agents combing Santa Fe for us, and they assure me that they've found nice homes for everyone.

I love Vermont and I love Oxford, but I feel more than a little envy as I see you trooping off to the Southwest. I really hope--and trust--that you're going to have a wonderful summer there.

I'll be back in touch soon--and you'll soon be hearing from John Elder, the on-site director of Bread Loaf/Santa Fe.

Best wishes,

James Maddox
Director

JM/elh



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

13 May 1991

Dear Bread Loaf/Santa Fe Student:

The time for the opening of the new Bread Loaf at St. John's College in Santa Fe is rapidly approaching, and I am writing to give you some of the details you will need as you plan for your trip to Santa Fe.

Let me get the crass business out of the way first. Bills for the Bread Loaf session are due and payable on June 1; there is a late fee of \$50 per month. All bills must be paid in full to Middlebury before Registration Day.

Now for planning your trip. Our contract with St. John's College names noon, Wednesday, June 26, as the earliest time you can take up occupancy at St. John's; we must vacate the St. John's rooms by 9:30 a. m. on Friday, August 9. (Luggage may be stored at St. John's for a brief period if you are not leaving Santa Fe itself promptly on the morning of the 9th.) You should keep these dates in mind as you make your travel reservations.

As for getting there: there are no commercial flights to Santa Fe itself. Many people regard this as a blessing, one of the causes of Santa Fe's remaining for so long a relatively small city. Perhaps you too will end up being of that opinion; but for the moment we need to decide how to get you to Santa Fe. If you will be flying, get a flight into Albuquerque, which is about 55 miles south of Santa Fe. From the Albuquerque airport, you can catch a "Shuttlejack," a bus that will get you to the Inn at Loretto in downtown Santa Fe in 75 minutes. We will very shortly be sending you a packet of informational materials with, among other things, the Shuttlejack schedule.

Alternatively, you might think of renting a car--although I am aware that this is a major budget item. I raise this possibility, not because you need a rented car to get to Santa Fe, but because there are so many stunning sites to visit, within easy striking distance by car from Santa Fe. You should check out different companies to get the best deal for yourself. Lucy and I have always found Alamo to be by a considerable margin the most economical. Even if you think you would like to rent a car just for a week-end, I would advise looking into fees and consider renting it for a week. (Sometimes renting a car for 3 or 4 days is, curiously, more expensive than renting it by the week.) There are many rental companies at the Albuquerque airport; there are considerably fewer rental companies in Santa Fe itself.

If you're going to Santa Fe by bus ("Shuttlejack"), you should get off at the Inn at Loretto, call a taxi, and ask to be taken to St. John's College. If you're driving in on I-25 from the south (from the Albuquerque direction), take the Old Pecos Trail exit. Take a left at the stop sign (this will be northbound). Stay on Old Pecos Trail, look for signs for St. John's, and simply follow them. If you are coming south on I-25, from the direction of Las Vegas, New Mexico, take the Old Pecos Trail exit and follow the same directions. If you're coming south from the direction of Taos and Espanola, stay on St. Francis Drive (the street you come in on) until you intersect with Cordova Road. Make a left on Cordova (eastbound). Go east until you can go no further and make a left at the stop sign. Look for St. John's College signs and follow them. (A note from my own experience: no matter which of these directions are applicable to you, you will make your next-to-last turn onto Camino Monte Sol; I find that it's easy to miss the next--and last--turn:

go about 500 yards on Camino Monte Sol and take a right onto Camino de la Cruz Blanca. This will take you straight to St. John's.)

Once at St. John's, you should park temporarily in the visitors' parking spaces and go into Peterson Student Building. There you will be greeted by the two Bread Loaf assistants (both of them Bread Loaf graduates), Alfredo Lujan and Larry Abbott. (Alfredo is himself a Santa Fe native, and he will be an invaluable resource throughout the summer for all sorts of questions you might have. Larry, a Vermonter, is just finishing up a sabbatical in the Far West and Southwest.) Alfredo and Larry can direct you to your rooms and answer your questions.

Correspondents should send mail to you at the following address: (your name), St. John's College, c/o Bread Loaf, 1160 Camino de la Cruz Blanca, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

Bread Loaf is at this time getting its own phone line to St. John's, and we as yet do not have the number; we will have it upon your arrival, and you will be able to inform your friends of it. Your own incoming and outgoing calls can be handled on the pay phones located in each dormitory. The St. John's Conference Center phone number is (505) 984-8708.

Since there will not be check-cashing services at Bread Loaf/Santa Fe, you should bring travellers' checks with you for the summer's expenses.

Students living at St. John's will be provided weekly with linen (a pillowcase, 2 sheets, 2 towels, and wash cloth), as well as a pillow and blanket and even soap. So, unless for special reasons you need more than the above, you won't need to transport those items to Santa Fe.

There are coin-operated laundry facilities in each of the St. John's dormitories.

Hotplates, coffee pots, and cooking equipment of all sorts are forbidden in the dormitories.

Health care, except for the most rudimentary sort, will not be available at the St. John's campus itself; the nearest hospital is approximately 10 minutes away from St. John's. You should definitely have with you at all times your insurance ID card during the Bread Loaf session.

Now for the weather. The most frequent misconception I come across about Santa Fe is the idea that since Santa Fe is in the Southwest, it's very, very hot. But Santa Fe is very different geographically and climatically from, say, Phoenix (which is very, very hot). Santa Fe is 7000 feet above sea level, and this altitude has several effects. First, especially for the first couple of days there, if you exercise strenuously, your lungs will very clearly let you know that you are at 7000 feet, with considerably thinner air. You will find, however, that you will acclimate fairly quickly to this change in altitude. Second, the thinner air does cause some people to sunburn more easily, and local experts (mine is Ken Macrorie) advise wearing hats if you're out for long periods of time. Third, although in these Greenhouse Effect days every place can be hot, Santa Fe can be cool, even in the summer. Here's a description of the weather (quoted from Frommer's Santa Fe, Taos, and Albuquerque, a guide as useful as any other I've seen): "Santa Fe is consistently 10 degrees cooler than the nearby desert but gets the same sunny skies, averaging more than 300 days of sunshine out of 365. Midsummer (July-August) days are dry and sunny (around 80 degrees), with brief afternoon thunderstorms common; evenings are typically in the upper 50s." So the common-sense advice is: bring summer clothes, but also bring some light wraps (especially, for example, if you plan to attend the Santa Fe Opera or other evening events).

The first meal at St. John's will be dinner on the evening of June 26. Most of you are on the meal plan at St. John's; if you are living off-campus, you may purchase tickets for any meals you choose to take at St. John's (breakfast \$2.90, lunch \$3.90, dinner \$4.90). Breakfast will be served from 7 to 9, lunch from 11:30 to 1:00, and dinner from 5:30 to 6:30. There will be one major difference between the arrangement of meals at Santa Fe and meals at Vermont and

Oxford: Bread Loaf will be sharing the St. John's campus with other groups from around the country, so you will have the opportunity, if you wish, of meeting and dining with people who aren't spending all their waking hours thinking about literature and writing.

Following dinner the first evening, there will be a short ceremony presided over by John Elder, celebrating the official opening of the Bread Loaf School of English at Santa Fe. There will be an informal reception after the welcome, when you will have the opportunity to meet (or re-greet) your fellow students and the Bread Loaf faculty.

The St. John's bookstore has ordered the books to be used in the Bread Loaf courses, but their expectation is that most of you will bring the texts with you.

There will be a small number of computers (Macs, IBMs, and II-e's) available for use by students. One of the classrooms will have to double as a computer room, and so the computers will be unavailable for considerable blocks of time. If you wish, you may ship your own computer to St. John's at the following address: St. John's Mailing Room, c/o Bread Loaf, 1160 Camino de la Cruz Blanca, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501. (Be sure to display your own name on the outside of the shipping box.)

St. John's is about 2 miles from the Plaza, the center of Santa Fe. A St. John's van makes a round trip to the Plaza every afternoon at no charge.

There will be two public lectures or readings at the School this summer. The first will be given by Scott Momaday (who needs no introduction here) and the second by Tony Hillerman, the New Mexico novelist.

There is a host of things to do in Santa Fe itself. There are museums: the Palace of the Governors, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Museum of International Folk Art, the Museum of Indian Arts and Culture, the Wheelwright Museum of the American Indian (to go no further). The final three of these I've just mentioned are located very near St. John's.

I would also recommend the galleries in Santa Fe, both those showing contemporary art (including the art of Joyce Macrorie, Ken's wife) and those showing Native American pottery, weavings, baskets, etc., mainly of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. These galleries are bunched in two locations: around the Plaza and along Canyon Road.

If you're interested in venturing outside Santa Fe (and I strongly urge you to do so), there are various options.

During the summer, St. John's will sponsor its own field trips to various natural and cultural sites around Santa Fe. Bread Loaf students are invited along for a small fee, although St. John's own students have first priority. (The St. John's itinerary of trips has not yet been announced.)

In addition, John Elder is planning group trips for his "Literature of New Mexico" class; students not enrolled in that class will be welcome, depending upon available space.

If you have a car, there are, as I've already mentioned, multiple possibilities for places to go--far more than I can list here. Nevertheless, let me name a few. A very nice day-trip could take you up north through the Hispanic town of Chimayo, with its beautiful (and fabled) early-nineteenth-century church, and then on to Taos (with its own splendid church) and Taos Pueblo. Albuquerque, 55 miles south, has far more attractions than you could cover in a single day. If you're interested in longer expeditions, perhaps over a weekend, then go to Acoma Pueblo, west of Albuquerque. You might consider visiting the two most spectacular archaeological sites in this part of the world, Mesa Verde and Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon. And if you really want to hit the highway, it's possible to go to astonishing Canyon de Chelly, the Hopi Pueblos in Arizona, or even the Grand Canyon. (You should read all this advice in the context of Lucy's profound conviction that I always try to see too much in too short a time.)

Santa Fe is also famous for its opera and for its Chamber Music Festival; the schedules for both those events will be included in the separate packet being sent you. If you find that you are definitely interested in attending any of these performances, I would advise calling or writing to make reservations; tickets to both are in high demand.

I will simply curtail my descriptions at this point, so that this letter doesn't get impossibly long. I myself regret that I will be joining you in Santa Fe for only about five days. (On a separate occasion, the new president of Middlebury, Timothy Light, plans to come out and say hello to you.) With some envy, I wish you a very enjoyable and productive six weeks in Bread Loaf's first summer in Santa Fe.

Best wishes,



James Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

Please fill out and turn in at the
Bread Loaf Office on Registration
Day.

Name _____
LAST FIRST

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

Home Tel: (____) _____

S.S. # _____

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Migraine					Gall bladder trouble or gallstones				
Frequent or severe headache					Jaundice or hepatitis				
Fainting spells					Rectal disease				
Concussion or severe head injury					Kidney or bladder infection				
Head or neck x-rays or radiation treatments					Kidney stone				
Sinusitis					Albumin or blood in urine				
Hearing loss					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Abnormal pap smear				
Eye trouble other than for glasses					Fibrocystic breasts				
Asthma					Bone, joint or other deformity				
Cigarette smoking or other tobacco use					Shoulder dislocation				
Pneumonia					Knee problems				
Chronic cough					Recurrent back pain				
Tumor or cancer					Neck and/or back injury				
High blood pressure					Broken bones				
Rheumatic fever					Swollen or painful joints				
Heart trouble					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitis				
Tuberculosis or positive TB test					Paralysis				
Pain or pressure in chest					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Lyme Disease					Thyroid problem				
Congenital heart disease					Skin disease				
Mitral valve prolapse					Pilonidal cyst				
Elevated cholesterol					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Blood disorders					Malaria				
Anemia					Mononucleosis				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Learning disability				
Hernia					Positive HIV antibody test				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Vegetarian				
Irritable bowel syndrome					Chronic Fatigue Syndrome				
Inflammatory bowel					Eating disorder				
Lactose intolerance					Problems with alcohol or drug use				
Self-induced vomiting					Serious depression				
					Excessive worry or anxiety				
					Sexually transmitted diseases				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right.

Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivities, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:		(If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)
YES	NO	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Penicillin _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sulfa _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other antibiotics (Name: _____)
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Aspirin _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Codeine _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other pain relievers (Name: _____)
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Horse serum _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Local anesthetics _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other drugs, medicines, chemicals (Name: _____)

Are you allergic to:		
YES	NO	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Foods (please list) _____ Name of allergist: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Stinging insects (please specify) _____ Address: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Molds, pollen _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Animals (please specify) _____ Telephone: () _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other (please specify) _____ Date series begun: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you receive allergy desensitization injections? Please describe fully any adverse reactions to these injections: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right hand column. _____

—Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections—

Do you use medications regularly? Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them. We recommend that you bring what you anticipate needing.	
YES	NO
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
(Name)	_____
(Name)	_____
(Name)	_____

Please indicate year for any of the following childhood illnesses you have experienced.

Chickenpox _____ Measles _____ Rubella (German Measles) _____

Diphtheria _____ Mumps _____ Scarlet Fever _____

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you ever received counseling or psychotherapy?
 If so, please describe.

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where, and diagnosis.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Do you use corrective eyewear?

Please copy your prescription(s) here:

Eyeglasses; prescription:

Contact lenses; prescription:

Note: We recommend that you bring an extra pair.

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

Diabetes

High blood pressure

Stroke

Cancer (Type: _____)

Heart attack before age 55

Cholesterol or blood fat disorder

Alcoholism

Sickle cell anemia

Glaucoma

YES NO RELATIONSHIP

Depression

Other serious illness (specify):

YES NO RELATIONSHIP

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCINE TYPE	MONTH, DAY, & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE					10 YEAR BOOSTER
	1	2	3	4	5	
DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)						
Polio - not required after 18th birthday.						
Measles (red or hard measles) check type: <input type="checkbox"/> Live <input type="checkbox"/> Killed* <input type="checkbox"/> Unknown *reimmunization required	Vaccine Titer Disease	Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____				
Rubella (3-day or German measles)	Vaccine Titer Disease Result:_____	Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Was disease diagnosed by a physician?				

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday.

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully.

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully.

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name _____	Field _____	Name _____	Field _____
Address _____		Address _____	
City, State _____		City, State _____	
Tel. (____) _____		Tel. (____) _____	

HEALTH INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance.

INSURANCE COMPANY	ADDRESS	GROUP/POLICY NUMBER
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:

Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

In case of emergency please notify:

Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

My signature below indicates that:

- I consent to medical and nursing treatment by the staff at the Health Center.
- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge.
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility.
- if I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center, I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver.
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health. I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger.

DATE

SIGNATURE OF STUDENT

DATE

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed above is in parent's or guardian's name)

Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Middlebury College does not provide sickness insurance, but does automatically provide accident insurance for students while they are enrolled in the summer session.

Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company will pay for the expense of treating injuries up to a total of \$2,000 for any one accident. The company will cover the first \$100 of an accident. Claims in excess of \$100 will be paid only to the extent that they are not payable under the terms of other policies covering the student.

Covered treatment includes x-rays, laboratory tests, surgery, physician's visits, nursing care, hospital care and treatment, and prescription drugs. The expense for dental treatment of injuries to sound natural teeth is limited to \$1,000.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company, Claims Division, 120 Royall Street, Canton MA 02021 within 30 days from the date of the accident. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment. Claim forms are available from the Parton Health Center, Middlebury College (802-388-3711, Ext. 5135). If you have any questions concerning the limitations and exclusions of this plan or filing a claim, please contact Walter W. Sussenguth and Associates, the plan administrator at the above address, or use the toll-free number: 1-800-669-2668, Ext. 445.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School, Vermont	25 June - 10 August, 1991
-------------------------	---------------------------

English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	24 June - 3 August, 1991
---	--------------------------

English School at Santa Fe	26 June - 8 August 1991
----------------------------	-------------------------

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 29, 1991

Dear Santa Fe Student:

We have just been notified by Santa Fe that there has been a change in the charges for meals at St. John's College for students not in residence.

The new rates are:	Breakfast	\$3.90
	Lunch	5.00
	Dinner	7.00

We hope that you will be able to join your colleagues for some meals since quite a bit of socializing occurs around meals. Hope you have a great summer.

Cordially,

Elaine Hall
Administrative Secretary

elh



Schedule

NON-STOP SERVICE BETWEEN SANTA FE AND ALB. AIRPORT

Depart Santa Fe Downtown

Depart Albuquerque Airport

5:00AM 11:00AM 5:35PM 6:50AM 2:00PM 8:15PM

7:00AM 1:15PM 8:30PM 8:55AM 3:25PM 10:15PM

9:00AM *1:55PM *11:10AM 5:30PM

*9:45AM 3:30PM 11:55AM *6:45PM

Santa Fe pickups: Inn at Loretto, at schedule. Hilton Inn, Schedule plus 5 minutes. Other hotels at request. Reservations required to guarantee seating. Driving time 75 minutes. We accept cash and travelers checks.

IN SANTA FE 505/982-4311 • IN ALB. 505/243-3244

TOLL FREE OUTSIDE N.M. 1-800-452-2665

*May 15 to Oct 15, Dec 20 to Jan 10 Only



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

VERMONT 05753

(202) 388-3711

June 12, 1991

Mr. Larry Abbott
c/o Alfredo Lujan
159-D Calle Ojo Feliz
Santa Fe NM 87505

Dear Larry:

I am writing to invite you to all the festivities accompanying the opening of the Bread Loaf School of English at St. John's College, Santa Fe. There will be a reception for faculty and guests at 4:30 on Wednesday, June 26, in the Fireside Lounge on the second floor of the Peterson Student Building. The reception will be followed by dinner in the St. John's dining hall at 5:30; then at 7:30 in the Great Hall (also in the Peterson Student Building) there will be opening ceremonies for the entire School, presided over by John Elder, the on-site director of Bread Loaf/Santa Fe.

The new president of Middlebury College, Timothy Light, and the Middlebury provost, John McCardell, hope to be in attendance as well at this, the formal opening of our venture in Santa Fe.

I hope that you will be able to attend these festivities.

Cordially,

James Maddox
Director

JM/ese



SHUTTLEJACK

Schedule



NON-STOP SERVICE BETWEEN SANTA FE AND ALB. AIRPORT

Depart Santa Fe Downtown

Depart Albuquerque Airport

5:00AM	11:00AM	5:35PM	6:50AM	2:00PM	8:15PM
7:00AM	1:15PM	8:30PM	8:55AM	3:25PM	10:15PM
9:00AM	*1:55PM		*11:10AM	5:30PM	
*9:45AM	3:30PM		11:55AM	*6:45PM	

Santa Fe pickups: Inn at Loretto, at schedule. Hilton Inn, Schedule plus 5 minutes. Other hotels at request. Reservations required to guarantee seating. Driving time 75 minutes. We accept cash and travelers checks.

IN SANTA FE 505/982-4311 • IN ALB. 505/243-3244

TOLL FREE OUTSIDE N.M. 1-800-452-2665

**May 15 to Oct 15, Dec 20 to Jan 10 Only*

Airport Departures

buses depart from in front of terminal at the ground level. Call us at 243-3244 from inside the terminal if you have a problem.

**Santa Fe Departures
Ticket Purchases**

board at the front door of the hotels.
are from the driver. We accept cash and travelers checks call our office about fares. Correct change will facilitate loading and departure.

Baggage

two bags and a carry on are allowed, for info. on larger bags, pets, parcel express, etc. call our office.

No Shows

reservations will be cancelled automatically 5 minutes prior to departure.

Office/Reservation

8:00AM-5:00PM everyday, for reservations call 505/982-4311.

Other Services

Charter Bus Service, Tours, Opera Shuttle Nightly, Ski Shuttle, Call Us.

"When you need a bus, call us!"

Shuttlejack, Inc., P.O. Box 5793, Santa Fe, NM 87502

When you need a bus, call us!
 Shuttlejack, Inc., P.O. Box 5793, Santa Fe, NM 87502

Other Services
 Charter Bus Service, Tours, Opera Shuttle Nightly, Ski Shuttle, Call Us.

Office/Reservation
 4311.
 8:00AM-5:00PM everyday, for reservations call 505/982-4311.

No Shows
 reservations will be cancelled automatically 5 minutes prior to departure.

Baggage
 two bags and a carry on are allowed, for info, on larger bags, pets, parcel express, etc. call our office.

Ticket Purchases
 and departure.
 our office about fares. Correct change will facilitate loading are from the driver. We accept cash and travelers checks call board at the front door of the hotels.

Airport Departures
 term.
 us at 243-3244 from inside the terminal if you have a prob-



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 12, 1991

Mr. Larry Abbott
 c/o Alfredo Lujan
 159-D Calle Ojo Feliz
 Santa Fe NM 87505

Dear Larry:

I am writing to invite you to all the festivities accompanying the opening of the Bread Loaf School of English at St. John's College, Santa Fe. There will be a reception for faculty and guests at 4:30 on Wednesday, June 26, in the Fireside Lounge on the second floor of the Peterson Student Building. The reception will be followed by dinner in the St. John's dining hall at 5:30; then at 7:30 in the Great Hall (also in the Peterson Student Building) there will be opening ceremonies for the entire School, presided over by John Elder, the on-site director of Bread Loaf/Santa Fe.

The new president of Middlebury College, Timothy Light, and the Middlebury provost, John McCardell, hope to be in attendance as well at this, the formal opening of our venture in Santa Fe.

I hope that you will be able to attend these festivities.

Cordially,

James Maddox
 Director

JM/ese

**The Bread Loaf School of English
of Middlebury College, Vermont**
is pleased to announce the establishment of the

Gates Foundation Scholarships
for Secondary School Teachers of English from Colorado

**Full tuition grants available
to attend the Bread Loaf School of English Program
at St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico
Summer, 1991 (June 26 - August 8)**

Accepted students will enroll in one course in writing or the teaching of writing and one course in literature. Additional financial aid toward room and board may be available from Middlebury College if need is established. Credits earned through the Bread Loaf School of English can be applied toward the Master of Arts degree in English and are generally transferable to other institutions. Financial assistance is also available for subsequent summers of study at the School of English in Vermont, Oxford, or Santa Fe.

**For a detailed description of the Bread Loaf programs
and application materials for the Gates Foundation Awards,
please write or call:**

**The Bread Loaf School of English - GF
Tilden House
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753-6115
(802) 388-3711 x. 5418**

June 26, 1991

TO: Faculty
FROM: Jim Maddox
RE: Auditors

We have advised students that no auditors are permitted in writing courses, afternoon seminars and workshops. You are, of course, free to admit auditors to any of your courses; you should simply recognize that if you do so in courses in the above categories, you may possibly receive complaints from students we've already waved off.

Although students are encouraged to audit an additional literature course, auditing means simply attending class unless you invite participation. Some teachers find it best to open class discussions only to those students formally enrolled. Each year there are a few complaints about courses in which auditors dominate the discussion and create some morale problems. But you should consider the decision on auditor participation to be entirely your own.

JHM/elh



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1991

Dear Colleague:

Since the rental costs of academic regalia for Commencement Night have become so exorbitant, may I please ask you to bring your cap, gown, and hood, if you own them.

Cordially,

James Maddox
Director

JH/elh



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 26, 1991

Dear Colleague:

A variant of this letter will be familiar to returning colleagues, but it would be nice if you would refresh your memory about our grading strategies anyway.

I should like to suggest the following scale for final grades:

<u>Letter Grade</u>	<u>Numerical Grade</u>	<u>Description</u>
A+	97-100	A superlative achievement
A	94-96	A very high accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are received probably by no more than 10 to 15% of the students.
A-	90-93	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	87-89	Very good work.
B	83-86	Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in lower range of your class.
B-	80-82	Passing, but undistinguished work.
C	70-79	An unsatisfactory performance, not worthy of graduate credit.
F	Below 70	A total failure. Fails to complete the work of the course.

Final grades at Bread Loaf in recent years suggest that as a normal expectation, at least half of them will be B+ or better. First-year students do not always do as well as their more experienced Bread Loaf peers, but many surprise us in impressive ways.

More important than the grades on the transcript are the comments I ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grades. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are helpful in determining whether to readmit a student and, probably more importantly, in the preparation of letters of recommendation, a massive number of which we write for the students every year. I attach a statement of School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Education Rights and Privacy Acts of 1974.

Enough written work in literature courses should be assigned so that the final examination will not have to carry the preponderant weight of your judgment. Some kind of early paper could help spot trouble - a weak student, a miscalculation in the demands of the course, etc. Most members of the faculty in literature assign a six- to eight-page paper due about July 15; another about July 29. That observation carries nothing prescriptive about it.

We have in recent summers become plagued with late papers and excuses for extensions. It's probably a good idea to announce your policy on due dates early on. Community casualness in regard to deadlines can create problems you don't need in August. On behalf of the students, I ask please that any papers not ready by the end of classes be given to Alfredo and Larry for mailing if the student has left before Commencement. All comment cards must be turned in prior to your departure. I think the obligation of the faculty here is clear.

Most students at Bread Loaf should achieve a grade of B without difficulty. Clearly the crucial grade is B-. If a weak first-year student has made good progress and you believe that he or she could become a Master's candidate at Bread Loaf, it is reasonable to give a grade of B-. If returning students have in your judgment been done a disservice by being reaccepted, please do not make the problem of termination more difficult by awarding B's when they should not be encouraged to continue. Think of yourself and your next summer's colleagues.

B- is a probationary grade. This grade is your recommendation that a student be readmitted the following summer on probation. If he or she then fails to achieve B or better in both courses, we will not readmit. A Bread Loaf faculty member can no longer in this age of academic litigation give a student a passing grade and then suggest in confidence that I not readmit her or him. You can, of course, recommend, but I have little choice but to readmit on probation. If the School faces the problem of the marginal student early in his or her Bread Loaf career, we (I, you, he and she) can be spared much anguish at Commencement time.

Enclosed is a list of first-year students. Please give them a particularly careful scrutiny for their sake and yours.

John Elder or I, of course, will be glad to discuss with you problems of student workload, grading, and standards of the School.

Sincerely,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

DECLINE TO WAIVE RIGHTS
1991 SANTA FE CAMPUS

Marla Jacobson

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Santa Fe

August 1, 1991

Dear Bread Loaf Student:

I'd be very grateful for your assessment of Bread Loaf, Santa Fe 1991: the program, the faculty, and life at St. John's. Please mention what went well and what did not; very importantly, please give a frank assessment of the faculty and your courses. Since this is the first summer in Santa Fe, I will read your comments with special interest, since I recognize that there may have been some oversights or other first-year glitches. Thank you in advance for any comments you contribute.

Sincerely,

James Maddox

1. Evaluation of faculty and courses:

2. Do you have any observations on the different directions of the curriculum of Bread Loaf (writing, literature)? Did you find these different directions a difficulty? A blessing?

3. What are your assessments of the non-academic aspects of this summer's experience (social, domestic, etc.)?

4. Recommendations:

Name (optional) _____

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, SANTA FE

1991

First Year Students (24)

Colin Chisholm

Melanie Crowley

Lynn Dombek

Matthew Fontis

Jane Gamage

Nicole Grieco

Sheila Griffith

Anne Hansen

Marla Jacobson

David Martino

Julia Neidorf

Sandra Ortega

Owen Perkins

Kathryn Raevuori

Shawn Samuelson

Karen Stephens

Anne Stokes

Elizabeth Thompson

Gregory Toppo

Hilary Wyss

Joni Yeiter

Keith Younker

Barbara Zistl

Linda Burson

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
SANTA FE 1991

Students Off Campus and Off the Meal Plan

Linda Burson
Colin Chisholm
Robert Davis
Mary Dunham
Sylvia Gindele
Nancy Gray
Steve Grundmeier
Jacinta Hart
Jane Lorentzen
David Martino
Julia Neidorf
Laurie Nelson
Sandra Ortega
Owen Perkins
Karen Stephens
Gregory Toppo
Joni Yeiter

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, SANTA FE

1991

NAMED SCHOLARSHIPS

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship - Gary Griffith
The Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship - Sylvia Gindele
The Laurence Holland Memorial Scholarship - Gail Nelson
The John M. Kirk, Jr. Memorial Scholarship - Ben Orr
The Charles Orr Memorial Scholarship - Douglas Kilmister
The William Sempreora Memorial Scholarship - Anna Finch
The RUth Walzer Memorial Scholarship - Jessie Robbins

Santa Fe awards: 1991

This evening I want to honor, in a very brief ceremony, some Bread Loaf students who are the recipients of this year's named scholarships and other awards.

The named scholarships are, quite simply, those scholarships that have been established in memory of Bread Loaf alumni and friends over the years. In most cases, hundreds of Bread Loaf students, faculty, friends, and alumni have contributed to these scholarships, until today they provide a healthy part of Bread Loaf's financial aid awards. Those of you who have so generously responded over the years to the appeals for Bread Loaf's annual giving can see a part of the benefit of your gifts tonight. I say a part of the benefit, because your gifts, of course, benefit all three Bread Loaf locales. Next week, I will be announcing the names of xx students who are the recipients of named scholarships in Vermont, and the week after I shall be honoring 16 more students at Oxford. Again, thanks to all of you who have contributed to these funds.

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship was founded in in honor of a former director of the School and his wife; Mrs. Juanita Cook, indeed, continues to be a warm and generous friend of the Bread Loaf School. This year's recipient is Gary Griffith.

The Kathleen Downey Scholarship is named for a Bread Loaf graduate whose life ended tragically early. Her family and friends have continued to contribute to this fund in her memory in every succeeding year. The Downey scholar this year is Sylvia Gindele.

The Laurence Holland Memorial Scholarship is a memorial to one of the most brilliant members of the Bread Loaf faculty in its history. I try to award the scholarship each year to someone whose academic record here is especially outstanding; this year the Santa Fe Holland scholar is Gail Nelson.

The John M. Kirk, Jr. Scholarship was established by his parents in memory of a Bread Loaf student who did his work both here in Vermont and at Oxford. Many subsequent students have been assisted in their own education through the Kirks' generosity. This year's Kirk scholar is Ben Orr.

There are still very many people in this room who remember the man memorialized by the Charles Orr Scholarship. The person chosen this year shares Charlie's scholarship and athleticism. He is Doug Kilmister.

It is, alas, true, that many of our scholarships are established in memory of Bread Loaf students who died young. Some of you here knew Bill Sempreora, who died unexpectedly only a few years ago. His wife Meg and other friends established this scholarship in his name. The recipient of the Sempreora Scholarship this summer is Anna Finch.

The newest of the Bread Loaf scholarships was established by the extraordinarily generous gift of a Bread Loaf alumna, Ruth Walzer. Only the second recipient of the award in its brief history is Jessie Robbins.

This year, though the grant-writing genius of Dixie Goswami, Bread Loaf received a very generous gift to fund the research of Bread Loaf teachers in their own classrooms. These grants, which come to us through the generosity of

Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity, offer awards of from \$1500 to \$2500 for an academic year, no strings attached, with full freedom for the teacher-researcher. In this, the first summer of these grants, the Clemson/Bread Loaf Writing Program grants, there were almost 50 applications for only 12 awards. Competition was intense, the level of the applications was extraordinarily high, and many worthy projects went unfunded; I can only encourage those who didn't receive awards this year to apply again, for these grants will be offered for three more years. The grants that went to Bread Loaf students here in Santa Fe this summer were awarded to:

Gilberto Sanchez
Rebecca Mobbs
Marla Jacobson

Bread Loaf also offers its own teacher-research grants of \$500, generously funded by Middlebury College. The Santa Fe recipients this year are:

Kathryn Raevuori
Greg Toppo
Michael Lyman
Stephen Grundmeier
Matthew Fontis
Joni Yeiter

The Gates Scholars:

Colin Chisholm
Sheila Griffith
Marla Jacobson
Owen Perkins

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, SANTA FE
1991

GENERAL STATISTICS

Student attendance by states: (according to applications)		M.A. degree recipients	11
		M.Litt. degree recipients	0
		M.M.L. degree recipients	0
Alaska	2	Students receiving financial	
Arizona	3	aid	37
California	11	Candidates for M.A.	52
Colorado	6	Candidates for M.Litt.	4
Connecticut	5	Candidates for M.M.L.	0
Indiana	1	Undergraduates	0
Iowa	1	Continuing Education	10
Maine	5	Undesignated	0
Maryland	1	Off-campus students	
Massachusetts	7		17
Missouri	1	Pre-1986 B.A. or B.S. degree	
New Hampshire	3		46
New Mexico	7	Average age of students	34
New York	3	Median age of students	33
North Carolina	2	Under 21	0
Ohio	1	21 - 25	8
Tennessee	1	26 - 30	22
Utah	1	21 - 35	13
Vermont	2	36 - 40	9
Virginia	1	41 - 50	13
Wisconsin	1	51 & over	2
Germany	1	Private school teachers	
(21 states represented and 1 foreign country)		Public school teachers	27
		College & Jr. College teachers	2
Total student enrollment	66	Other:	
Men students	24	Undergraduates	0
Women students	42	Graduate students	1
Former students	42	Ph.D. students	1
New students	24	Unemployed	2
		Other occupations	12
Number of courses	12	Working for 9 credits	3
Total number of faculty	8	Working for 3 credits	1
Teaching one course	4	Working for 6 credits	62
Cancellations	19		

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, SANTA FE

1991

FACULTY LOAD

David, Deirdre	7	6 (+ 1 IRP)
Elder, John	15	15
Lezra, Jacques	22	22
Macrorie, Ken	25	15 + 10
Momaday, Scott	32	12 + 20
Rampersad, Arnold	22	12 + 10
Richetti, John	4	2 + 2
Wofford, Suzanne	7	7

COURSE ENROLLMENTS

2. Writing and Editing Prose Non-Fiction	Macrorie	15
25. Creative Writing Workshop	Momaday	12
33. Pope and Swift and Their Circle: Literature, Politics, and Culture	Richetti	2
52. The Novel and Social Change in Eighteenth- Century England	Richetti	2
61. Shakespeare's Histories & Tragedies	Wofford	7
82. Imperialism and the Victorian Novel	David	6
126. Independent Reading Project	Faculty	1
137. Race and American Literature	Rampersad	12
176. Connections - Writing and Teaching	Macrorie	10
185. Literature of the South	Rampersad	10
211. Native American Literature	Momaday	20
216. Literary Modernism: Woolf, Faulkner, and Latin American Narrative	Lezra	22
217. The Literature of New Mexico	Elder	15

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, SANTA FE

1991

UNDERGRADUATES

None

CONTINUING GRADUATE EDUCATION

Edward Bradford

Melanie Crowley

Marla Jacobson

David Martino

David Perry

Alfredo Lujan

Kathryn Raevuori

Karen Stephens

Keith Younker

Barbara Zistl

STUDENTS TAKING THREE COURSES

Gary Griffith

Jacinta Hart

Ben Orr

STUDENTS TAKING ONE COURSE

Alfredo Lujan

INDEPENDENT READING PROJECT

Gary Griffith

Deirdre David

George Eliot and the
Byronic Impulse

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, SANTA FE

1991

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS

Andrea Babette Baier

Sarah Amanda Elisabeth Becker

Mari Sue Bethke

Alan Richard Cattier

Geraldine Haydock-Fincannon

Gary L. Griffith

T. Mark Kelly

Steven C. McKibben

Laura Anna Barker Nelson

Stephen Dunning Palmer

Gilberto Sanchez

Bread Loaf School of English
Santa Fe 1991

M.Litt Students

Angela Ferguson

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, SANTA FE

1991

PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS

First Year (3)

Linda Burson	Alamo, New Mexico
Kathryn Raevuori	Keams Canyon, Arizona
Keith Younker	Huntingburg, Indiana

Second Year (3)

Robert Davis	Nulato, Alaska
Jacinta Hart	West Branch, Iowa
Jessie Robbins	Freeman, Missouri

Third Year (4)

Anna Cintrino-Hobbs	Soquel, California
Gary Griffith	Page, Arizona
Rebecca Mobbs	Ocoee, Tennessee
Deanna Peters	Riverton, Utah

Fourth Year (2)

Ardith Maddoux	Chinle, Arizona
Benjamin Orr	Tununak, Alaska

Fifth Year (2)

Mari Sue Bethke	Boscobel, Wisconsin
Geraldine Fincannon	Hendersonville, North Carolina

Total

First Year	3
Second Year	3
Third Year	4
Fourth Year	2
Fifth Year	<u>2</u>
	14

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE



The Bread Loaf School of English

at

St. John's College, Santa Fe



First Summer

Commencement Ceremony

MEEM LIBRARY PLAZA

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1991

7:30 P.M.

1991

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

ANDREA BABETTE BAIER

SARAH AMANDA ELISABETH BECKER

MARI SUE BETHKE

ALAN RICHARD CATTIER

GERALDINE HAYDOCK FINCANNON

GARY L. GRIFFITH

T. MARK KELLY

STEPHEN C. MCKIBBEN

LAURA ANNA BARKER NELSON

STEPHEN DUNNING PALMER

GILBERTO SANCHEZ

Processional

Music by El Trio Mariachi

Welcome and Introductory Remarks

Commencement Address

JOHN ELDER

*Professor of English, Middlebury College
On-Site Director, Bread Loaf School of English
at St. John's College, Santa Fe*

Remarks by President of Senior Class

GARY GRIFFITH

Pueblo Dancers

Conferring of the Degree of
Master of Arts

JOHN ELDER

Hooder

ALFREDO LUJAN

A Celebration of Songs

NANCY GRAY and **DAVID PERRY**

Recessional

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(the morsel of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Santa Fé, New Mexico
Wednesday, 26 de Junio, 1991

1

☛ Welcrumb to Bread Loaf/Santa Fe.
In other words: *Bienvenidos y bienvenidas.*

☛ Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News, the Loafing newsletter, will be published twice weekly (Tuesdays and Thursdays). In it you will find info pertinent to the Bread Loaf community. Notices for *BL/SF News* knead to be submitted the morning before you want them announced.

☛ Loafing hours (M-F only): office hours are naturally in the Fine Arts Building from 9:30 to 11:30 (a.m.) and 1:30 to 2:30. *Siesta* hours are naturally from 3:00 to 5:00 pm.

☛ Words from The Elder these are: Santa Fe On-site Director John Elder will import words of wisdom tonight at the traditional welcome ceremony. Naturally, these words will be spoken at the second level in The Great Hall of Saint John's. (7:30, Peterson Student Building)

The Director's hours: 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. John would like to see all new students in the first two weeks. Please make your appointments in the Bread Loaf office. All other students are

also welcomed to make appointments to meet with John.

☛ Condo-wit news: Larry Abbott and Alfredo Lujan, who are conduits between the Green Mountains and the Sangre de Cristos, and who are otherwise known as go-fers or administrative assistants, are in the office to help you in any way we can.

☛ "Conduits" made plain: Through Breadnet, our Santa Fe office is terminally and electronically linked to the B.L. office in Vermont. Eclectic e-mail will be posted on the bulletin board.

☛ Do you know which side your Bread Loaf is buttered on? -- salary opportunity for computer habituals: two student assistants are needed in the computer lab; each will be paid \$1155. If you are interested, turn yourself in at the Bread Loaf office.

☛ Tentative computer center hours (located in BL office when computers arrive):

Sunday through Friday 2:00 - 5:00 (p.m.)

&

Sunday through Thursday 7:00 - 10:00 p.m.

➤ Recycling is encouraged. You will find bins throughout the campus. The planet thanks you. ➤

➤ "Mark me" (*Hamlet*, I, v) ... on your calendar:

July 9 -- July 14. Director Jim Maddox will be visiting; get on the bread line for appointments if you wish to meet with him.

July 9. N. Scott Momaday will lecture in the Great Hall at 7:30 p.m. A cocktail party for the Bread Loaf community will precede dinner at 4:30; the location of this party is to be announced.

July 11. Catch it on Breadnet: An afternoon Breadnet workshop will be conducted by Bnet director Bill Wright and guest Dave Hughes from Colorado Springs, "who is to grassroots telecom what Samuel Johnson was to English letters."

July 23. Tony Hillerman will be speaking at 7:30 in the Great Hall. His topic is "Building Books."

You do not live on Bread Loaf alone:

➤ Watch this space:

Cultural events in and around Santa Fe ...films, plays, concerts ... will be listed in *Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News*. You will find the "Bienvenidos" summer calendar posted on the bulletin board in the Fine Arts Building (the FAB). Please leave it there; it's our *only* copy. In it you will find announcements of interest. You will also find these cultural events listed in the *Friday New Mexican* and the weekly *Santa Fe Reporter*.

For Example --

June 28: *La Traviata* opens the Santa Fe Opera season (phone: 982-3855)

June 28: *La Nozze di Figaro*

June 28-29: Taos School of Music, Chamber Music Festival, classical and contemporary music performed by students (1-776-2388)

June 28-30: Exhibition opening for *Alan Houser: A Retrospective*, public reception, 5:30 -7:30 p.m. Fine Arts Museum on the Plaza (827-6344 or 827-4468)

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News
(the migajilla of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Tuesday, 2 de Julio, 1991

2

☛ Bread Loafers Rise:

Congratulations to Gary Griffith, BL/Santa Fe's George Washington. Gary is the first Senior Class president in BL's westward venture.

☛ History once again:

Bread Loaf's inaugural cultural walk/cantina crawl will take place this Friday, July 5, beginning at 4:00 p.m. This will become an annual, traditional get to know each other rendezvous. More info will follow in Thursday's *BL/Santa Fe News*.

☛ Loafing hours (M-F only):

Please observe these office hours:

9:30 to 11:30 a.m.

1:30 to 2:30 p.m.

☛ Courts are in session:

Beginning next week --

volleyball every Tuesday, 6:00 - 8:00 pm

basketball every Wednesday, ditto hours

Place: Santa Fe Prep gymnasium -- about a half mile down Camino de la Cruz Blanca.

-- There is also a volleyball sand court behind the tennis court; both are adjacent to the soccer and track fields - all for your recreation leisure pleasure.

☛ World Series News:

The Graduate Institute of St. John's College has accepted the Loafers' challenge to a series of the Riptonite type. Games are on the grass near the track field at 2:00 pm every Sunday. Winner shares all.

☛ Thursday night faculty readings of the Gilmore type:

Jean Klingler will take ideas for the traditional 10:00 pm readings and recitals. Stay tuned for details.

☛ Writers/poets/muses:

A volunteer is needed to coordinate the student Blue Parlor West readings. If you're interested, please let us know in the office. Readings will be in the Senior Commons Room, Sundays at 7:30 p.m.

* From The Elder these are

Words: John has a new, private office in the Meem Library for conferences. Appointments will continue to be arranged through Alfredo or Larry in the BL office. John's hours remain the same: 9:00 am to 12:00 pm daily. Friendly reminder -- John would like meet with all new students in the first two weeks.

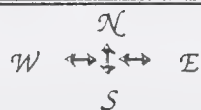
Room 110, Meem Library

Phone #982-3691, extension 254

☛ Off-campus folk: We'd like to know how to reach you in the event of an emergency; please leave your phone number at the BL office.

→ A student list is posted next to the pay phones in the dorms. If your room number is incorrect, please notify the office.

✓ Check it Out: Faculty--please check the bulletin board inside the office for messages and mail.



From the Four Directions They Come:
Please Pin Yourself To The Map

→ **Do you know which side your Bread Loaf is buttered on?** -- Congratulations to Jessie Robbins and Ned Bradford, your friendly computer lab monitors. They are helpful experts; there will be a sign up sheet posted in the office.

→ **Please Note:** New, tentative computer center hours (computer lab and BL office are one and the same). The lab opens **today**:

Afternoon hours: Sunday through Friday
3:00 - 5:30

Evening hours: Sunday through Thursday
6:30 - 11:00

☛ **"Mark me"** (*Hamlet*, I, v) ... on your calendar:

July 9 -- July 14. Director Jim Maddox will be visiting; get in the bread line for appointments. →

July 9, Pulitzer Prize winner, N. Scott Momaday, will present his lecture, "Death in a Museum," in the Great Hall at 7:30 p.m. A cocktail party for the Bread Loaf community will precede dinner at 4:30 at the placita in front of the fish pond.

July 11. Catch it on Breadnet: An afternoon Breadnet workshop will be conducted by Bnet director Bill Wright and guest Dave Hughes from Colorado Springs, "who is to grassroots telecom what Samuel Johnson was to English letters."

July 23. Tony Hillerman will be speaking at 7:30 in the Great Hall. His topic: "Building Books." Party at 4:30, placita.

☛ **One does not not live on Bread Loaf alone:**

FOR YOUR DINING AND DANCING PLEASURE:

DON'T FORGET QUEEN IDA AND HER BON TEMPS ZYDECO BAND, YAH, AT THE SANBUSCO MARKET CENTER, 500 MONTEZUMA ST., 6 P.M., TONIGHT, TUESDAY, YAH; A BENEFIT CONCERT FOR THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM, YAH. CAJUN FOOD WILL ABOUND.

Read THE SANTA FE REPORTER, which comes out Wednesdays, for concert and club listings.

White water it: You can sign up for the Sunday, **July 7**, raft trip in the student activities office in the basement of the Science Building. Cost = \$60.00.

Add These Cultural Events to your calendar; they will take place at the MUSEUM OF INDIAN ARTS AND CULTURE on Camino Lejo, about 1 mile from campus:

July 3: Traditional Apache Song, Music, and Dance, 7 p.m.

July 9: Navajo Poet Nia Francisco, 7 p.m.

July 10: Gallery Talk by Allan Houser, 1:30 p.m.

July 17: "Male and Female in Traditional Navajo Thought," lecture by Paul Zolbrod, 7 p.m.

July 24: Zuni Potter Randy Nahohai will discuss traditional pottery making and give a demonstration, 7 p.m.

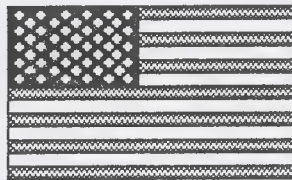
July 31: Paul Ortega will give a presentation on traditional Apache lifeways, 7 p.m.

August 8: Poet Simon Ortiz will read from his work, 7 p.m.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News
(the migajita of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Thursday, 4th of July, 1991



3

☛ History once again:

Bread Loaf's inaugural cultural walk/cantina crawl at last: First stop -- the Mañana Bar (to get a Mañana attitude) on the corner of Alameda and Don Gaspar (Inn of the Governor's). A conga line will form at 4:00 pm at the upper parking lot; we will car pool from there.

☛ What a nice Idea: The first year students will please convene today, Thursday, July 4, at the *Placita* near the fishpond at 4:30 p.m. The seniors would like to meet you. Torches provided.

☛ Loafing hours (M-F only):

Please observe these office hours:

9:30 to 11:30 a.m.

1:30 to 2:30 p.m.

☛ The Courts are In session:

Beginning next week --

volleyball every Tuesday, 6:00 - 8:00 pm

basketball every Wednesday, ditto hours

Place: Santa Fe Prep gymnasium -- about a half mile down Camino de la Cruz Blanca.

-- There is also a volleyball sand court behind the tennis court; both are adjacent to the soccer and track fields - all for your recreation leisure pleasure.

☛ World Series News:

Games are on the grass near the track field at 2:00 pm every Sunday *except the 21st*. Winner shares all. Bats, balls, and gloves provided; talent we already have.

☛ Cleanliness is Next to Room ? :

Linen exchange day is tomorrow. Time and place will be announced. Your roommates thank you.

☛ Thursday night faculty readings of the Gilmore type:

The first reading will be tonight at 10 p.m. at the Quad between the dorms. Intrepid trekkers will scale the hill behind the dorms to watch **firoworks** before the reading. Departure time is 8 p.m. to watch the **sunset**. Beer will be served at the reading to make the hike worthwhile. Bring your flashlights. What will be more worthwhile is listening to **Ken Macrorie** read three interwoven stories.

☛ Further adventures: John Elder will be leading a field trip to **El Morro** (Inscription Rock) and to **Acoma Pueblo** on Saturday, the 6th. Twenty loafers is the magic number; seventeen are already signed up. Please let the office know

prontoquick if you'd like to go. Carpooling will be the way to convey. There will be some fees at each site, and Acoma has an extra charge for photography.

☛ We Kid You Not: If off-campus students or faculty have Croutons in their midst, please let us know so we can plan some fun stuff. ("Croutons" is Breadspeak for those little children and those big little children; let's get the mini-loafers together.

☛ Last Chance, George: Sign up for Sunday's raft trip in the Student Activities Office in the basement of the Science Building. Sixty bucks includes transportation, lunch, and all the wetness you'll ever want.

☛ Speaking of Rafts: The SAO will design a float trip for us. Possible dates are July 19 or 21. Please check with Larry if you are interested.

☛ Ed McMahon Will Not Come to Your Home star searching: But for those of you who are artistically inclined, or who do it standing up, please submit designs for the O-ficial Bread Loaf/Santa Fe T-shirt. The sooner the better.

☛ Spock, This Does Compute: To rent a lap top contact: PCR Albuquerque, Phone 888-9444; ask for Tim or Allan. Or beam up Sarah Becker for further info.

☛ Writers/poets/muses:

Blue Parlor West readings? If you're a student who writes poetry, fiction, or nonfiction, please let us know in the office. We need 3 to 4 readers for this Sunday's opening of the Blue Parlor in Santa Fe. Readings will be in the Senior Commons Room, Sundays at 7:30 p.m.

☛ Writing of Writing: All are welcome to write with the 9:00 a.m. group --we meet every weekday from 9-10:30 in the Dining Hall, and we're having a great time. Bring your notebook. Call Greg Toppo at 982-9982 for more details.

These are words from The Elder:

Appointments with John Elder and Jim Maddox will continue to be arranged through Alfredo or Larry in the BL office. John's hours remain the same: 9:00 am to 12:00 pm daily. Friendly reminder -- John would like meet with all new students in the first two weeks.

Room 110, Meem Library
Phone #982-3691, extension 254

☛ Off-campus folk: We'd like to know how to reach you in the event of an emergency; please leave your phone number at the BL office.

→ A student list is posted next to the pay phones in the dorms. If your room number is incorrect, please notify the office.

✓ Check it Out: Faculty--please check your mail boxes on the bookcase inside the office for messages and mail.

$$\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{N} \\ W \leftrightarrow \updownarrow \leftrightarrow E \\ S \end{array}$$

From the Four Directions They Come:
Please Pin Yourself To The Map

Computer lab in the FAB:

Jessie Robbins and Ned Bradford, your friendly computer lab monitors, are very willing to teach and to assist you. They are helpful experts; there will be a sign up sheet for computer use posted in the office.

→ Please Note: computer center hours. The computer lab and the BL office are one and the same, but the hours are not.

Afternoon hours: Sunday through Friday
3:00 - 5:30

Evening hours: Sunday through Thursday
6:30 - 11:00

☞ **"Mark me"** (*Hamlet*, I, v) ... on your calendar:

July 9 -- July 14. Director Jim Maddox will be visiting; get in the bread line for appointments. ➔

July 9, Pulitzer Prize winner, N. Scott Momaday, will present his lecture, "Death in a Museum," in the Great Hall at 7:30 p.m. A cocktail party for the Bread Loaf community will precede dinner at 4:30 at the placita in front of the fish pond.

July 11, Catch it on Breadnet: An afternoon Breadnet workshop will be conducted by Bnet director Bill Wright and guest Dave Hughes from Colorado Springs, "who is to grassroots telecom what Samuel Johnson was to English letters."

July 23, Tony Hillerman will be speaking at 7:30 in the Great Hall. His topic: "Building Books." Party at 4:30, placita.

☞ **One does not not live on Bread Loaf alone:**

Add These Cultural Events to your calendar: they will take place at the MUSEUM OF INDIAN ARTS AND CULTURE on Camino Lejo, about 1 mile from campus:

July 9: Navajo Poet Nia Francisco, 7 p.m.

July 10: Gallery Talk by Allan Houser, 1:30 p.m.

July 17: "Male and Female in Traditional Navajo Thought," lecture by Paul Zolbrod, 7 p.m.

July 24: Zuni Potter Randy Nahohai will discuss traditional pottery making and give a demonstration, 7 p.m.

July 31: Paul Ortega will give a presentation on traditional Apache lifeways, 7 p.m.

August 8: Poet Simon Ortiz will read from his work, 7 p.m.

FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE:

The following videotapes are available from the archives:

Seasons of the Navajo, 60 minutes

Beyond Tradition (on contemporary Native American Art), 45 minutes

Ritual Clowns (on Hopi Clowns), 25 minutes

Harold of Orange (a must see, 4 stars -- ★★★), 30 minutes

Separate Visions (interviews with Native artists), 40 minutes

See Siskel or Ebert in the Bread Loaf Office to check out the tapes and the VCR.

Speaking of Films: Screenings of the rarely shown film Chronicle of a Death Foretold (from the Marquez novel, directed by Francesco Rosi) will be held at the Center for Contemporary Art beginning Friday, **July 5**, and going through Wednesday, the **10th** (note: NO screening Tuesday the 9th). Check in the Office for the times and directions to the theatre.

☞ **Hours for work, hours for play, hours for rest:**

Please remember that your colleagues are resting in the dorms around the quad. Please avoid late night noise.

☞ **Fry Bread, July 4th at Nambe Pueblo:** Beginning at 10:00 today, Nambe Pueblo celebrates its annual Fourth of July Festival at the water falls. Nambe, Zuni, and Santa Clara Indians will be dancing. The Nambe Pueblo is 15 miles north of Santa Fe on the Taos Highway. The turn to Nambe is about a mile north of the fork to Los Alamos (do not exit towards Los Alamos). Pass a bridge over the Pojoaque River and follow all signs to Nambe Pueblo. I hear the grand finale at 5:00 pm is worth the trip. For more info see Alfredo.

O Come All Yeast Faithful:

This following piece of fine *Yeast* writing by Colin Chisolm was submitted to *Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News* by Ken Macrorie. We relate.

As I was driving down from Colorado Springs, the sun was just coming up over the New Mexican mesas, and suddenly I felt lost, as if the world had escaped me. This sun was a new sun and the morning light was a new morning light. This feeling was new, a combination of awe and fear. I know where the awe came from -- that light-like liquid, as if I was underwater, in a sea of yellow and red. All of the land around seemed so clear, framed in glass, and I could not leave even if I had wanted to.

But the fear was something else. I grew up in the mountains and have always lived in or near the mountains. I have always felt in touch with the natural world around me. As a child I played in granite, lichen-rimmed creeks, and later I climbed towering sandstone castles as a means of escape. I was never alienated, never afraid of a landscape.

But that feeling that swallowed me and my trip into New Mexico is still with me. I have not yet learned to relax. Just now writing, it seems maybe my fear was not of the land, but of the possibility of my own failure in learning to feel this land. I have been so overwhelmed with emotion for all that surrounds me. That first light I experienced returns everyday, and as I wake in the early morning, my stomach tightens, afraid of a beauty I may never be able to touch. -- Colin Chisholm

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(the migaja of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Tuesday, 9 de Julio, 1991

#4

☛ The Courts are in session:

Beginning this week --

volleyball every Tuesday, 6:00 - 8:00 pm

basketball every Wednesday, ditto hours

Place: Santa Fe Prep gymnasium -- about a half mile down Camino de la Cruz Blanca.

-- There is also a volleyball sand court behind the tennis court; both are adjacent to the soccer and track fields - all for your recreation leisure pleasure.

☛ World Serious News:

The first game of the series ended 23 - 10 - 6 in the middle of the seventh inning. The #3 team (Dave Perry, Laurie Zane-Zucker, Matthew Elder, and Mike from NEH) capitalized on numerous misjudgments by the opposing right fielder (Larry "don't let 'em go over yer head" Abbott), and scored 13 runs in the top of the 5th. "Magnet Glove" Lujan took over and caught everything, but the injections should clear it up.

☛ Cleanliness is Golden: Linen exchange day is Friday, from 2:30 to 3:30, in the old same place.

☛ Thursday night faculty readings of the Gilmore type: John Elder will be reading this Thursday night, July 11, at 10:00 p.m. at the Quad area between the dorms. See you there.

☛ Speaking of Rafts: The SAO will design a float trip for us. Possible dates

are July 19 or 21. Please check with Larry if you are interested.

☛ Ed McMahon Is Still Searching:

Artistically prone and supine Loafers need to submit a design for the First Annual Design-a-T-Shirt contest.

☛ Writers/poets/muses:

Blue Parlor West readings? If you're a student who writes poetry, fiction, or nonfiction, please let us know in the office. We need 3 to 4 readers for this Sunday's opening of the Blue Parlor in Santa Fe. Readings will be in the Senior Commons Room, Sundays at 7:30 p.m.

☛ Faculty: Please Make an Appointment to See Jim Maddox While He is Here.

The Elder Are These Words From:

Appointments with John Elder and Jim Maddox will continue to be arranged through Alfredo or Larry in the BL office. John's hours remain the same: 9:00 am to 12:00 pm daily. Friendly reminder -- John would like meet with all new students in the first two weeks.

Room 110, Meem Library
Phone #982-3691, extension 254

☛ Off-campus folk: We'd like to know how to reach you in the event of an emergency; please leave your phone number at the BL office.

→ A student list is posted next to the pay phones in the dorms. If your room number is incorrect, please notify the office.

✓ Check it Out: Faculty--please check your mail boxes on the bookcase inside the office for messages and mail.

→ **Please Note:** computer center hours. The computer lab and the BL office are one and the same, but the hours are not.

Afternoon hours: Sunday through Friday
3:00 - 5:30

Evening hours: Sunday through Thursday
6:30 - 11:00

☞ **"Mark me"** (*Hamlet*, I, v) ... on your calendar:

July 9 -- July 14. Director Jim Maddox will be visiting; get in the bread line for appointments. →

July 9, Pulitzer Prize winner, N. Scott Momaday, will present his lecture, "Death in a Museum," in the Great Hall at 7:30 p.m. A cocktail party for the Bread Loaf community will precede dinner at 4:30 at the placita in front of the fish pond.

July 11. Catch it on Breadnet: An afternoon Breadnet workshop will be conducted by Bnet director Bill Wright and guest Dave Hughes from Colorado Springs, "who is to grassroots telecom what Samuel Johnson was to English letters." Time and Place will be posted in the office and the dorms.

July 23. Tony Hillerman will be speaking at 7:30 in the Great Hall. His topic: "Building Books." Party at 4:30, placita.

☞ **One does not not live on Bread Loaf alone:**

Add These Cultural Events to your calendar: they will take place at the MUSEUM OF INDIAN ARTS AND CULTURE on Camino Lejo, about 1 mile from campus:

July 9: Navajo Poet Nia Francisco, 7 p.m.

July 10: Gallery Talk by Allan Houser, 1:30 p.m.

July 17: "Male and Female in Traditional Navajo Thought," lecture by Paul Zolbrod, 7 p.m.

July 24: Zuni Potter Randy Nahohai will discuss traditional pottery making and give a demonstration, 7 p.m.

July 31: Paul Ortega will give a presentation on traditional Apache lifeways, 7 p.m.

August 8: Poet Simon Ortiz will read from his work, 7 p.m.

FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE:

The following videotapes are available from the archives:

Seasons of the Navajo. 60 minutes

Beyond Tradition (on contemporary Native American Art), 45 minutes

Ritual Clowns (on Hopi Clowns), 25 minutes

Harold of Orange (a must see, 4 stars -- ★★★★★), 30 minutes

Separate Visions (interviews with Native artists), 40 minutes

See Siskel or Ebert in the Bread Loaf Office to check out the tapes and the VCR.

☞ **Retraction:** The July 4th fireworks display, clearly visible from the hill behind the dorms, has been cancelled.

Am I Blue? What About You?:

The Office Staff needs your blue waiver forms (new students) and health forms. Please check the list on the bulletin board next to the map to see if you still have to turn these in. We'd hate to report you.

How Do you Spell "Yippee Yi Yo Cai Ay". Eh?

I don't know, either, but the rodeo's in town, startin' July 10th, so hitch yer wagon to a star, strap on yer iron, and head 'em on out Rawhide for jus' a world-class bronc jumpin', barrel ropin', calf bustin' plain old dad-gummed good time. And tell 'em Bread Loaf sent ya.

The Pool Hall Is Next To Cleanliness:

Congratulations to Jane Gamage for her billiard expertise. In just one short night cantina crawl night, she invented four strokes previously unknown to pool halls: the split shot, the split scoop shot, the hop scratch shot, and the side shot. All occurred after the tequila shot.

STOP THE PRESSES: Reggae Music, Mon., will be the order of the night at the Paolo Soleri Outdoor Amphitheatre in Santa Fe next Monday, July 15. Steel Pulse is featured.

GENERAL SCHWARZKOPF STARTS HIS \$5 MILLION BOOK



Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(A migajica of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Thursday, 11 de Julio, 1991

5

☛ Close Receptions of the 4:30

Kind: Jim Maddox will host an awards presentation recognizing your colleagues. Please come to share in the honoring of their achievements. Today, in the Senior Commons Room.

☛ This Is Very Important: On Friday Jim Maddox and Bill Wright would like to meet with teachers of Native American students at 11:30 for lunch in the private dining area of the dining hall.

☛ What a Deal, Monte: If you have letters you'd like delivered to either Bread Loaf or Oxford, please leave them in the office by noon on Saturday. Make sure they're clearly addressed. Donate the pennies saved to the coffee urn (which was purchased by Jessie Robbins, bless her heart).

☛ Mail Call: Students who wish to correspond to other Bread Loafers in Santa Fe please leave your letters and messages in the Bread Loaf Office; we'll append them to the bulletin board in the hall. Thank you.

☛ The Courts are in session.

☛ More World Serious News: The Sunday softball game will be held on Saturday, on the St. John's field of screams, mainly because the July 4th fireworks were held July 3. Seriously, the field is otherwise engaged Sunday.

Saturday at 2:00 it is. Bats, balls, and gloves provided.

☛ This Is Important: On Friday evening July 19th the greatest dance in the history of Bread Loaf/Santa Fe will be held in the gym of Santa Fe Prep, just a mosey down the road. The band is **Cuicuna**, who do Andean-Mexican music. Guarantee: You'll have happy feet! Music starts at nine, pre-fiesta party at eight.

☛ Cleanliness is Golden: Linen exchange day is Friday, from 2:30 to 3:30, in the old same place.

☛ Thursday night faculty readings of the Gilmore type: John Elder will be reading this Thursday night, July 11, at 10:00 p.m. at the Quad area between the dorms. See you there.

☛ Rafting. George?: The float trip looks like a GO! Please sign up with "White Water" Abbott in the Office. We'll leave Friday the 19th after the 11:30 class so a good time can be had by all. Up to twenty people is free; over twenty, we'll split the cost of additional rafts. Very mellow trip.

☛ Ed McMahon Is Still Searching: We have one artistically inclined submission for the BL/Santa Fe T-shirt. Any other ideas?

☛ Writers/poets/muses:

Yes! Blue Parlor West readings. The reading will be in the Senior Commons Room, Sunday at 8:00 p.m., and will feature Geraldine Fincannon, Gary Griffith,

→ EXTRA! EXTRA!

SENIORS : MEASUREMENTS FOR CAPS AND GOWNS
THURSDAY, 1:30-2:30 AND FRIDAY, 9:30-11:30.

Jeff Sindler, and my erstwhile partner in Crumb, if he's back in time. And will his arms be tired!

☞ **Faculty: Please Make an Appointment to See Jim Maddox While He is Here.**

Are these words from The Elder?

Appointments with John Elder and Jim Maddox will continue to be arranged through Alfredo or Larry in the BL office.

➔ **Computer center hours.** The computer lab and the BL office are one and the same, but the hours are not.

The firm policy of computer lab usage during office hours: Do not use the computer center during office hours unless you need to print or compose. (Ok, go ahead.)

Afternoon hours: Sunday through Friday
3:00 - 5:30

Evening hours: Sunday through Thursday
6:30 - 11:00

☞ **"Mark me"** (*Hamlet*, I, v) ... on your calendar:

July 9 -- July 14. Director Jim Maddox is visiting; get in the bread line for appointments. ➔

July 11. Catch it on Breadnet: An afternoon Breadnet workshop will be conducted by Bnet director Bill Wright and guest Dave Hughes from Colorado Springs. Room 109, from 12:30 to 1:45 and 4:30 to 5:30.

☞ **Speaking of Which:** There will be a repeat of "The Bread Net Show" starring Bill Wright tonight at 7:30 p.m. for those who missed the afternoon performance because of the 4:30 reception in the Senior Commons Room. (What 4:30 reception in

the Senior Commons Room? That 4:30 reception in the Senior Commons Room).

July 23. Tony Hillerman will be speaking at 7:30 in the Great Hall. His topic: "Building Books." There will be a party in Tony's honor at 4:30 in the *placita*.

☞ **One does not not live on Bread Loaf alone:**

Add These Cultural Events to your calendar: they will take place at the MUSEUM OF INDIAN ARTS AND CULTURE on Camino Lejo, about 1 mile from campus:

July 17: "Male and Female in Traditional Navajo Thought," lecture by Paul Zolbrod, 7 p.m.

July 24: Zuni Potter Randy Nahohai will discuss traditional pottery making and give a demonstration, 7 p.m.

July 31: Paul Ortega will give a presentation on traditional Apache lifeways, 7 p.m.

August 8: Poet Simon Ortiz will read from his work, 7 p.m.

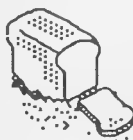
☞ **Am I Blue? What About You?:** The Office Staff needs your blue waiver forms (new students) and health forms. Please check the list on the bulletin board next to the map to see if you still have to turn these in. We'd hate to report you.

☞ **How Do you Spell "Yippee Yi Yo Cal Ay". Eh?** I don't know, either, but the rodeo's in town, startin' July 10th, so hitch yer wagon to a star, strap on yer iron, and head 'em on out Rawhide for jus' a world-class bronc jumpin', barrel ropin', calf bustin' plain old dad-gummed good time. And tell 'em Bread Loaf sent ya.

☞ **Tome, Sweet Tome:** Books which were requested from the UNM library have arrived. Please sign them out in the Office.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(A migauela of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Tuesday, 16 de Julio, 1991

6

+ **This Is Important:** An historic other On Friday evening, July 19th, the greatest *salsa* dance (*saltación*) in the history of Bread Loaf/Santa Fe will be held in the Santa Fe Prep auditorium, just a mosey down the road. Don't be shy -- dance teachers will be there to help those who'd like to learn the real steps. Theme: Latino Desires; dress appropriately. If you want to be really creative, dress as your favorite character or Gypsy: i.e. -- Remedios the beauty, Ursula, José Aureliano or José Arcario Buendia, Rosario, Blanca, the Vacario *cuates*, Santiago. Or you might want to come Southwestern style as Bishop Lamy/Latour, Willa Cather, Padre Martinez, or St. Mawr. The live (as in beehive) band is **Cuicuna**, who do Andean-Mexican music. Guarantee: You'll have happy feet! Music is from 9:00 to midnight.

"Tequila": A pre-fiesta, pre-requisite margarita party will pre-cede the *baile* (dance). Setting -- 7:00 p.m. Friday in the courtyard of Thalia Hall in the lower dorms. Goodies supplied, but if you'd like to throw a \$1 or two in the sombrero, it would be much appreciated and put to good abuse.

+ **What A Long Strange Trip It'll Be:** You'll be grateful for the opportunity to clear out the Saturday morning cobwebs. John Elder's class will be all day field-tripping to Taos and the environs.

Please sign up in the office. Space is limited. Also, the Student Activities Office will take a group of intrepids to the Puye cave ruins, about 45 minutes from here, for some hiking and general good stuff. Sign up in the office (we need a count). Departure times: Taos/Elder 8:30, Puye/Abbott 9:30

+ **Thursday night faculty readings of the Gilmore type (dubbed "Rattlesnake Readings" by Annie Hansen:** Arnold Rampersad will be reading this Thursday night, July 11, at 10:00 p.m. at the Quad area between the dorms. See you there in the square.

+ **Seniors Only Please Read:** The senior class gift has been selected. Please bring your generous contribution of \$38.19 to the Bread Loaf office no later than Friday, the 19th, noon.

+ **Stop By the Office, Please:** Geraldine Fincannon & Martha Sutro. Thank you.

+ **Mail Call:** Students who wish to correspond to other Bread Loafers in Santa Fe, please leave your letters and messages in the Bread Loaf Office; we'll append them to the bulletin board in the hall. Thank you.

+ **Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control:** the raft trip scheduled for Friday the 19th has been changed

to Friday, July 26. Please let the office know if you are still interested. The trip on the 26th will be much better!

+ Last Call: Ed McMahon Is Still Searching: We have three artistically inclined submissions for the BL/Santa Fe T-shirt. Any other ideas? Get your designs in prontoquick, say by today. OK, by today.

+ Writers/poets/muses/and amuses:

Yes! Blue Parlor West readings in the Senior Commons, Sunday at 7:30 p.m, prose and poetry by Anna Citrino, Deanna Peters, and Alfredo Lujan.

+ The Yeast you can do: Off-campus students, please pick up your copy of the *Yeast* in the office Thursdays after lunch.

+ Tome, Sweet Tome: Books which were requested from the UNM library have arrived. Please sign them out in the Office.

From The Elder are these words:

"Let's do it. A salsa dance would be a great community builder."

- "Mark me"

July 23, Tony Hillerman will be speaking at 7:30 in the Great Hall. His topic: "Building Books." There will be a party in Tony's honor at 4:30 in the *placita*.

+ One does not not live on Bread Loaf alone:

July 17: "Male and Female in Traditional Navajo Thought," lecture by Paul Zolbrod, 7 p.m.

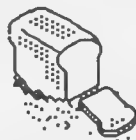
July 24: Zuni Potter Randy Nahohai will discuss traditional pottery making and give a demonstration, 7 p.m.

July 31: Paul Ortega will give a presentation on traditional Apache lifeways, 7 p.m.

August 8: Poet Simon Ortiz will read from his work, 7 p.m.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(A migajada of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Thursday, 18 de Julio, 1991

#7

☛ El Balle, tomorrow night:

July 19th -- the first *salsa* dance (*saltación*) in Bread Loaf/Santa Fe's history will take place in the Santa Fe Prep auditorium, just a mosey down the road. Don't be shy -- dance teachers will be there to help those who'd like to learn the real steps. Thanks to Anna Finch we have a theme: Latino Desires. Dress to kill. If you want to be really creative, dress as your favorite Gypsy or character: i.e. -- Remedios the beauty, Ursula, José Aureliano or José Arcario Buendia, Rosario, Blanca, the Vacario *cuates*, Santiago. On the other hand you might want to come Southwestern fiesta style or as Bishop Lamy/Latour, Willa Cather, Padre Martinez, Antonio, Narciso, Ultima, Horse, St. Mawr, Louise, Mrs. Witt, or D.H. Lawrence. Or come as your self. The live (as in beehive) band is **Culcuna**, who do Andean-Mexican music. Guarantee: You'll have happy feet! Music is from 9:00 to midnight.

"Tequila": A pre-fiesta, pre-requisite margarita party will pre-cede the *baile*. Setting -- 7:00 p.m. Friday in the courtyard of Thalia Hall in the lower dorms. Goodies supplied, but if you'd like to throw a \$1 or two in the *sombrero*, it would be much appreciated and put to good abuse.

☛ **What A Long Strange Trip It'll Be:** You'll be grateful for the opportunity to clear out the Saturday morning cobwebs. John Elder's class will be all day field-

tripping to Taos and the environs. Please sign up in the office. Space is limited. Also, the Student Activities Office will take a group of intrepids to the Puye Cliff cave ruins, about 45 minutes from here, for some hiking and general good stuff. Sign up in the office (we need a count).

Departure times: Taos/Elder 8:30, Puye/SAO/Abbott 9:30

☛ "Rattlesnake Faculty Readings"

A 1991 MacArthur Fellow, Arnold Rampersad, will be reading this Thursday night, July 11, at 10:00 p.m. at the Quad between the dorms. See you there in the square. This is a **BYOB** sponsored activity.

☛ **Seniors Only Please Read:** The senior class gift has been selected; please bring your contribution to the office by Friday.

☛ **Mail Call:** Students who wish to correspond to other Bread Loafers in Santa Fe, please leave your letters and messages in the Bread Loaf Office; we'll append them to the bulletin board in the hall. Thank you.

☛ **Electronic, static-free Mail Call:** Live Breadnet demonstration today at 12:30 p.m. If you are interested in corresponding electronically with folks at the Bread Loaf/Vermont Mountain or if you're gonna be on Bnet next school year or if you're an undercover writer for *Las Sombras*, come learn the system.

☛ **Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control:** the raft trip scheduled for Friday the 19th has been changed to Friday, July 26. Please let the office know if you are still interested. The trip on the 26th will be much better!

☛ **Writers/poets/muses/and amuses:**

Yes! Blue Parlor West readings in the Fireside Lounge (adjacent to the art gallery) at the Peterson Student Building, Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Prose and poetry will be read by Anna Citrino, Deanna Peters, and Alfredo Lujan.

☛ **The Yeast you can do:** Off-campus students, please pick up your copy of the *Yeast* in the office Thursdays after lunch.

☛ **Tome, Sweet Tome:** Books which were requested from the UNM library have arrived. Please sign them out in the Office.

☛ **Here's the score, opus: "book 'em, Danno":** The books which were ordered for the Native American Lit class have arrived. Thanks to Hilary's quick-on-her-feet negotiating Wyssdom, you can pick them up here in the office after 1:30 today and hereafter.

Words are these from The Elder:

"Let's do it."

☛ **For Sale:** Jacques and Susanne are selling a Panasonic printer for only 25 buckaroos. If you're interested, please speak to one of them. Thank you.

☛ **"Mark me":**

July 23: Tony Hillerman will be speaking at 7:30 in the Great Hall. His topic: "Building Books." There will be a party in Tony's honor at 4:30 in the *placita*.

☛ **One does not not live on Bread Loaf alone:**

July 24: Zuni Potter Randy Nahohai will discuss traditional pottery making and give a demonstration, 7 p.m.

July 31: Paul Ortega will give a presentation on traditional Apache lifeways, 7 p.m.

August 8: Poet Simon Ortiz will read from his work, 7 p.m.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(A migajadita of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Tuesday, 23 de Julio, 1991

8

Today, July 23, Tony Hillerman will be speaking at 7:30 in the Great Hall. His topic: "Building Books." There will be a party in Tony's honor at 4:30 in the *placita*. There will also be a reception after his talk for Bread Loaf students and alumni in the Senior Commons Room.

☛ Thursday, July 25 -- "A conversation with Rina Swentzell about education in two cultures," hosted by Ken Macrorie, topic: "Education and Cultural Difference." Rina Swentzell comes from Santa Clara Pueblo. She lives in Santa Fe and frequently serves as consultant to Indian schools and to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. She is often invited to appear at international conferences on intercultural affairs. **4:30 to 6:00 p.m.** in the Senior Commons. Refreshments will be served.

☛ Team Photo: An other historical moment -- The traditional Bread Loaf photo will be taken for the first time in Santa Fe. Don't be left out, no retakes - - so smile. The Bread Loaf Community will congregate Wednesday in front of the Shakespeare stage at 1:15 for three photos: the entire crumbunity, the faculty, and the seniors.

-- thank you,
your uncandid camera

☛ Anyone not graduating but who is planning to attend the senior banquet, please let us know in the office by Tuesday, the 30th; we need account.

☛ "Rattlesnake Faculty Readings:"

Deirdre David will be reading this Thursday night, July 25, at 10:00 p.m. at the Quad between the dorms. See you there in the square or in the commons if the weather permits. This is another **BYOB** sponsored activity; we didn't say Pre-Raphaelite, we said Bud Light.

☛ Seniors Only Please Read: The senior class gift has been selected; please bring your contribution to the office by Friday. Seniors Only Please Read: We have completed the commencement program and need to fax it to Vermont. Please drop by the office **ASAP**/"prontoquick" today to double check the spelling of your name, etc. Gracias.

☛ About That Raft Trip: Yah, that one. It's still on for Friday, leaving at 11:30 a.m. sharp, from the driveway behind the Student Activities Office. Bring hat, shades, sunblock, river clothes, dry clothes, warm clothes, rain clothes. Lunch will be supplied, as will a dinner snack, 'cause we probably won't be back by 6:30. May stop on the way into Santa Fe for dinner. **We will also**

need some drivers. Student Activities has vans, but not enough for everyone. There may be a slight charge of a couple bucks for raft rental.

☛ Writers/poets/muses/and amuses:

Yes! Blue Parlor West readings in the Fireside Lounge (adjacent to the art gallery) continue at the Peterson Student Building, Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Prose and poetry will be read by ????. Closet writers, give yourselves up in the office. Thank you.

☛ The Yeast you can do: This is the "How To..." See your friendly editors (Julie, Bob, Greg) for details. Off-campus students, please pick up your copy of the *Yeast* in the office Thursdays after lunch.

☛ "Speaking, he addressed her winged words." Please check the address list posted to the right of the Office door. Make any necessary emendations. "The union of the mathematician with the poet, fervor with measure, passion with correctness, this surely is the ideal."

☛ Here's the score, opus: "book 'em, Danno": 10% off, blue light special --

House Made of Dawn and *Winter in the Blood* have arrived. Please get your copies here in the office like this afternoon; we need to clear our account with the bookstore soon.

Words. These. Are From the Elder:

"We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft."

☛ For Sale: Jacques and Susanne are selling a Panasonic printer for only 25 buckaroos. If you're interested, please speak to one of them. Thank you.

☛ An Opera You Can't Refuse: See the aforementioned faculty members if you are interested in a ticket for the evenings of July 24 and/or 31.

☛ "Mark me":

July 24: Zuni Potter Randy Nahohai will discuss traditional pottery making and give a demonstration, 7 p.m.

July 31: Paul Ortega will give a presentation on traditional Apache lifeways, 7 p.m.

August 8: Poet Simon Ortiz will read from his work, 7 p.m.

July 27th, Party! Santa Fe/Bread Loafer, Mary Dunham, invites everyone to a party at her house Saturday night. We will carpool from in front of the Peterson Student Building at 8:30 p.m. There will be a bon fire and singing and story telling. Bring your instruments and stories to tell or read.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(A migajadillita of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Thursday, 25 de Julio, 1991

9

☛ Today, Thursday, July 25 --"A conversation with Rina Swentzell about education in two cultures," hosted by Ken Macrorie, topic: "Education and Cultural Difference." Rina Swentzell comes from Santa Clara Pueblo. She lives in Santa Fe and frequently serves as consultant to Indian schools and to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. She is often invited to appear at international conferences on intercultural affairs. **4:30 to 6:00 p.m.** in the Senior Commons. Refreshments will be served.

Directions

to Loafer Mary Dunham's Saturday,
July 27th, Party!

Take Cordova Road to St. Francis and turn right (north). Make a left on Alameda; go 1.4 miles to El Rancho Road. Turn left. The house is on the SW corner of El Rancho and W. Alameda. Park on El Rancho Road, not W. Alameda. We will carpool from the circle in front of the Peterson Student Building at 8:30 P.M. There will be a bonfire and singing and story telling. Bring your instruments and stories to tell or read. Mary's phone # for lost souls: 982-8440.

☛ "Rattlesnake Faculty Readings:"

Deirdre David will be reading this Thursday night, July 25, at 10:00 p.m. at the Quad between the dorms. See you there in the square or in the commons if the weather dictates. This is another **BYOB** sponsored activity;. No, not troglodyte, we said Tecate Light!

☛ Team Photo: A proof will be in ASAP. Stay tuned to this space and the bulletin board for purchase.

☛ Please let us know: Anyone not graduating but who is planning to attend the senior banquet, please let us know in the office by Tuesday, the 30th; we need account.

☛ Seniors Only Please Read:

Please bring your contribution to the office today.

☛ About That Raft Trip: Yah, that one. It's still on for Friday, leaving at 11:30 a.m. sharp, from the driveway behind the Student Activities Office. Bring hat, shades, sunblock, river clothes, dry clothes, warm clothes, rain clothes. Lunch will be supplied, as will a dinner snack, 'cause we probably won't be back by 6:30. May stop on the way into Santa Fe for dinner. **We will also need some drivers.** Student Activities has vans, but not enough for everyone.

There may be a slight charge of a couple bucks for raft rental.

☛ Writers/poets/muses/and amuses:

Yes, it's on -- another Blue Parlor West reading; this time in the Senior Commons continue at the Peterson Student Building, Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Prose and poetry will be read by Dave Perry and others.

☛ The Yeast you can do: Next week's issue is the "How To..." See your friendly editors (Julie, Bob, Greg) for submissions and details. Off-campus students, please pick up your copy of the *Yeast* in the office Thursdays after lunch.

☛ "Speaking, he addressed her winged words." Please check the address list posted to the right of the Office door. Make any necessary emendations. "The union of the mathematician with the poet, fervor with measure, passion with correctness, this surely is the ideal."

☛ Here's an opus you can't refuse:

In the office we have 6 copies each of *House Made of Dawn* and *Winter in the Blood*. You don't have to be in the Native American Lit class to purchase them. The prices can't be beat; beat the rush. Also those of you who are outstanding in this matter, *please* clear your accounts.

Words are these from the Elder:

"We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft."

☛ For Sale: Jacques and Susanne are selling a Panasonic printer for only 25 buckaroos. If you're interested, please speak to one of them. Thank you.

☛ An Opera You Can't Refuse: See the aforementioned faculty members if you are interested in a ticket for the evenings of July 24 and/or 31.

☛ "Mark me":

July 31: Paul Ortega will give a presentation on traditional Apache lifeways, 7 p.m.

August 8: Poet Simon Ortiz will read from his work, 7 p.m.

Don't be be modest, Mussorgsky, but the pictures at the exhibition can be ordered in the Bread Loaf office.

(If you can spell Mussorgsky correctly, the Elder will buy you a brewgorsky.)

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(A migajadita of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Tuesday, 30 de Julio, 1991

1 0

Swami River Sez "Look into my Crystal Ball":

Returning Loafers: We see many journeys in your futures. They are all with Bread Loaf at either Vermont, Oxford, or Santa Fe. You are in control of your destiny ... Which place will it be? There will be a meeting at 4:30 on Thursday in the Great Hall for those who want information about each site. Also -- application forms for each site are now in the office ... first come, first served.

+ "Rattlesnake Faculty Readings:"

A mystery guest will be reading this Thursday night, August 1st, at 10:00 p.m. at the Quad between the dorms. See you there in the square or in the commons if the weather dictates. This is yet another **BYOB** sponsored activity; We didn't say erudite, we said Corona Light!

+ Day Trippers, Take Heed: On Friday the 2nd we will be going to Pecos National Monument, about 25 miles from Santa Fe. We'll leave at 1 p.m. from the front of Peterson Student Center. Cars--and drivers--would be appreciated. Please sign up in the Office as soon as possible, or quicker!

+ Very Important: You must sign up for the graduation banquet. People on the meal plan will not be charged extra; people not on the meal plan--and guests--will be charged \$8.75. All sign up now so you are not sighing later.

+ Splendid in the Grass: The Last Picnic will be held next Tuesday the 6th out by the tennis courts, commencing at 5:00 p.m.

+ Faculty and students and seniors only, please read: More splendiferousness: Bread Loafers will have the time of their lives at *Casa Lujan* in Nambe this Saturday, August 3rd. Mrs. Lujan's A-One, Outta This World, Are You Kidding Me? This Is The Best I Ever Had Chile, Can I Have Some More Water? *Ice Water*, Toe-Curlin', Foot-Stompin' chile will be served. Alimentary, my dear Watson. We'll leave at 4:30 from the front of the Student Center; cars--and drivers--will be much appreciated.

Leave your John Hancock in the Office, or better yet, **Sign Up Soon like by Thursday**. We need another count, Monte Cristo.

+ **Bread Loaf Photo:** Proofs are not in the pudding but in the office: check with Larry, my "erstwhile partner in Crumb," if you want to order a print. Deadline for orders will be Thursday, August 1st, 3:00 p.m.

+ **Please let us know:** Those not graduating but who are planning to attend the senior banquet, please continue to sign up in the office by Extended deadline -- Wednesday, the 30th; we need an accurate count.

+ **Writers/poets/muses/and amuses:**

Yes, it's on -- another Blue Parlor West reading; this time in the Senior Commons continue at the Peterson Student Building, Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Prose and poetry will be read by Laurie Lane-Zucker, Gail Nelson, Sarah Becker, Anna Citrino-Hobbs, Nicole Grieco, and Lawrence Abbott.

+ **The Yeast you can do:** Next week's issue is the "How To..." See your friendly editors (Julie, Bob, Greg) for submissions and details. Off-campus students, please pick up your copy of the *Yeast* in the office Thursdays after lunch.

+ **"Speaking, he addressed her winged words."** Please check the address list posted to the right of the Office door. Make any necessary emendations. "The union of the mathematician with the poet, fervor with measure, passion with correctness, this surely is the ideal."

+ **Here's an opus you can't refuse:**

In the office we have a few copies each of *House Made of Dawn* and *Winter in the Blood*. You don't have to be in the Native American Lit class to purchase them. The prices can't be beat; beat the rush; eat to the beat. Also those of you who are outstanding in this matter, *please* come in clear your accounts, like "prontoquick."

Words are these from the Elder:

"It warn't our'n faul' tha' the raf' trip was warshed out las' Fridee. Sho' makes a body weary, but we's ha' no control over Mother Nature."

+ **For Sale:** Jacques and Susanne are selling a Panasonic printer for only 25 buckaroos. If you're interested, please speak to one of them. Thank you.

+ **An Opera You Can't Refuse:** See the aforementioned faculty members if you are interested in a ticket for the evening of July 31.

+ **Mr. Mrs., Misses, MSs, and near misses**

T's: T-shirts are in. Bring in the \$9.00. First come, first served.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(A migajadita of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Thursday, 1 de August, 1991

1 1

Swami River Sez "Look into my Crystal Ball":

Returning Loafers: There will be a meeting at 4:30 today in the Great Hall for those who want information about each Bread Loaf site. Also -- application forms for each site are now in the office ... first come, first served.

+ "Rattlesnake Faculty Readings:"

Mystery Loves Company: Jacques Lezra will be reading tonight, August 1st, at 10:00 p.m. at the Quad between the dorms. See you there in the square or in the commons if the weather dictates. We didn't say erudite, we said Pacifico Light! **BYOB**

+ **Don't Let This Slide By:** On Tuesday night the 6th we will have a summer recap with a slide show presented by Laurie Lane-Zucker. Room 109, 7:30 p.m.

+ **Faculty only please read:**
Grades are due by Thursday,
August 8th, 12:00 p.m. Student

evaluation forms are also in your boxes.

+ **Day Trippers, Take Heed:** On Friday, August 2nd, we will be going to Pecos National Monument, about 25 miles from Santa Fe. We'll leave at 1 p.m. from the front of Peterson Student Center. Cars--and drivers--would be appreciated. **Please sign up in the Office as soon as possible, or quicker!**

+ **Very Important reminder, reminder, reminder:** You must sign up for the graduation banquet. People on the meal plan will not be charged extra; people not on the meal plan--and guests--will be charged \$8.75. All sign up now so you are not sighing later. **This includes seniors! We need an accurate count.**

+ *Bread Loaf News* editor Leslie Owens will be here August 3rd through August 6th interviewing faculty members about the Santa Fe program. She also wants to talk to recipients of the Clemson/Bread Loaf Writing Program Grants.

+ **More Very Important Senior Banquet info:** All who are attending the banquet, please come to the office to

arrange the logistics of your tables; Larry looks forward to helping you in this matter.

+ **Splendid in the Grass:** The Bread Loaf/Robert Frost/Santa Fe Picnic will be held next Tuesday, the 6th, out by the tennis courts, commencing at 5:00 p.m. Folks who are not on the meal plan will be charged \$5.75.

+ **Faculty and students and seniors only, please read: More splendiferousness:** Bread Loafers will have the time of their lives at *Casa Lujan* in Nambe this Saturday, August 3rd. Mrs. Lujan's A-One, Outta This World, Are You Kidding Me? This Is The Best I Ever Had Chile, Can I Have Some More Water? *Ice Water*, Toe-Curlin', Foot-Stompin' chile will be served. Alimentary, my dear Watson. We'll leave at 4:30 from the front of the Student Center; cars--and drivers--will be much appreciated. Leave your John Hancock in the Office, or better yet, **Sign Up Soon like by Thursday**; we need another count, Monte Cristo.

+ **Writers/poets/muses/and amuses:**

Yes, it's on -- another Blue Parlor West reading; this time in the Senior Commons at the Peterson Student Building, Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Prose and poetry will be read by Laurie Lane-Zucker, Gail Nelson, Sarah Becker, Anna Citrino-Hobbs, Nicole Grieco, and L. Abbott.

+ **Off-Campus Students:** Please stop by the Office to pick a Bread Loaf/Santa Fe evaluation form.

+ **Here's an opus you can't refuse:**

In the office we only have a couple of copies each of *House Made of Dawn* and

Winter in the Blood. You don't have to be in the Native American Lit class to purchase them. The prices can't be beat; beat the rush; eat to the beat. Also, those of you who are outstanding in this matter, *please* come in clear your accounts, like "prontoquick."

Words are these from the Elder:

"Let's do it."

+ **Final Clearance Sale:** Jacques and Susanne are selling a Panasonic printer for only 25 buckaroos. If you're interested, please speak to one of them. Thank you.

+ **Mr. Mrs., Misses, MSs, and near misses**

T's: T-shirts are in. Bring in the \$9.00. First come, first served.

Bread Loaf/Santa Fe News

(A migajaditita of a Crumb)



The Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College
at St. John's College
Tuesday, 6 de August, 1991

1 2

"Well, it's crying time again, you're gonna leave me ... I can see that far away look in your eye ..."
What? The last week of Bread Loaf/Santa Fe -- 1991, the last issue *BL/Santa Fe News*, the last trip to Evangelo's Wednesday night after all is said and done, the last summer for seniors ... game, set, match. "Happy Trails to you, until we meet again..." Head 'em out, *y den le gas! Adios.*

Swami River Sez. "Look into my Crystal Ball":

Returning Loafers: *Please* turn in your application forms or else; we need to get them to Vermont.

"Department of redundancy department":

1.1. Please Please turn turn in in your your evaluation evaluation forms forms, or or else else!! Your comments on the Santa Fe Program and your course evaluations will be much appreciated.

2.2. Enough already. Check out time is 9:30 a.m. Friday -- breakfast will be served. Linen can be left in your pillow case in your room, but room keys MUST be turned in to the Conference Center Office.

3.3 Please check the banquet seating chart in the BL office for your seat assignment. It will also be posted at the Great Hall Thursday.

4.4 If you have any books checked out from the University of New Mexico Library, please return to the office.

5.5 Don't make her Waite: Inga, St. John's librarian, says, "Would you please ask Bread Loaf students to return their books to the library?" SO -- *please* return your books today or after you no longer need them or sooner, or else!

6.6 Jimmy Olsen, boy reporter, says: "Senior and class pictures will be available in the office for your dining and dancing pleasure on Wednesday morning."

+"Rattlesnake Faculty Readings:"

Thank you, *Gilmore.*

Thank you, *Jean.*

Thank you, *Mike.*

Thank you, *Ken.*

Thank you, *John.*

Thank you, *Arnold.*

Thank you, *Deirdre.*

Thank you, *Jacques.*

+ Faculty only please read:

Grades are due by Thursday, August 8th, 12:00 p.m. Please find grade reports, student evaluation forms, and comment forms in your boxes.

+ Very Important ticketron info:
Senior banquet tickets must be purchased in the office. Please do this no later than Wednesday.

-- Another blue light/blue plate special: **CHEAP PLANE TICKETS** --
One way, Albuquerque to LaGuardia, for sale. American Airlines, Sunday, August 18th. Best offer accepted. See Laurie Lane-Zucker.

+ Editor Leslie Owens enjoyed her stay. Thanks for helping her out. Look for the BL/Santa Fe article in *Bread Loaf News*.

+ Splendid in the Grass:

The Bread Loaf/Roberto Frosto/Santa Fe Picnic will be held today, the 6th, out by the tennis courts, commencing at 5:00 p.m. It will be in the coffee shop if weather dictates. Folks who are not on the meal plan, please pay \$5.75 in the office before the picnic.

+ **Off-Campus Students:** Please stop by the Office to pick a Bread Loaf/Santa Fe evaluation form.

+ T's: There are a few T-shirts left. Avoid the rush.

+ One more senior announcement if you can stand it: Please purchase your cap, gown, and hood in the BL office now. You'll have time to press it.

Senior festivities Schedule

Thursday, August 9th, 1991
BreadLoaf/SantaFe's
First Commencement

5:30 - 6:15, cocktail party, **Junior Commons Room**

6:15 - 7:15, banquet, **Great Hall**

7:30 --, commencement, **Meem Plaza**

Words are these from the Elder:

"Thanks to all who have made this such an exciting and memorable summer. We've done it!"



Editors for this issue:
Keith Younker
Jane Gamage
Steve Grundmeier
Layout: Jessie Robbins

Some of the names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

Thursday, July 11, 1991
Bread Loaf School of English
at Santa Fe
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

CLOSE TO THE SURFACE

One evening this past spring, twenty senior girls gathered in the gym for graduation from "Model Mugging," a course designed to empower women by training them to fend off an attacker. Attendance was by invitation only, and the ceremony consisted of a demonstration by the girls of the movements and reactions they had learned. The attacker wore a padded football helmet, arm and shoulder pads, extra-strength groin protection, and specially padded shoes. This outfit, contained within enormous overalls, allowed the women to really hit, gouge, kick, elbow and punch the would-be attacker. He no longer looked like that nice man who was teaching them so they were not afraid to hurt him.

The director of the program, a young woman, prefaced the graduation with a warning that the assaults were as realistic as possible, and what we were about to see was not only going to be difficult for us to watch, but it was also very emotional and difficult for the girls. We were asked to yell encouragement from our seats. As a warm-up, she had us stand, stomp our feet once and yell "NO!"

With that, the demonstrations began. One by one, the girls lay on the floor and fought off the attacker from the ground, they then defended themselves from a frontal attack, and finally they broke free when the attack came from behind.

When this alien in overalls picked up and threw down these girls for the first two types of attack, I, like the rest of the audience, was shocked at the violence of the assault, and then moved by the power of the young women as they fought back. The stands full of boyfriends, teachers, parents, and friends cheered the young women as they elbowed, kneed, and kicked the attacker into the fetal position of defeat. To seal the victory, the girl would then stomp and yell "NO!" as we had done earlier.

In the demonstration of the final technique, the attacker grabbed the first girl from behind. The shock registered on her

face much as it must have registered on mine nine years ago. Involuntarily, I began to sob. The woman next to me, a fellow teacher, squeezed my shoulder and said, "I know. Me too." I shook my head, unable to look up. I thought she meant she was also moved. She said, "It happened to me, too. Look at them, though. Watch them. They win."

Cupping my hands around my eyes like blinkers, I hunched forward, elbows on knees, and watched. Twenty times I was grabbed from behind; for seven I looked away. I thought how lucky they were, and bitterly considered how differently I would have reacted had I been trained like this. Then Carrie, a coxswain and the student who had invited me, approached the wrestling mat. She moved across the floor; the man walked lightly behind her for a few steps, then lunged forward, pinned her arms to her side, and dumped her to the ground, landing on top of her. For a moment, she did nothing; I remained hunched, clenched, and waiting. The attacker shifted his weight and started to roll her from her side onto her back. A roaring "NO!" issued from Carrie as she drove her elbow into his eye. I twitched with her reaction, and my shoulders relaxed as she stood over him. I watched the rest of the ceremony in a daze.

I went home that evening and collapsed into bed. In the lucid exhaustion that follows a hard cry, I marvelled at how close to the surface that memory had lived for nine years, and putting it to rest, I slept.

Jean Klingler

JOE

Cindy was always the pretty one, Tammy was always the one with the right answers but who did no homework, Blake was the cute one with an answer for everything at the wrong moment and Joe was the bad ass.

"Just wut wud you do if I took this knife un stuk it in yor stomuk?"

"I'd probably bleed all over the floor, then, I would struggle down to the principal's office; he would call the police and you would be locked away for life. Did I mention that I have four hundred thousand dollars worth of liability insurance and fourteen lawyers at my disposal? While you were rotting in prison, I'd own everything your parents had for the rest of your and their lives."

It was not an auspicious beginning to a career I had planned since the third grade.

Period seven was not every teacher's nightmare; it was the kind of class that even escaped dreams. They weren't all bad kids and they weren't even all underachievers. They were bored with each other. Since the third grade the same kids had been in the same English class.

The group had been together so long that each one had assumed a position and each year perfected it until no one dared trespass or try something different. Everyday the cast of characters played the same roles assigned to them and finely honed their performances until the characters became the actors. It would have been so simple to manipulate every situation in the classroom and to make it appear that a major educational miracle was taking place.

It didn't work that way. I was a first-year teacher, and I was going to make sure that every kid in that class could define, use and love predicate nouns. They were going to write the perfect sentence and become breathless with the possibility of recognizing anapestic octameter. The tears were going to flow after hearing about Pip and they were going to feel the same anger I did for Cassius. At the end of the year a flawless comparative analysis was going to be the result of an independent reading of two novels.

All except for Joe.

Joe hated grammar and graphically showed his disgust by drilling a hole through his book with a drill press. He only became breathless when he dropped his, or someone else's, pencil to look up Cindy's regularly inviting skirt. Joe made fun of Pip, calling him a "faggot" and laughed about a character from Shakespeare being named after a boxer. The only writing he was ever going to do was on the desk and this took the form of penises with teeth.

But Joe didn't fool me. I knew that someone so consistently hated by all of the teachers, the principal, the superintendent and three of the board members had to have charisma, and I was going to get under that facade.

I learned from a less belligerent cousin that Joe lived with brother who he called his dad because the natural one had committed suicide after the mother ran away with someone from a traveling circus. Joe looked different from his relatives. The whole family had blonde hair and blue eyes; Joe was very dark, almost gypsy-like with curly black hair and olive complexion.

Everyday was a different struggle.

"No, Joe, you cannot throw away your book."

"Yes, class, he is coming back from the bathroom eventually because he dropped his cigarettes and they are under the desk."

"No, I am not gay because I am single."

"Joe, why do you think Dickinson chose to be alone? That's exactly right. Now put away the knife."

There were, in those days, moments of shocking insight, of clarity behind those eyes when he was speaking of the difficulties of being an orphan and of the justification for the man who corrupted Hadleyburg. His writing never improved but at least the teeth disappeared and he eventually stopped stealing other student's pencils, choosing instead to use the ones in my desk.

The last day of that year, as I was thinking over the successes and failures, Joe came up to me with the same look in his eyes that he had when he had threatened me with the knife.

"This is it," I thought, "and no detention in sight."

Putting his muscular arm around me and pinning both my arms with his, he smiled, "Yah know, teach? I thought you wuz going to be a real son of a bitch at the beginning, and you wuz. But yah let me breathe; have a nice summer. Oh, if you need some new tars..."

Twenty-one years later, a plump shy little girl walked up to my desk, the first time she had initiated a conversation in four and a half months. "Do you remember Joe Fleck?" she said followed with a nervous grin.

"I certainly do!" Then with a surprise, "Are you related to him?"

"I'm his daughter. I was afraid that all the stories he used to tell me about his time in school were true so I never mentioned who I was.."

We stood there and laughed, reminiscing over days she could not have known. She also could not have known that what I remembered most was learning to breathe with Joe.

Keith Younker

GAYLORD

Gaylord wasn't the brightest dog on our block, but then I wasn't the smartest high school freshman either. It bothered me that I didn't know what the formula was for figuring out the circumference of a circle or how to make it with Judy Hough. I really wanted to be smart and I really wanted to French kiss Judy Hough. But maybe that's why Gaylord and I spent so much time together. We could make each other feel better and Gaylord didn't know anything about French kissing.

Gaylord showed up in my backyard one Sunday morning. It wasn't like a Lassie rerun, where the dog somehow instinctively knew my life would soon be full of turmoil and pain. Gaylord was hungry and was rifling through our garbage can. He smelled like wet hay, and his dog-brown fur balled like an old polyester sweater. Frightened and uncertain of each other, we stared into each others' black-brown eyes. Then, without reason or malice, I threw the garbage sack I was carrying at him. With wet lettuce hanging from his ears, he scuttled to a corner of the garage, cowering and shaking. His droopy eyes watered up with fear. I convinced my mom to let me keep him.

The next morning, another intruder, this one not wanted, shoved his way into my life. He was sitting at the formica kitchen table, relaxed and comfortable, drinking coffee, the steam from his cup swirling with the smoke from his cigarette. His angular-chiseled face was wrinkled and hardened. His thin hair was peppered with streaks of gray and he had a bit of a belly, although he tried to hide it by pulling his pants up over it. He introduced himself as I would always know him. "I'm Mick." I had heard this voice before. It was the wanton voice I had often heard coming from my mom's bedroom late at night when my dad was on duty at the naval base. I had often wondered what the voice looked like. Now I knew. Mick became my step-dad.

Mick and I were sitting on the couch watching a football game on T.V. It was Sunday and nothing was being said. I was combing my hair straight down to look like Paul McCartney. My hair was long, hanging just below the eyebrows.

"Fuckin' hippie!"

Without warning, he slapped me across the face with the back of his hand, his wedding ring ripping the corner of my mouth. Blood dripped onto the glasstopped coffee table, pooling into amoeba-like shapes. I coiled inward like a poked sea anemone; my eyes glazed with hate and hurt. Mick lit a cigarette and changed the channel.

I slowly rose from the couch, my throat choked with fear, and left, never saying anything.

Once outside, I ran to the garage, hurdling three stairs, then four, lengthening my leap each time. Gaylord would be there, curled in the corner asleep, sunlit dust filtering through the garage window, floating over his head. Hearing me approach, his watery brown eyes would pop open, his ears pointing upward like two wooden fence pickets. He would roll on his side, stretching his short fat legs, his tail swishing and thumping. I would go and lie on the grainy cement floor next to him and burrow my face into his quilted fur.

My mother never permitted herself to understand the truth about Mick. When I told her about what had happened, she stared vacantly over my head, as if there were somebody more important standing behind me, never uttering a word. Status-quo was paramount to my mom, so as long as the clothes were washed and ironed, the house was cleaned on Saturday, and we had chicken, potatoes, and applesauce cake for dinner on Sunday, everything was fine.

One day I had come home late from school. Mick's beige El-Camino was already parked in the two-car garage. I noticed a new bumper-sticker on the back bumper: "American, and Proud of It!" Gaylord was sleeping under the workbench, his tail curled under his two back paws. He lifted his head just enough to acknowledge my presence.

As I passed the living room's picture window, I could see Mick sitting attentively, staring at the T.V.

"Black sonofabitch is finally dead! The bastard who shot 'im should get an award...a purple heart or something."

Martin Luther King had been assassinated.

Mick laughed as I darted up the stairs to the garage.

Shaking with hate and fear, I snatched Gaylord's leash from a hook in the garage and clumsily attached it to his collar. I had to get away from the house of status-quo. Without a destination, Gaylord and I ran for blocks, alternat-

ing the lead.

Gaylord began to lag behind, his mouth dripping saliva. I tugged on his leash, encouraging him to continue. But he couldn't.

We stopped at an embankment overlooking a new housing development. The unpainted houses were framed and sided. Several of the houses had windows leaning against their exterior walls, ready for installation the next day. I looked for the biggest rocks I could throw. I threw rock after rock, shattering as many windows as I could. I threw rocks until I couldn't find anymore.

I didn't go home that night. Gaylord and I slept in one of the new houses. My mom and stepfather weren't too concerned because they never came looking for us. Gaylord was my pillow that night and I was his blanket, and I dreamed about French kissing Judy Hough.

Steve Grundmeier

ECHO

It's just my parents and me, drenched in the last sun of a late summer day: August, 1970. No one remembers who took the picture.

Dad, very handsome—slim, dark-tanned, in a beige Lacoste and tennis shorts—stands on the right, grinning proudly, left arm around Mom's waist. His right hand, covered by the cooking glove, rests next to the utensils on the flagstone surface of the concrete grill base. Behind us, the intricate wooden fence that's long since gone bounds the edge of the property and fronts the now dying evergreens, then barely taller than Dad, not yet the towering, impressive specimens they'd become.

The grill holds perfectly aligned rows of shish kabob. Skewered chunks of chicken and steak with cherry tomatoes, green and red peppers, small onions, whole mushrooms: the colors, even in this old photograph, are tantalizingly vivid.

Mom is a picture of health, sun bleached blond hair pulled straight back over the top in the old style. Her smile is broad, pure, full of satisfaction. Her left arm rests easily around the tops of my little shoulders, which barely reach her waist.

My hands dangle at my sides. I am also darkly tanned, and my hair is nearly white. My wiry top half is uncovered; my "outy" is prominent. The string of my bathing suit hangs through the leg of my suit toward my right knee and a band-aid covers my right index finger. I'm wearing a pair of new leather sandals. And my squinted expression is quizzical, even suspicious. No smile.

Perhaps I am displeased at being required to stand still for the photograph. But my parents look happier than I've ever seen them. Absent from their faces are any signs of stress, of financial worries, of the sadness of watching their own parents die, of the inevitable symptoms of their own physical decline; no hint of dissatisfaction, of marital strife, of the coming problems with us kids...

Three Christmases ago, my father had surprised me with a framed enlargement of this favorite picture from our extensive collection of family albums. I'd often lingered over it, feeling it captured something intangibly significant.

Now, the old family photo in a cheap wooden, antique looking gold frame and a weathered, sadly misshapen child's sandal sat side by side on a little end table. Visitors rarely had failed to notice the picture: "Is that you and your folks?" they'd ask with a smile. Then their attention would shift to the sandal: half-rotten, half-petrified leather and thick rubber sole, dried out and curled like something washed up on the beach. "What's the deal with the crusty sandal?"

My leave-of-absence meant storing all my belongings. I wondered what to do with these last items to be packed away. I felt like they should go with me; but that would be impractical—they were just symbols of some romanticized vision of my childhood.

As I cleaned up the large apartment, the music echoed in the cavernous open space. I didn't remember an echo when I'd moved in. It seemed haunting now. Later in the afternoon, a friend called—my last incoming call—to wish me well, and I listened to my own voice reverberating among the empty walls. "Are you sad?" she'd inquired. "No," I'd lied, "but the echo in here makes me feel kind of dislocated, you know?" Then I telephoned the phone company and told them to disconnect me, and no, no information to add to the standard "this number is no longer in service" recording.

Five-thirty the next morning, birds chirping, sun not quite up as I packed the car, pockets of chilly, moist air like cool ocean currents drifted up from the valley and across the grounds. Finally, everything I'd need for the next year or more was in or on my Subaru. Leaving off all my keys in an envelope and hoping to avoid any more goodbyes, I crept quietly off campus. A fog hung over Farm Road. Everything over 800 pristine acres was dead still. As I looked back departing the winding, tree-lined drive, my thoughts reverted again to the now stored picture and the sandal . . .

Some time not long after the picture was taken, I was frolicking in the lush green grass near a very large maple that dominated that section of the property, playfully tossing one of my tiny sandals up high in the air and attempting to catch it as it returned to earth—sort of a test of gravity—when, on the last toss, it caught on a thin branch. A tiny branch, with just a few baby leaves—not so high up, at a height to which I had climbed routinely. But when I climbed up there, the thing was so far out I couldn't reach it. And when I shook and shook the branch, the sandal would jump and quiver but not fall. Not even my father's various poles and trimming tools could help.

For years afterward, long after my foot had outgrown the blessed thing and the sandal's twin had been discarded, I was still trying. Nothing could retrieve that sandal. Each year I marveled at how thick that little branch had grown and how, even as the branch became seemingly thicker than any man's ankle, the sandal stretched and clung tenaciously.

As I drove out the stone gates away from McDonogh, my school for twelve years, my job and home of the last four years, I smiled to think of the day not long ago when I looked up into that huge maple and could no longer find the sandal. In the shade of that massive tree, I scanned the myriad branches until I felt dizzy, but the damned thing was nowhere to be seen! Then I looked down at my feet: and there it was.

Jeff Sindler

ASSERTIONS OF LIFE

Flying into Nulato this winter I saw a moose. It stood still, undisturbed by the whine of the plane, belly deep in snow in the middle of an unnamed lake, a brown smudge of life in a world of gray and white. It seemed frozen like a hastily drawn figure in the center of an immense white canvas framed in spruce gray. By squinting my eyes against the winter glare and pressing my forehead against the cold, vibrating window of the 207, I could just make out its tracks wandering back into the leafless willows guarding the lake shore.

If memories could capture life, like pictures in a gallery, I would frame this memory and hang it on the wall. It would be the last in a series of three. The first memory would be of my dad, sitting beside me in the old Rambler, laughing and shaking his head, as he stared at the Saab I had just rammed through the garage door. "I guess you need another lesson," he said. The second would picture Melissa, the first time I held her, new born, with her black hair standing straight up like Don King's—10 pounds of sleeping poetry that I could heft in my hands. The third would show the moose on the lake.

The significance of the first two memories is almost trite—the love of a son for a father, the love of a father for a daughter. But I cannot articulate the meaning of the third. I tried to describe it to a friend, telling her that if I could somehow capture in a poem all of the emotional reverberations of this memory, it would become the quintessential poem of winter—loneliness and cold enshrined in words. In her reply she included a dried yellow flower; a piece of "God's poetry" she called it. It sat on my desk for a few days until a student crumbled it to dust between his fingers. My poems, like the dust from the flower, are dim reflections of "God's poetry." Like my memories and the tracks wandering from the willows, they are only temporary assertions of life.

Bob Davis

FRIENDS

One hazy July afternoon I finished my supper and tried to run out of the house before my mother and father could start tearing into each other again. But just before I got out the door my mother yelled, "Stay right there." That usually meant I was getting sucked into one of their fights. She went into the closet and came out with a brand new whiffle ball bat. It was a gift from my aunt. I grabbed the bat and bolted out the door before I could get into any trouble.

After cutting through my neighbor's backyard and over one fence, I was in front of Tommy's house. All the guys were waiting there. Everyday after supper we played whiffle ball until the streetlight came on. We could never remember who won the night before and most of the time the game would end in a fight, but it never stopped us from playing. A manhole cover was home plate; Tommy's mailbox was first; second was the pothole in front of Baldino's; and a telephone pole was third. We inherited this field from older brothers, who were now too old to play.

Tommy and my next door neighbor, Nicky O'Brien, were the best players, so they were the captains. Even though it was known throughout the neighborhood that I stunk, Tommy would still take me on his team. I could catch the ball, but I couldn't hit it.

Finally, after the mandatory twenty minute argument about something or other, we started the game. During the bottom of the first inning, Tommy's father came out to watch us. He eventually asked us if he could be the official pitcher. We were confused because no one's father ever did anything with us. Either they were working, or fighting with our mothers, or beating "sense" into one of their kids. But Tommy's father was different. He was away for seven or eight years and ever since his return home he never left the house.

We were losing by two runs as the streetlight started to come on. It would be our last chance to win the game. Tommy was up. His father threw him a fast ball right down the middle. Tommy swung and missed. The next pitch was a curve. He extended his arms and didn't come near it. His father fingered the ball until he had the grooves positioned just right. It was a slow breaking curve. Tommy stuck out his tongue and peppered the ball off old-man Theis' house. It was a triple.

It was my turn. Most of the time I was an easy out, but tonight I was three for four, with a double. My new oversized bat gave me confidence. I knew I could get a hit. I squared off at the manhole cover and waited for the pitch. I fouled it back. Tommy's father wound up and stopped in the middle. He pointed at a car headed towards us. We moved to the side, the car cut through the middle of us and screeched to a halt. Two men jumped out. Both had dark suits on and one had a gun. At the same time the side doors of the van kicked open and two men in overalls ran out. One had a gold badge. They pinned Tommy's father to the hood of the car and handcuffed him. Tommy ran to help him, but one of the men grabbed him from behind and pulled his arms back. He cried out to me, "Hit him with the bat. Hit him with the bat." I froze for a long second, the bat dropped to the ground. Without looking back I ran home.

I threw open the dented door and charged up the stairs two at a time. There was a little hole between my bed and the wall where I would hide when I was in trouble. I slid back there. In the darkness of the hole I saw Tommy with his arms in back of him. I knew I never wanted to see him again. My mother came up late that night, she sat on the bed and said in a soft voice, "Just because his father is bad, it doesn't make Tommy bad." I realized that was not what bothered me.

The next day Tommy came over with my bat, but I couldn't face him. I was ashamed that I had run away from my friend when he needed me.

Mike Ricci

YIANNIS

I knew him only as Yiannis. He was a portly Greek fruit vendor in Houston, Texas who rented the apartment above his garage to my parents. I was not much older than six and though my recollections of him are limited, those which have

survived are vivid. What I do recall is a raspy voice, thick with accent, call my name when he returned from work on those oppressively sultry summer afternoons. "Matheos! Matheos!" he called gazing up to our apartment. I would run to the window and see him standing in his backyard brandishing a piece of fruit as if it were his greatest possession. "Yiannis!" I called back and scurried down the stairs which ran along the outside of the garage to meet him. Yiannis then hoisted me up into his arms, his grinning face revealing decades of neglected teeth, and handed me my prize. Sometimes it was a peach, sometimes an apple or sometimes a pear. Whatever the fruit, Yiannis, in his most earnest voice, told me how he selected this fruit specially for me. He said it was the finest of all the fruits on his stand that day, and that he refused countless offers by customers to purchase it telling them it was reserved for a special friend. I always laughed at his story and delivered a kiss directly to his bulbous nose and then, with both hands, raised the fruit reverently to my lips.

My only other clear recollection of Yiannis was at his wake. The evening I spent there was, for me, a childhood memory of such visual and emotional clarity that the many intervening years have done little to dull its impression. I have no knowledge of the circumstances surrounding his death, only the sights, smells and sounds of grief. It was customary for Greeks at that time to have the body of the deceased shown in the home, rather than in a funeral parlor. Yiannis' casket was displayed in the dining room which was located between the kitchen and living room. As was also the custom, all Greek women who were in any way related to the widow mourned with her. Yiannis' wife was named Katina. She was a small shriveled woman in her late sixties with hair and eyes rivaling the shiny blackness of obsidian. Her shoulders were extremely stooped as if to bear witness to the countless burdens she carried over the years; the death of Yiannis being the heaviest.

The women gathered in the living room. They were dressed exclusively in black and the starkness of white handkerchiefs appeared against the monolithic circle of mourners like lonely stars. They wore no make-up and most had their hair pulled back severely or flattened out under hair nets. The room solemnly resonated with whispered conversations and intermittent weeping. Katina clutched me closely to her side; she repeated endlessly how much joy I brought to her Yiannis, and how she sensed his presence through me. This was my first experience with death and, given what I was witnessing in this room, I sensed it was not a good thing.

From my seat beside Katina, I could see across the dining room, past the opened casket, and into the kitchen. The kitchen was the domain of the men and death struck me as being a far more enjoyable experience at that end of the house. The men all huddled around a chrome and formica table, shirtsleeves rolled up, smoking cigarettes and playing cards. Periodically, a wave of laughter rolled from the kitchen into the living room, and the white-faced, red-eyed women stiffened, their faces bearing the unmistakable look of annoyance.

The persistent sobbing and Katina's tenacious embrace, began to overwhelm me, and the moment I felt it was safe, I loosed myself from my captor determined that my place was

in the kitchen with the men. To get there, I had to directly pass Yiannis' casket which I had only been permitted to view from the threshold in the living room. The casket occupied a good portion of the dining room and the large oak table I had eaten at so many times was removed. The dining room chairs were arranged in a semi-circle facing the casket and served as seating for those paying Yiannis their final respects.

The room was dark except for the numerous candles flickering on the credenza now functioning as a makeshift altar. My intended destination drifted from my memory like the ribbons of smoky incense which wafted about the room. All my attention was now focused on Yiannis whose familiar profile, complete with bulbous nose and bushy catapillar eyebrows, was discernible from where I stood. I approached the casket slowly, filled as much with wonder as with fear. At the foot of the casket was a low cushioned bench the adults used to kneel and pray, but which I used as a footstool to raise myself to a height that provided me a full view of Yiannis. What I saw was startling. It was Yiannis all right, but there were some disturbing differences. His hair, which usually looked freshly slept on, was neatly coiffed and glistened with hair oil. The navy blue suit he wore was new and lacked the character supplied by the coffee stains and the patina from frequent pressings that his gray church suit possessed. But what seemed most unnatural was the way Yiannis had been packed into a white shirt and tie. Rolls of wrinkled flesh poured over the heavily starched collar, and I wished to somehow free Yiannis from that restrictive noose. Despite these personally offensive incongruities Yiannis looked serene and the soft dancing light of the candles made his complexion glow with a vitality one does not associate with the marble-like pallor of a corpse.

Earlier that evening my mother told me that Yiannis was asleep. When I asked when he would awake, she gently pushed the hair back from my eyes and answered, "Never." So now, on tip toe, I leaned closer to Yiannis to see for myself whether, in fact, he was asleep. I searched his entire countenance for a clue but, even with my eyes straining to see in the muted light, I could not detect even the slightest movement. If he was asleep, I reasoned, he could be awakened and so slowly, but deliberately, I extended my right hand and pushed gently against his cheek. My hand whipped back suddenly as if I had touched an open flame; it was not, however, a burning that I felt, but rather an unforgettable chill. I stumbled back from the casket, my body welling up with terror and my eyes with tears of sadness. It was then I understood that I would never see Yiannis again. The rest of the evening I spent on the lap of my father holding him as tightly as Katina held me. As we prepared to leave, I remember taking the finest pear from the bowl on the kitchen table and placing it carefully in the casket next to Yiannis.

Matthew Fontis

Oyome-San (Daughter-In-Law)

I vaguely remember the shrill air raid signals coming over the radio, warning of an impending attack, and everybody dropping everything they were doing to scurry into the bomb

shelter carved out of a hillside. I remember more vividly my grandmother clutching me under the persimmon tree and admonishing me to stay near the trunk of the tree so that the Americans flying overhead would not spot us.

I remember my mother, bustling about on the dirt floor of my grandparents' kitchen, trying to make the most of the meager ingredients she could gather from the garden, the chicken coop, and the neighborhood. As the daughter-in-law of the household, she cooked, cleaned, worked in the fields, and waited on the rest of the family. Being the only child of the oldest son, I was oblivious to the scarcity of food and particularly to the fact that my mother, the least privileged person in the household, had very little to eat.

I remember the rice planting season. I would huddle under the umbrella and watch my mother in a conical straw hat plant short stalks of rice in a field that was knee deep in muddy water. She'd bend over in the mud, carefully placing the small plants in rows, one by one. At the end of the day, she and others would come back to the house, soaking wet, with leeches clinging to their legs and blood trickling down their calves.

I remember the bone chilling winters when the frigid air would seep through the cracks and the thin walls of the house. Mom would fill the wooden tub with water from the well and then go outside to build a fire under the tub. The water would slowly heat up. The head of the family was the first in the tub, then the oldest son, and on down to the daughter-in-law. For the adults, the harshness of life was mitigated, ever so slightly, by the daily soaking of their bones in the steaming water and snuggling in bed under two or three heavy futons while the winds howled outside.

I like to think that the war that had hovered so close to where we lived had little impact on my life. But it was not so. I was to learn much later that the course of my life and that of my mother were dramatically changed by the war. My mother dropped a bomb of her own on me when I was twenty-one-years old.

It was 1965. We were living in Hayward, California by then, my parents, brother, and I. I was in college, and my brother David, a few years my junior, was contemplating joining the army.

"Come here for a minute," Mom said one day as she motioned me to her room and closed the door. Oh, no, I thought. What now? She looked shaken, worried. Her eyes looked glassy; she avoided my eyes.

"What's the matter, Mom?"

"David took his birth certificate for the army today. You know, the father's name on your birth certificate isn't the same as the father's name on his birth certificate. I thought I'd better tell you about it."

I was stunned. I looked down at the document she held in her hand. It said, "Father's name: Yoshio Tanaka." I didn't recognize the name. She looked pained but forced herself to explain.

"You see, I was almost 30 years old and living in Tokyo," she began slowly. "My father told me to get married, and there was this man, a good man, who they introduced me to. We got married and lived in Yokohama. You were born, and then when you were two years old, he was drafted into the

Japanese army even though he was an American citizen. It was wartime, and citizen or not, the men had to go. Your grandfather came and took you and me to live on the farm in the south. Then he (Yoshio) died of tuberculosis. One day someone from the government came to the farm with a box of ashes and told us that he had died. You don't remember, do you?"

I shook my head, dumfounded. She took a breath and wiped her eye.

"So your grandparents didn't know what to do with me. They wanted to keep you, but they didn't want me. They told me to go find someone else or go back to my own family. I left you once and went back to my family, but my father said that that was not a good thing to do. He said that I should stay with my child. So I returned to the farm and wouldn't leave. Finally, your grandparents arranged for me to marry the younger brother, Harry."

Sensing my horror at the incredible turn of events, she continued.

"It was wartime. Things like this were happening to other people; it didn't seem that bad. We were surviving the best we could. The family had to stay together. Anyway, it was so long ago that it all seems like a dream."

My stomach had come unglued. Mom was silent. I felt

badly for her. I felt badly for the cruel fate that she had suffered. The words formed a lump in my throat and stayed there. Turning away, she wiped her eye once more and went downstairs to cook dinner.

Hearing the "truth" raised many questions in my mind. What if Yoshio had lived? What if Mom had been allowed to marry someone she chose? What if Harry had been allowed to marry someone he chose? Mom has never mentioned Yoshio since that conversation, but my aunts on a few occasions have told me what a wonderful man he was or have alluded to the fact that Mom had actually loved him.

I'm tempted to look at these early events through contemporary feminist eyes and say that Mom should have stood up for herself back in 1946, that she should have done what she wanted to do and to hell with everyone else. But I have to remind myself that life didn't work that way in that time and place. In the old country, one did not live to please oneself. Choices were limited. One had to make personal sacrifices for the good of the social order, especially in the face of death and destruction.

Perhaps that is a part of the legacy that she has left me, for as I grow older, considerations of family, duty, and obligation have taken on a new importance.

Name Withheld

THE TIGER

A yellow tiger walks through the snow,
leaving tracks, leaving no tracks,
leaving the hunter searching
for a story to tell.

I grew up a child of the Sierra Nevada mountains in northern California, with a wilderness area called Granite Chief in my backyard. My brother and I spent our summers climbing rocks and sliding down green granite shoots into clear mountain pools which we called the bathtubs. We ate peanut butter and honey sandwiches on a big flat rock up the canyon, sipping on apple juice and counting the bright orange Monarch butterflies. Those summer nights were spent under the stars, as my brother and I would slide in between my parents out on the porch, and fall asleep both claiming to have seen the last shooting star of the night. My father would wake us as he brought coffee to my mother in the morning, and we would all sit and watch the sun come up. There was always the smell of coffee and the soft slurping sound my mother made as she drank. This all happened before the Bluejays began their morning screaming.

The winters were always very cold and the snow deep. There were many days when school was cancelled because the plows were unable to get through, and we children would huddle around the radio, tense and crouched, waiting for the principal to make the announcement. It always felt like Christmas on those mornings, like waiting to see what was in my stocking or under the tree. Then we would rush outside and dig tunnels and caverns in the snow around our house until we were so cold we could stand it no longer. We would rush into the house screaming, shedding snow and clothes as

we ran, yelling at our mother to start a bathtub. Maybe that is where the stories began, in a bathtub under a Sierra Nevada blizzard. But always, those snowy afternoons were filled with the sound of my father's soft, crackling voice, telling us stories of the sabre-toothed tiger.

My brother and I would scramble in the tub as soon as there was enough water to warm the cold porcelain, fighting for a position next to the faucet. The tingling would begin in my hands and feet, and I would scoop water up with my hands and splash it on my chest, shivering at the cold and warmth colliding on my skin. My brother and I wrestled and tumbled around in the bath until the water was high enough that our mother would scold us for making a mess. Then we sank back into the water, our hair floating above like lilly pads, holding our breath to see who could stay under the longest. My brother had bigger lungs than I, and I would emerge first, gasping, while my brother went on until I wondered if he was really a fish. He always came up laughing, like he had seen something under the surface that made him happy. I remember being jealous of him, not that he could stay under longer, but that he saw things that I couldn't.

Still breathing hard, we would yell for our father to come take a bath with us. It wasn't that we wanted to bathe with him, but that we knew he would begin to talk once he was in the water. We never asked him to tell us a story; it was always the bath we asked for, knowing a story would emerge with the steam and my father's toes treading the hot water.

My father would undress as we watched him from the tub, bending over finally to take off his socks. He always took off his socks last, and I remember he seemed very old to me then, crouched over, grunting as if it were an unusual act to

perform, his glasses teetering precariously on the end of his nose. I was often embarrassed that his underwear was dirty because it seemed to me at that age that dirty underwear was something one grew out of, like picking one's nose, and I was ashamed that my father was not completely grown up.

After undressing, my father would step into the tub and stand above us for a few seconds, and I remember being in awe at how tall and big he looked from down below, his groin, arms, chest, neck, and cheeks falling downward, as if he was melting. His body was covered in a mix of thick red and grey hair, and he looked to me like a smoldering giant, like a towering redwood tree about to fall in the forest. He would slide down underneath my brother and me, and we would prop ourselves up, one on each of his legs, picking and poking at his body. He would suck in one deep breath, blow out a long, long sigh, and close his eyes with his head resting on the rim of the tub. We waited patiently for him to begin, for he always did, but it took him awhile to get started, and we entertained ourselves by pulling on his toes, poking his stomach, and stretching his earlobes. I especially loved his earlobes, for they were long and elastic, and I couldn't help laughing at the way they jiggled when I let go. He never said a word as we picked at him, and I think we almost thought of him as some giant Raggedy Ann doll, a creature who felt no pain and told stories in the water.

The stories always began the same: "Once upon a time in the mountains of Squaw Valley lived three little children." My father would describe us both in detail; my brother's freckles and green question mark eyes, my big hands and feet. He made us feel like he really knew us, although looking back I wonder if he knew us better as children of fiction than as his own kids. But then his voice was soft, low, warm, and crackled like a fire, and we could hardly wait to hear what part we would play in the adventures of the sabre-toothed tiger.

The sabre-toothed tiger was a giant mountain lion with teeth like the tusks of an elephant. As a small child I pictured the sabre tooth as one of the cats from the Flintstones, the one Fred Flintstone used to throw out his stone door. Later, after museums and zoos, the tiger became more real to me, as I suppose, the stories did too. The sabre-toothed tiger lived up on the Granite Chief, in a cave that overlooked Squaw Valley. My brother and I spent many summer hours searching out that cave, both wanting and not wanting to actually find it. I guess we wondered what the sabre-toothed tiger would be like when we met him in real life, and we were afraid.

The stories were always about the three little children getting in trouble in the mountains, maybe getting caught in a blizzard while skiing. The children were kind to one another and struggled on through the snow, bunched together, until they could walk no further. They were cold and they settled under a sugarpine tree, waiting to fall asleep and die in the snow. But then out of the blinding snowdrifts would come the sabre-toothed tiger, just in the nick of time, and he would pick us up with his teeth and carry us back to his cave where he would make us hot chocolate and let us fall asleep tucked

under his furry belly. The next day he would carry us all down the mountain on his back and leave us on the flat rock behing our house. We would rush in and tell our parents, but they never believed us, even though we knew it was true.

The adventures of the sabre-toothed tiger went on for years, each bathtub containing a new variation on the same theme. Sometimes the sabre-tooth would save us from a bear, from an avalanche, from a huge black crevasse about which I always had bad dreams. Then there was the time the cable car fell in Squaw Valley, and the sabre-toothed tiger came out of the trees and saved everybody. That time he made my brother and I both heroes, as we lowered the frightened people from the broken tower. Then, years later, the cable car really fell, and the sabre toothed tiger began to fade for the first time in my life.

It was a blizzard outside that night and my father and mother were both bundling up to go help in the rescue. When my father told my brother and I to get ready we were surprised, but eager and scared. We followed the freshly cut trail up the slope of the ski hill, the cold wind stinging my face even as I tucked it in behind my father's broad back. Then there was a wailing sound which I took for the wind, but as we got closer I knew it was the people. My job was to hand out hot chocolate to the victims as they were lowered from the dangling, broken tramway. I felt good handing them something warm, knowing how cold they must have been, trapped in a blizzard for many hours. But then, last, the bodies came, and I could give them no hot chocolate to warm them. I stood there, my brother next to me, watching, and I could watch the bodies no longer, so I watched my father's cold face. For the first time I realized my father was not the doll I had grown so used to poking in the bathtub. His face looked hard, his lips steady and straight, but his eyes gave him away. There were snowflakes dangling from his eyelashes, and underneath the cornice his usual calm, hard blue had fallen off a shade, like melting ice. My brother stiffened next to me and I knew that he had seen it too. I watched my father untie the bodies from the rope and lower them to the ground in his arms, very gently, as if they were small, delicate children, and all of a sudden I knew the sabre-toothed tiger wasn't going to show up tonight. Still, I looked into the trees, hoping I was wrong, but there was only darkness and the sound of the wind blowing through the branches.

The baths continued, my father's earlobes still fascinated me, and the tiger still leapt from my father's lips. But somehow it was different for me after that night. The stories all began to seem the same, and my character really didn't seem like me at all. Finally they ended completely, when I was too big to bathe with my father anymore. Years later, when I needed the sabre-toothed tiger, I asked my father if he remembered any of the stories. But there was no hot water running, no bath big enough for the two of us, and the sabre-toothed tiger lay sleeping in his cave on Granite Chief.

Colin Chisholm



Editors for this issue:

Ned Bradford

Jean Klingler

Jeff Sindler

Layout: Jessie Robbins

Some of the names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

Thursday, July 18, 1991
Bread Loaf School of English
at Santa Fe
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

SKIN HEAD

I knew it had to be Mr. Delfonso's doing. It was his revenge for the grief I caused him in tenth grade English. Delfonso had what can euphemistically be referred to as male-pattern baldness. Ol' Chrome Dome, Skin Head, Flesh Cap, and Snow Peak are a few of the poetic descriptions I used to assault the man who tortured me with parsed sentences. For added classroom drama, I would bring in sunglasses and pretend to be blinded by the brilliant fluorescent light radiating from his glossy crown. I was relentless; I was unmerciful; I was sixteen.

Sixteen, and my body surged with hormones: I had more hair per square inch than anyone I knew. Hairy legs, hairy chest, hairy face and, yes, a hairy head. A black mane, actually, bituminous in its blackness, lengthy, lustrous and, above all, plentiful. It was the mid-sixties and hair was king. Hair became the icon of a generation. It was the symbol of youth and rebellion and the hallmark of any rock star of any consequence. It engendered songs of praise, and even a Broadway smash whose solitary title glorified its existence. Eat your heart out, Delfonso!

It wasn't until I was a junior in college that Delfonso's curse took its effect. At first the signs were subtle. There was the noticeable residue of hair that lingered in sink drains after the water had spiraled its way to oblivion. There were the ever increasing strands that clung to comb and brush. When I ran my fingers through my hair while studying, a fine rain of follicles fell upon the pages of text. Initially, my response was total denial. I recall my college roommate, Sal Esposito, remarking about the quantity of hair that littered our shared bath. "It's just the change in seasons," I replied. "What the hell are you, a German Shepherd?" he responded. In a dazzling display of specious reasoning, I even managed to convince myself that just because my father and both

maternal and paternal grandfathers were bald was no guarantee I would be. I was desperate.

I was twenty-one, had only recently tasted the fruits of the sexual revolution, and already I was finished. Samson at least had Delilah; my hair was falling of its own volition. My mother tried to console me by saying that women found bald men sexy. "Then why don't all men shave their heads," I coolly responded. Not giving any ground, she parried by offering Kojak as supporting evidence to her theory. That's just great, I thought. The best I have to look forward to is looking like Telly Savalas.

I plunged into a black despair, watching my future pass before my eyes along with numerous clumps of hair. Then, finally, a ray of hope. I was having a few beers with Sal, whose opinion on virtually every topic I considered worthless, when suddenly he began to make sense. He said, "You know, I think you're overreacting. I mean, maybe you're not going bald; maybe you're just thinning." Of course! How obvious! Yes, thinning. It made perfect sense. Someone as well carpeted as me couldn't expect to sustain such luxuriant growth forever. It was Nature's way of equalizing the situation: eliminating the weak hairs so that the remaining could thrive. Sal nodded in agreement. "Yeah," he said, "it's just like a herd of caribou." I glossed over this seeming non sequitur and nodded back. "Yeah, just like caribou."

It wasn't long before I realized that my herd was approaching extinction. I could afford self-delusions no longer; I had to seize the offensive. Again, it was Sal who came through. For my birthday, he presented me with a four ounce bottle of jojoba oil. "What the hell is jojoba oil?" I snapped. Sal took a long slug of beer and answered. "It's cactus juice. The Indians have been rubbing it in their hair for centuries." Satisfied with his reply, I watched Sal take another wallop of beer. "Does it work?" I asked. Sal placed his hand firmly on my shoulder and in a deep, earnest voice asked, "Have you ever seen a bald Indian?"

(Continued on page two)

I used Sal's jojoba oil for six months. It was much like rubbing one's scalp with cooking oil. My hair not only looked thinner, but I acquired the demeanor of a 1950's hood. When I railed at Sal about the total ineffectiveness of his "cactus juice," he calmly shrugged his shoulders and said, "I guess you have to be an Indian for it to work."

Since then I have subjected myself to scalp massage, vitamin therapy, acupuncture, herbal pastes and mental visualization. Nothing. My forehead has continued to emerge like a glistening epidermal globe. Once, in a moment of anguish, I even considered hair augmentation: a hair weave or toupee. Sal quickly rid me of that notion. He said that besides being detectable from a hovering aircraft, they all looked like rodents riding piggy back on the heads of their owners. I have now resigned myself to being among the ranks of the unclad and will bear with dignity whatever taunts and jibes are hurled at my depleted herd. You win, Delfonso.

Matthew Fontis

EDDIE AND MAE

"I don't know if I am going to remember my lines, Cindy. I really don't. You know the part where I slam my hands against the wall. What are my lines?"

Cindy looked at me, glanced at the script again, and told me.

"Right," I said. "Let's do that part again."

We ran through the lines quickly, going through the motions without the props. At the part where I was to fall off the bed, laughing hysterically, I found I couldn't laugh. I figured that when I really rolled off the bed in the scene, I might just start crying, refusing to get up from the floor. Cindy would be left sitting across the room, legs splayed, waiting for me to come over and take a swig of the bottle before smashing it on the table and accusing her of balling someone. She would get a concerned look on her face and come over, ad-libbing, "Eddie are you all right?" Then she might try to get back to the script. "No I didn't ball him," she would say fiercely to my sobbing figure.

And what if I didn't manage to lasso the bedpost? That would be convincing. When I had heard that I had to use a lasso as my main prop, I immediately had called a friend in the South and she had sent me one. I had spent two weeks lassoing everything in sight: adirondack chairs, rocks, and unsuspecting students on their way to the library. I had actually become quite good. Once, I had managed to drop two friends who were deep in conversation. Before they knew it I had pulled the knot tight around their ankles as I emerged triumphantly from behind a bush. They had screamed as they hit the ground together.

Leo wandered around the side of the barn and spotted me. "Let's see you throw that rope," he said. I coiled it, and started to swing, concentrating as hard as I could on the dusty bedpost. My shot was wide and to the left.

Before he could get a chance to comment, I said, "Leo, this isn't a really great time for you to be here. We have to do this in ten minutes." He shrugged his shoulders and hustled away.

Cindy was watching me from inside the barn. "Try it one more time, Ned. You can do it," she encouraged. "Then I think we should go in."

I looked at her, dressed in a black country skirt, trying to be so supportive. We had grown really close during the last several weeks and she understood how difficult this was for me. She was scared too.

I threw once more, certain that this would be the "telling" throw. The rope dropped neatly over the post again and I yanked it roughly, moving hand over hand to the bed. My confidence was rising.

She stood leaning up against the wooden wall, suddenly sultry in the summer evening. I could feel the sweat circles widening under my arms. She looked wonderful. At least she looked like her character was supposed to look. I straightened my bandanna and we stood looking at each other, trying to build the energy.

Just as I was steeling myself for the final time, she looked me straight in the eyes and said, "You know, you don't scare me."

I felt the bottom fall out of my character. Namby-pamby Ned with a lasso, that was what I was going to be. A full room of fellow classmates, an audience coming to watch me play Eddie in *Fool For Love*, and I didn't scare her. I had to scare her. That was where the tension in the scene was. I was the unpredictable one, the one with the dark soul. I suddenly felt very hot. The sweat began to cover my face. Without a thought, I raised my hand and brought it down hard across her cheek, that single smack filling the quiet emptiness of the barn.

She backed against the wall, her eyes filling with tears. I looked at her hard, without any expression. "Now do I scare you?" I said evenly as I leaned down to adjust my spurs.

I headed around the corner of the building and through the back door of the acting classroom. Cindy reapplied her lipstick before following me up the path.

Ned Bradford

BAKER'S BLOCK

These high mountain altitudes are wreaking havoc with my bread baking. I usually make bread at sea level. I am using the same ingredients that I use in the east—flour, salt baking soda, lard and yeast. I sift and stir until they blend together. I place the dough onto a big floured board and roll it, knead it, pat it and throw it in the air. I carefully tuck it back in its bowl, place a towel over it and wait for it to rise. Hours and hours go by and my bread still slumps in a lump at the bottom of the bowl. Finally, I can wait no longer. I toss it in a pan and pray that it will bake. My bread will not rise.

Jane Gamage

AFTERNOON AT MOM'S

"Tell them about the Mexicans," said Bill's wife, Susan.

"Naw, you go ahead, Hon, you were there, not me."

"Anyway, after Bill had shot the snake all to hell, he had to go to the the airport. I didn't know what to do, so I called animal control and told them about the snake. I could tell that the person I was talking to didn't believe me. About thirty minutes later the door bell rings and two Mexicans are standing at the door."

"What did they smell like? They all smell the same to me. Greasy," interrupted Phyllis, a former army sergeant. "I'll tell ya' what, Mexicans can get away with about anything at my school includin' murder and rape. They never come to school, but they graduate anyway." Phyllis laughed the kind of laugh when you're not sure if what you said is appropriate. "It doesn't matter if they can't speak English worth a damn, they still graduate."

"Anyway, I told them to drive around back to the arroyo. I could tell they didn't believe me when I told them how big the snake was," continued Susan. "Next thing I see out my kitchen window is these Mexicans taking Polaroid pictures of each other holding this ten-foot long snake, probably to impress their girlfriends."

"They're so macho when the snake is dead," said my mother. For the first time, I saw my grandmother in my mom.

"Must have some exotic animal collector in the neighborhood," said Claude, my stepfather.

"If you lived here, you'd know what your mother means," said Susan, turning to me, thinking I might be embarrassed by my mother's comment.

Phyllis began reminiscing about about the time she was at the house of a boyfriend who raised snakes. "There was one about this big," making a circle about the size of a dinner plate, "crawling on the kitchen floor. I must've jumped ten feet." This led into her next story about waterskiing in Arkansas. She skied into a den of water moccasins. "Just like *Lonesome Dove*," she said, trying to convince us that any snake story was tame in comparison to hers.

Susan passed the chips and dip around. Phyllis's husband, Mike, extinguished his cigarette in the cup of his hand, so he could grab a handful of chips and dip.

"Claude, what in the hell was all that screamin' the other night?" asked Bill, his t-shirt tightening around his chest, enlarging the red, white, and blue letters:

U.S.A.

There's No Place Like Home

"He's a damn wife beater," said my mother.

"That Korean beat the hell out of his wife," said Claude. "I went down there. . . guess it was about eleven. I could hear her crying and screaming in the back. I rang the doorbell; knocked on the door. I could tell she had been beaten up. When I asked there if everything was o.k., she just nodded and shut the door. You know how they are."

"Don't let me to forget to tell you all about the Japs across the street and what they did to Luke the other day," said Phyllis. "I'd like to have killed them."

"I feel so sorry for their dog," said Susan. "They put it on a twelve inch leash . . . no water in this miserable heat.

Somebody should turn them in."

"That man should be put on a leash," said my mother.

"I feel sorry for their little girl. Sweet little thing," said Bill.

"Neighborhood has turned into a regular United Nations. Got some orientals down the street, an uppity Brit in the back," my stepfather said, pointing over the backyard fence, "and a couple of Mormons up the street." Missy, Mom's teacup poodle, jumped into my lap.

"I'd be outa here," Phyllis said, sipping her third martini.

"What we need now is a family of blacks with six kids," said Claude.

"Wouldn't mind having somebody black. It's the six kids," said Bill.

My wife leaned over and whispered, "You know, you could write about this. Sounds just like some of those depressing stories you're always reading at Bread Loaf."

Steve Grundmeier

THE MAYOR OF NEWBERRY

Wham! Bobby spots me before I'm halfway through the door of Newberry Crossing, an upscale restaurant and bar in the heart of Boston. As he approaches, attired in his usual uniform: khakis hiked up too high, a badly stained white oxford shirt, triple-knotted Reebok sneakers, and, of course, his weathered Red Sox hat, I wince. Being greeted by Bobby is like being in a minor traffic accident.

"Bob-bee!"

"Hey, you gangster you!" He swaggers over from the far end of the long front bar. His crooked grin twists that ungroomed, reddish-brown mustache. "Whattuya doin', Boy?" Like I'm his son or something. Spit hits my face and arm. Before I can answer, he violently hugs and shakes me, then gives me a high five that leaves my hand numb.

"It's good to see ya, buddy!" He throws an arm around me, pulling me to him. "When d'you get into town?" The whole time I'm stealing a glance up and down the bar looking for an escape, hoping I'll recognize someone—or that he'll see someone else. No luck.

"Just now," I answer lamely, wishing I'd gone straight home. I'm searching his pimply face, past his Coke-bottle glasses, making sure he's still looking at me. He has this way of staring off over your shoulder when he's actually looking right at you. He waits for me to pick up the conversation. "Hot dang, Bob, what's with you tonight?"

But it's too late. He's already moved on, continuing his rounds. I slowly wipe the left side of my face as I follow up a half flight of stairs toward the raw bar.

I hear the slap of palms. "How 'bout those Celtics?" he blasts to the next victim. "They're goin' all the way this year."

"Yeah, baby!" Slap!

"Dee Brown's got the spark they need . . . the Chief's controlling the boards and Bird's back and lookin' good . . ." Bobby seems to know something about everything related to sports. Anybody who ever played even youth football, basketball, baseball, or hockey in our town is memorialized in

the incredible memory of Bobby Sisk. He knows where and when and how well they played. Hell, he can tell you which years, what positions all your brothers played. He could also wet his pants, if you got him too excited.

I watch as the place fills up and Bobby continues to work the crowd. Every ten minutes or so, it's back to work, picking up and shuttling the empty glasses and bottles to the back. Bob works here now. He's been here every night for so long, they've finally made him sort of a bus boy. When working he's full of concentration, all business, only occasionally, forced by interruption, pausing to offer that grin and a couple of witty words. Once, he nearly knocks me out with a case of empty bottles. But generally he's smooth as can be, for someone who always seems to be in about fiftieth gear. I watch as he floats his skinny body through tiny crevices in the flowing mobs of guests. That's another thing about Bobby: he is uncannily graceful, in a completely unorthodox way. For instance, the guy can dance like anything—all hips, loosey-goosey—in a way I never could.

The d.j.'s beginning to get cranked up now. I think I know what's up, and I'm glad I'm here, though I'm preparing to be embarrassed. I recognize a few regulars and past employees filing in in small, friendly groups. Some of them know me, I'm sure. A dark-skinned black kid who used to wash dishes approaches. He's more than six feet tall now, probably working his way through college.

I welcome a familiar face: "Tommy?"

"Yeah. Hey, T. S.!"

"What's happenin'?"

"Not much. How ya been?"

"All right. You in school?"

"Yeah, over at Yancy."

"Great."

"So, it's Bobby's birthday. I had forgotten this year. I like to be here when I can, you know." He smiles a broad smile.

"Yeah, me too. You know the scoop?" His voice lowers and I lean closer. "They gotta pizza delivery girl-stripper comin'!"

"Get out! Hah!" Quietly I wonder what Bob could possibly want with a stripper. But then I guess he really is quite the ladies' man; no woman he knows can avoid an affectionate mugging at The Crossing.

The place is packed now. I hear the old story going around: Once amidst a group of guys talking trash, Bobby chimed in with, "Hey, I got lucky last night." The conversation stopped cold, until one witty guy retorted, "Nobody gets that lucky, Bobby."

"Five minutes and counting!" howls the disc jockey, eyeing Bobby. Bob is beside himself, in a frenzy, fidgeting all over the place, dancing with no one in particular, throwing down large gulps of O'Doul's non-alcoholic beer, acting drunk. The anticipation is building, though you can tell it's not killing anyone as much as Bobby. Word of the stripper is buzzing around. I'm beginning to wonder again. But I'm also positioning myself near the front door, just across from Wild Willy Williams, our gifted sound man and host.

"One minute!" This is beginning to feel like New Year's Eve. "Thirty seconds!" The music blares as people push toward the front, jockeying for the best possible vantage

point, and more friends stream in the door. The countdown. Then Frank Sinatra.

The crowd sings Happy Birthday. Thirty-four! He hardly looks twenty-five.

All eyes on the door. At last she arrives. She is not pretty. I for one am disappointed. She is blond, but obviously not blond, in tight, very short cutoffs and a tiny vest, from which her breasts seem ready to leap out. The crowd roars its approval. She hands Bobby the pizza, and gives him a kiss, which he abashedly accepts. Then, as the music shifts gears to a heavy rock beat, his attention falls to the pizza. She has begun to dance, but he is opening the pizza box. You can see the determination and hunger in his eyes. "Can you believe that fuckin' shit?" asks a patron next to me. Just then, someone snatches the box away and not very gently turns Bobby's head in the direction of the girl, who is now gyrating immediately before him.

The people are in stitches. He looks shocked to see her still there. As she flirts, it becomes obvious that he is uncomfortable. But no one seems to mind. He doesn't know what to do. She has removed her vest and shorts to dance, practically on his lap, in her underwear. I am repulsed, but I look on. "Go Bobby, you stud!" yells a woman behind me. I'm hoping nothing happens. "Grab her ass, Bobby!" She is pressing in on him. He twists and turns, looking around.

I am compelled to act, but unsure of what to do; he looks like he might lose it. Then: he leaps up from his chair, grabs the girl around the waist and . . . proceeds to dance her all over the place. She acquiesces perfectly. They bounce around to the pulsing beat and to the whistles and laughs and cheers of the patrons, who are pleased to be getting their money's worth. As the song ends, Bobby bows and gives her a gentlemanly hug and kiss on the cheek. Cheers all around, as the girl disappears.

"What a character that guy is," the drunk to my left half-screams in my ear as the ruckus dies down.

"Yup," I return quietly. "That's my brother."

"Well, I'll be," he says. "No shit?"

Jeff Sindler

CEREMONY

I.

The Miller moths came in the late spring, before the mosquitoes and after all the grass had turned green and been cut. I had been off campus for the day, and when I walked into the dormitory that night I heard screaming and running and a strange continuous thumping sound, like small blasts of thunder. I was thinking, what the hell is going on, since it was eleven o'clock and all the kids should have been in bed by that time. I went up the stairs, turned the corner into the long hall of Penrose East, and stopped in my tracks, trying to decipher what it was all about. There were small grey moths everywhere, so thick that my skin crawled and I thought instantly of Hitchcock's film about all those birds that try to take over the world. Among all these moths were twenty or so boys, naked except for their underwear, running around with their shoes in their hands, jumping into the air to smash the

moths against the white walls with their topsiders and Nike Air Jordans. Then I noticed the carnage. The carpet was completely covered with the moths, so that no matter where one stepped a cloud of dust from the moths' wings would rise into the air. The white wall was speckled with moths, with yellow and red body juices, and with scuffs from the soles of the shoes. They hadn't noticed me yet.

I screamed: "What the hell are you guys doing?" The boys were suddenly silent and the only noise was a steady humming sound, the beating of thousands of tiny wings. My anger was ringing in my ears and I wondered if I had moths in my head, if they had somehow slipped into my brain through my ears. The boys were all staring at me, questioning, wondering what the big deal was. Mr. Chisholm is always cool. What's his problem? He looks really pissed off. I heard myself telling them to go to bed, that it was past their bedtime and they could clean up the mess tomorrow. I heard myself say goodnight, and from afar I saw them go into their rooms, still looking at me, staring with puzzled eyes.

As I lay in bed that night I heard the moths flying around in the darkness, and once in awhile I felt a drop of moisture land on my forehead or cheek, like a tiny rain drop. There was that low whining, the sound of wings, and all I could see as I looked into the darkness was a picture of myself as a little boy, sitting on the wooden steps of the old house, pulling the bright orange wings off the trembling body of a butterfly that had landed on the scab of my left knee.

It wasn't just butterflies though. There were hundreds of flies, daddy long leg spiders who smelled like dirt when I pulled their legs off, and ants that I captured just so that I could burn them one by one. One time, I even put the ants inside one of my Matchbox cars, a beat up red Ferrari, and I had them drive around for awhile until they crashed and burned, in the fireplace of our living room. A neighbor of mine, Russell Olsen, taught me how to use a magnifying glass to do the same thing. Only the burning was slower and it was hard to keep the ant from running away. Most of all, I remember the squirrel.

Santa Claus brought me a B.B. gun on the Christmas of my eleventh year. I had been asking for one for a long time, and that was a big moment. I wasn't allowed to shoot it at anything alive, which seems odd to me even now since guns were made to kill, but I spent every afternoon after school in the backyard, shooting at old wine bottles, beer cans, jugs of water. I soon realized I could shoot really well, and it was hard to keep from shooting other things that popped up nearby, like the bluejays, the hummingbirds, the neighbor's cat, the squirrels that were everywhere, hopping from tree to tree. One day it was too much.

I didn't really think I could hit it. Peter, my best friend, saw it, a couple of hundred feet away on the branch of a sugarpine tree. It was a grey squirrel, and it was just sitting there, as if it were frozen to the bark. It was so still it didn't even look alive. It was so far away I knew I couldn't hit it. But Peter dared me, so I tried it anyway. The silly thing was I really couldn't hit it. I took five shots before the squirrel even moved, and even that was only a twitch of the tail, a slight movement of grey framed by blue sky. Soon it was a joke,

and Peter and I were handing the gun back and forth, each taking a few shots, laughing at how stupid this squirrel was.

Suddenly the squirrel did a somersault, a kind of twisted back flip, and I was frozen in much the same manner as the squirrel had been moments before. Peter was screaming. "You got him, yougothimyougothimyougothim!" Then we were running across the ditch over the pine needles and old grey pinecones, towards the tree where the squirrel had been. We looked all over the ground around the tree but the squirrel wasn't there, and I was somehow glad, although I didn't tell Peter that. I figured I had just nicked him and he had flown through the air in surprise. But then Peter saw it. "Check it out, there's blood." And there was. Lots of it. All over the pine needles and granite pebbles and the dying yellow mule ears. But still no squirrel. We followed this trail of blood for thirty or forty feet. I remember wondering how such a small animal could have so much blood. We found the squirrel under the stairs of a neighbor's house, with a hole placed cleanly between its still-open eyes. Peter suddenly heard his mother calling and I was left alone wondering how the squirrel had gotten so far with his brains blown out. On the way back to my house I looked up into the tree and saw another grey squirrel, bigger than the first, looking down on me.

II.

I called a dorm meeting the next day to show the kids how to kill the Miller moths. They asked me why I had been so hacked off the night before. I wanted to say something classical and wise, something like: "Well boys, moths are Gods creatures too, and you were killing God's creatures. And worse than that, you were enjoying it." I wanted to say the perfect thing, like Robin Williams in *Dead Poet's Society*. I wanted so badly to teach them. I said, "You guys were making a mess." Then I showed them how to kill moths by filling a bucket with soapy water, putting it in the middle of a room with all the lights out except for a solitary light over the bubbles, and jingling keys until the moths flew right into the water. They looked at me like I was nuts, and I left them with one last warning about keeping their shoes on their feet.

Lying in bed later that night I thought I heard bells, like the bells on a sleigh in the wintertime. I got out of bed and walked up the stairs to Penrose East, the bells growing louder as I walked down the hall. All the lights were off, and my only sensation was the jingling in my ears. I opened the door to the room from where the sound was coming, and quietly peeked around the corner. They knew I was there but it didn't matter. No one turned to me, and each gaze was fixed on the bubbles, into which hundreds of moths were flying, disappearing like tiny airplanes into a great cloud, never to return. Each moth would fly a few circles around the lamp, dancing up and down to the beat of the keys, and then plunge in as if that cloud was heaven and each moth was a lost soul seeking some kind of salvation in a better world.

I closed the door slowly and without a word, feeling as if I had just witnessed some ancient ceremony, some timeless rite performed by all the innocents of the world. I lay in bed, listening again to the sound of thousands of tiny wings, and I wondered if that squirrel could hear the sound of the bells, or see the great cloud in the distance.

Colin Chisholm

DIRTY HANDS

I walk out of the farmhouse and notice that my truck lists to the right. The rear tire is so flat it looks as if it has sunk into the paved driveway. I glance at my watch. At 9:30 I'm supposed to drive Joe to Earl's Garage so he can pick up his freshly painted car. I pull a rock over and wedge it behind the other rear tire, loosen the bolts, place the jack under the axle and crank it up. Joe is moving to California. Three thousand miles is a lot of distance to overcome. I pull the flat off and find the nail embedded in the tire. I smile a little at the idea that in helping Joe pick up his car, I am helping him leave. The spare needs a little air but I can drive on it. I tighten down the six bolts and feel a sense of accomplishment at having successfully changed my own tire. Joe taught me about cars. I can change the oil, change the plugs, and adjust the timing. I toss the flat into the bed of the truck, put the jack and tire iron behind the seat, kick the tire, and debate going inside to wash my hands. I decide against it, climb in, and head up the four mile hill to the school.

I'm ten minutes later than I said I'd be, and I walk quickly down the dormitory hall to the room that is serving as his apartment until he moves. Light spills into the hall from his open door and when I arrive, Joe is busily kissing Allie, the best friend of the student he had been fired for sleeping with. I glance at my grimy hands, and notice that my shirt, too, is dirty. I spin on my heel and head down the hall to wash my hands. Once in the sanctuary of the too-bright, empty bathroom, I lean on the sink, force myself to look in the mirror and laugh. I take the time to let the water get really warm, and carefully soap up. The night before, at our bury-the-bloody-hatchet dinner, I had asked Joe about Allie. He looked disgusted and shocked. "Don't you think I've learned anything?" I remember not answering. I rinse and swish water around the sink to remove the dirty drops that remain high on the sink. I dry my hands and push the door open. Joe stands there breaking the filter off a Camel cigarette. "I'm pissed," he says. He pauses as he lights up. I know more is to follow. "That is the first time I ever kissed that girl, and I just can't get over the weird symmetry of you asking me about her last night and then seeing this."

I hear his words, so informative, so persuasive in the past, but the sounds pouring from his mouth hold no meaning anymore. I stare down, and pick at a bit of greasy dirt under my thumbnail.

Jean Klingler

LOUDER THAN WORDS

I sat by the radio in the Red Dog, a fisherman's bar that smelled like an old salmon, long spawned and beached. Dixie was bartending. She was as much a fixture in the Dog as the pool table that had been old when Baranof had sailed. The fleet was out and the canneries were plugged, and it seemed like everyone but me was working. Except for the fishermen bitching on the radio and the buzzing of the flies feeding on

the previous night's spilled beer, it was a quiet morning. I sat drinking coffee and waiting for the first call of the day.

The only other person in the bar was an old Native guy from Levelock. He was parked on the bar's center stool directly in front of the cash register which stood against the wall in front of a large dirty mirror. It was only ten o'clock in the morning, but the man was already sucking on a Miller.

He waved a bill at Dixie, and as she set down a second beer she said, "I hope you don't plan on getting sloppy drunk. I can't stand drunk Natives." The old man said nothing.

I got my first call about eleven, and the old man was already on his fourth bottle. It was a short run, but by the time I returned he was slouched a little lower on his stool, his grizzled head leaning a little closer to the bar. As Dixie walked by to hand me a coke, he pushed some bills to the edge of the counter and pointed at the cooler. Dixie swore, "Goddamn, drunk Natives. Can't hold their booze." She grabbed his money and slammed down another bottle, causing it to foam. The old man licked the foam from the bottle and traced designs in the beer that puddle on the bar top—but he didn't say anything.

Once or twice a mechanic wandered in to drink a quick beer before heading back to the docks. Occasionally, I ran some string to a net hanger, or a fisherman's wife to A.C., but basically it was Dixie, the old man and me for the afternoon—and throughout the afternoon Dixie continued to hammer at the old man. I don't know why Dixie hated drunk Natives so much. But she did, particularly this one, and she reminded the old man every time he bought a beer. But the old man never said a word.

The only time he moved from his seat was to stagger to the toilet. He never left except when his bottle was empty, and he always placed it carefully on top of the money he left stacked neatly on the counter. As soon as he returned he would wave another bill, and Dixie would cuss, "Goddamn drunk Natives," as she set down a bottle. The old man sat quietly, never saying a word.

Towards evening people started straggling in off of the boats and business picked up for Dixie. I had just turned my keys over to a night driver and ordered one of the Red Dog's greasy hamburgers when Dixie did a strange thing. She left the cash register drawer open as she returned some change to a crew at the far end of the bar. The old man, sitting directly across from the register, sat up a little straighter, stared at the cash, looked over at Dixie and then back at the register. Dixie B.S.'d with the fishermen, paying no attention to the old man. Almost in slow motion, he crawled on top of the bar and stood there, swaying. He unzipped his jeans; Dixie turned and yelled, "What . . .," and the old man began pissing all over the money. He filled the coin trays, soaked the bills, nailed the buttons on the register and splattered the mirror. The piss dripped to the floor, pooling like spilt beer. He shook himself dry, zipped his fly, climbed down and walked, almost without staggering, out of the bar, and Dixie never said a word.

Bob Davis

THE LONG RIDE HOME

They ran the leather strap over my body and through the stainless steel slots. One of the orderlies pulled it snug across my chest. The other hooked the I.V. to a rod on wheels.

They maneuvered the stretcher out of my room and across the quad of the Intensive Care Unit. The head nurse came out from behind her desk and wished me luck. She also told them to cover up what was left of the leg before someone saw it. They threw another blanket across the mattress and covered everything but the foot.

The carpet in the hallway made the stretcher shake. I could hear the plastic I.V. slap against the metal rod holding it up. We stopped to wait for an elevator. The round lights moved down to the three and the steel doors opened. Two nurses and then a deacon came out.

He mumbled a prayer, blessed me and gave me Communion. He slipped a cardboard crucifix in my hand. We missed the elevator and waited for another.

The wheels jerked over the black crack and onto the shiny tile floor. The stretcher slid down the long white hallway and the breeze from the momentum picked up the smell of the dying flesh. The faster we went the stronger the smell got. I flipped the cover off the leg, pushed my back against the stretcher and filled my lungs. We stopped to wait for the door to open.

It was a surprisingly small room. Two women in blue surgical gowns were pushing trays into place around the table. A cassette player, painted white was sitting on a stainless steel shelf, but was not playing. The walls were cinder block, covered with dirty white paint, with random hooks cemented into them.

Another woman came in, this time in a white gown, carrying a clipboard. She started to check things off. I tried to move my toes for the last time. The muscle in my leg tightened up, but nothing moved. I stopped trying.

My arms pushed against the mattress, my back arched forward, my neck extended, and I took in a slow breath of the rancid smell. Leaning back I pulled the rest of the cover off. The black had moved up to the calf, near where the knee used to be.

A man in white came in and started making motions. The two women in blue gowns pulled the white linen off the steel trays. The first tray was full of sponges and pads. The second tray was full scalpels and knives. On the third was a bow saw, with a white handle, a shiny steel blade and large serrated teeth.

The woman in white put the needle into the arm. I don't remember her taking it out.

Michael Ricci

BOB'S SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

When I realized that everyone except Bob and I had chosen the easier route up Mt. Mansfield, I regretted my decision. Though Bob was a scrawny seventy-five year old, it wasn't his climbing ability I was apprehensive about. I dreaded the

contrived conversation and awkward silences I anticipated, but was realistic about my inability to execute anything else. A reticent English professor with a Confucius mien, Bob was extroverted only when drinking blackberry wine. Then he was animated and would yell: "Hey, you wimps, don't pass out now!" and continue drinking and smoking until sunrise. The previous night we had started out reading Hawthorne stories around the campfire at his cabin, until Bob turned it into a drinking melee.

The morning of our hike he seemed distant and hung over, but he was eager to climb. I was dreading the prospect of being alone with him for the long hike. I'd been climbing with Bob before, but other chatterers had always made the awkwardness theirs. I'd hike a bit behind and listen to their conversation, thinking, "Why is she saying that to him? He's not even paying attention." Now it would be me who I'd hear with that condemning ear. But I couldn't renege and leave him to climb alone or force him to take the easier route with everybody else. And I knew that I shouldn't let these reservations obstruct me from going the way I wanted.

Our climb began in silence and continued so for a long while. Hiking behind Bob, I scrutinized his woolen cap, green windbreaker, faded blue jeans, and his small, awkward body and wondered what he was thinking. He seemed unaware of me. I was so conscious of Bob and our silence that I hardly noticed the climb. I didn't know what to say to get him talking without being blatantly contrived. I felt that I should draw him out and I rehearsed questions in my mind, but they weighed like lead bobs that promised to plummet at my feet upon release, and leave me self-conscious and regretful. I just couldn't do it. Only silence felt natural. I finally conceded to that and my focus shifted as we continued to hike. I became aware of the squish of our feet on the muddied path and the whish of the wind in the trees.

Then a new sound drew my attention—a wheeze that grew louder as we continued to hike. *Is that an animal?* But the sound continued with us and seemed to be coming from Bob. *Could it be the wind through his pack?* But it grew louder and soon I realized that it was Bob's breathing grown heavy with the climb. *Is he okay? What will I do if something happens?* I noticed him slowing down a bit and I was having a hard time not hiking too closely behind him. I thought maybe we should stop and rest, but as the wheezing grew heavier, I feared such a suggestion would embarrass him. But then I felt it was worse to ignore what he must know I could hear. And how would I feel if something really did happen to him? I tried to recall past hikes, but couldn't remember him wheezing on them. Despite his age, Bob was a steady hiker and we'd endeavored far more difficult climbs than this.

I was rehearsing in silence how to most tactfully suggest a break when we came upon a rest hut in a clearing. "Bob, let's stop here for a few. I'm thirsty." We sat on cold granite boulders and drank, sharing an orange in silence. At an understood moment we zipped up our packs and continued our ascent. This time I led and Bob followed at an increasing distance. I intended this to prevent my hiking too closely behind him. And without him in my line of vision I could be less conscious of him and concentrate on the terrain. But it was harder to gauge his pace from in front and I was afraid

that if I got too far ahead I wouldn't know if something happened to him.

I found myself sneaking sidelong glances at every curve in the trail to make sure he was still behind me. Whereas our lack of conversation had become gradually more comfortable, his wheezing was now deeper, more uneven and worrisome. We hiked a while until I couldn't help asking if he wanted to stop again. He said no. As we continued and the wheezing continued, I grew uneasy with my responsibility. *Were these the early signs of a heart attack? What would I do if they were?* I tried to maintain awareness of our distance from the rest hut where there were medics on duty, so at any moment I would know if it was closer to run down there for help or continue up to another post at the top of the mountain. *Would I be able to carry Bob? Would I have to leave him alone on the mountainside while I got help?* Just then Reuben Borne's dilemma in the Hawthorne story we had read the previous night was elucidated for me. The weight of his responsibility for Roger Malvin's life must have left Reuben paralyzed with fear. It's no wonder that upon emerging from the woods where he left Roger with a grave battle wound, he simply reported that Roger died. If he revealed that he had left Roger alive, he'd feel responsible for not staying with him or getting help immediately. Related scenarios played themselves out in my mind. *What would happen if Bob collapsed and I just continued on?* I could reach the top of the mountain and act as if nothing had happened. When they asked where Bob was, I'd say, "Oh Bob. He went another way." Or, "He decided to stay back there for a while." Or, "I wasn't hiking with Bob." I could pretend I knew nothing about it, that I wasn't there when it happened. Who would know?

This eclipse of literature and life blinded me to all else, and I hadn't noticed how close we were to the top. But suddenly, in a primitive howl with the force of his seventy-five years behind it, Bob cried out, "AAAAOooooaaah! Hey you wimp—race me to the top!" Panting and wheezing, he gathered speed and exploded past me with what I assessed to be a surge of blackberry energy kept on reserve from the night before. I shook my head in disbelief, but quickly ran to catch up.

Naomi Wax

CONFESSIONS OF A WRITING TEACHER

Confession #3: I don't always respond honestly to my students' writings.

I'll read a student's paper during a writing conference. I may read it more than once, hoping the writing will somehow magically change into something literate. It doesn't. I'll glance at the student's pimply anxious face and knowing I can't destroy the ounce of self-esteem he still has, say something generically helpful like, "It's o.k."

Steve Grundmeier

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?

"Hello?"

"Hello," a hushed voice responded. "This is Marge and I just wanted you to know that if you need to talk to me today, I'll be there."

"Oh, uh, good. There for what?" That strange moment between sleep and dream left me wondering if I were dreaming.

"I know that this time is hard for you guys."

"What time? Five-thirty in the morning is hard for anyone!"

"Well, I'll just wish you happy birthday and get off the line. Remember, you can call me anytime."

She hung up the phone and I sat on the side of the bed looking at the receiver as though it were an alien object. Then it hit me; it was my birthday and today I was forty, the age when women begin worrying about their biological clocks ticking down and men think about all those lions they haven't killed.

Turning forty was evidently less of a problem for me than for my friends. For a week I had received strange messages on my answering machine, weird cards in the mail and even condolence letters from foreign lands.

When I arrived at school, a janitor met me at the front door with, "I don't know nuthin' about it." Because he was known for his pseudo-cryptic greetings, I just gathered my morning mail and went to my room. As soon as I turned on the light I realized someone had been there. All over the room were festoons of black crepe and black roses. Literally covering the boards were posters and signs. Under the clock was: "Time to think about a funeral plot." In the corner was a real skeleton holding a sign stating: "Jump my bones; I'm forty!" On the front board was a large poster with: "You were my mother's favorite teacher, too!" Over my desk hung a sign from the library which said, "Check Out Here."

The students were amused and perplexed. How could I be forty? Their fathers were forty.

The ultimate surprise came in the afternoon when a dozen black roses were delivered to my room. The card was signed, "The Grim Reaper."

By this time I had begun to think hard about being forty. But I still could not figure out why it was such a problem; it was just another birthday to me.

After school, I went home to an answering machine filled with messages, most just wishing me the best. A few continued with the morose tenor of the day:

"Hey, Keith, I SAID, HEY KEITH! CAN YOU HEAR ME? HAPPY BIRTHDAY!"

"Hello, this is Dr. Ellison's office. Your truss is in."

"Keith . . . Oh, Keith, this is Marge and I'm so sorry. Talk to you later. I just can't talk now . . . sorry."

"Hey, buddy, this is Larry. I felt like shit when I hit the big four-oh, so if you want to talk . . . Later!"

"Hello, this is Bill from New York, and I know that you've had a thousand stupid calls, so I'll just say, 'Lardy! Lardy! Younker's Fardy! Bye.'"

Making furtive glances in the mirror at my growing expanse of forehead and waistline, I began dressing for my birthday dinner with friends. This is a ritual with my group.

On every fortieth birthday, about fifteen people get together and present the person having the birthday to the wonderful world of aging. Presents are given, all having to do with the occasion and a particularly maudlin version of "Happy Birthday" is sung to the tune of "The Volga Boatman."

Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday.
People dying everywhere,
Pain and suffering in the air,
Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday.

Later, as I prepared for bed, the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hello, this is Marge. How are you?"

"Fine. How are you?"

"No, really, be honest. HOW ARE YOU?"

"Oh, right! Uh, well, I think with a little help from my friends I'll make it through and I am glad that I have people like you to rely on in trying times like these. Being there is so important in today's world. Oh, what did you do when you turned forty last year?"

There was a long silence on the phone, finally broken by her soft voice. "I don't want to talk about it. I'll call you tomorrow."

I've thought of the day frequently since then and have wondered how it was supposed to change me. I'm also puzzled about what to do with a shirt that says, "So Many Women, So Little Time," a button with "Everything Up To Forty Is Just Rehearsal" and a chartreuse baseball cap proclaiming, "Forty Isn't Old If You're A Tree!"

Keith Younker

SMELLS

When people turn to look back at Liz, to see into her eyes, I want to tell them they will find nothing there; her eyes are lost in the lives of others. She is a person who sees the world through her nose, and into whom the smells of the world flow. To know her you must be able to smell a raindrop on your hand or the musty smell of sleep on a rainy afternoon.

It may be her eyes that make her see the world through her nose. Her eyes are busy with other things so her nose must take over the daily chores. She came back from Ohio the other day, and when I asked her how it was she told me it smelled like her childhood. Every smell for her has a memory attached to it, as if her nose takes in all it can while life is unfolding. Maybe this allows her to turn off her eyes, to rest them from gazing into the tired souls of others.

There are some problems with seeing the world through one's nose. Lying in bed one night she suddenly sat straight up and said in a very apologetic voice, "I think I'm starting to love you, but your feet really stink." So I learned to wash my feet before bed. That brings us to other bodily functions that are magnified beyond belief when one sees through one's nose. Liz has names for smells on my body that only one of these rare people can detect. For example, after exercise my back smells like black licorice. That is actually one of the smells that is okay, a positive smell if you will. One of the most negative smells is earwax. If Liz smells earwax her nose

will crinkle up and she will politely hand me a box of Q-tips.

Liz has a difficult time relating to the world when she is sick. If her nose is stuffed up from a cold she seems to shut the world off, to go into a temporary hibernation. I suppose it must be like being blind for her, totally shut off from the smells that form her reality. When she is sick I don't always wash my feet before I go to bed.

I am used to it now, but at first when we were together I was amazed at how often she would pick something up to smell it. It is her way of getting close to the world. In the mountains she will stop and smell every flower we pass. I will say, "Wow, look at that bright purple." Liz will say, "It smells like fresh cut grass." Always she is bending over, smelling the flowers. I feel jealous sometimes, as if I am missing out on something essential to living, but I just can't live through my nose.

It is the same with food. She smells everything before she eats it. As the steaming Chinese vegetables are placed before me, my tastebuds explode and my mouth floods with saliva. I look over and Liz is crouched over her plate, her nose less than half an inch from the rice. She says the rice smells like my feet and I know we are in trouble.

The funny thing is, after being with Liz for a couple of years I caught myself performing nose evaluations as well. Walking in the rain one afternoon, I was overwhelmed with satisfaction knowing that Liz thought I smelled like that misty, cold rainy afternoon. One morning, waking up with Liz next to me, my nose touching her neck, I all at once knew exactly what she smelled like, although I had never been able to place it before. She smelled like sleep, simply and wholly, as if she was at that moment the embodiment of a lost consciousness. I smelled her neck later in the day but the smell was gone, lost with the rising of the sun. That morning I saw, if only for a moment, how Liz views the world, for I had known the real essence of sleep for the first time. After that, I always woke up before her, just so I could smell the sleep rising off her in the morning.

Colin Chisholm

GRADE CONSCIENCE

Sarah was in my ninth-grade honor's English class a few years ago. She was a nice kid, perhaps even a good student in some sense. She did the work, and she put forth the effort, but in terms of words like "skills" or "talent," Sarah was at the lower end of the spectrum in the class. Late in the fall, Sarah's older brother Lee, a senior at the same school, died unexpectedly of a congenital heart defect, while playing golf in a tournament. It was a hard thing for the entire school. In the spring she wrote about Lee's death in a short story.

It was a good story in many ways, probably the best thing Sarah had written that year, although, strictly speaking, it was a personal narrative, not a short story. More significantly, even as a personal narrative, it had several weaknesses. There were unanswered questions. The story was jumpy. It mostly told what happened and didn't reveal the feelings of the

characters. There were a couple of places where wonderful things happened, but for the most part it was what I then thought of as "average." I need to say here that I grade a class like this more like a graduate seminar. If a student does the work, if a student cares about doing well and puts forth a good effort, she gets at least a B. Sarah was a B student. I gave the story a B+, and I knew at the time that this might be a problem, but among the group of short stories, there were many which outshined Sarah's in terms of the assignment. How, I thought at the time, could I give Sarah an A, when there were so many better written stories? Sarah was crushed and angry. And Sarah's parents weren't happy either. They had typed the paper. The entire family had read it, and they thought it was wonderful. Sarah said, correctly, that this was the best thing she had ever written. The parents asked for a conference.

I went to my department chair, explained the situation and asked him to read the paper to see if I was entirely off base. Arnold thought I had been generous. He found the same structural problems and agreed that it was not an A paper. Of course, Arnold is a traditional teacher, a grammarian, a five-paragraph-essay formulator. He does not see writing the way I do. I should have expected his response.

Sarah, her dad and I met to discuss the paper and the grade the next day. I defended the grade I had given, explained the problems with the paper, offered Sarah suggestions, and told her that she could rewrite the paper—all very reasonable strategies. And throughout the conference I felt like a miserable wretch, the worst kind of inflexible pedant. The father, although he still thought Sarah's paper was great—how could he not?—gave in to my "reasonable" talk, the language of authority, and came to see my point about standards and grades. But in the end, I still had broken Sarah's heart. I had taught her nothing about good writing. She wasn't willing to rewrite the paper. She had put so much of herself into it already. "I don't care about the grade anymore," she said. She realized what I should have known all along. There is nothing to be gained by grading a paper in this falsely objective way.

Dan Kiljoy

I NEVER ASKED

Were I to die tomorrow, I would not miss the New Jersey Turnpike on a hot afternoon, driving south in the summer from New England. Too far from the smells and sensations of either I-91's curving spine in Massachusetts or the late night rush through the window of heavy Southern foliage, you are in Purgatory on the New Jersey Turnpike. Its crowding, pace, and milky smog are unrelated to either origin or destination. The turnpike is a vision of humanity--writhing in on itself like a cup full of earthworm--mixed with pollution, noise, crowding and industrial bravado.

My great aunt died on Friday. She was eighty-six. I wonder if she ever felt this about the New Jersey Turnpike. Did she ever take it home to Philadelphia on a hot, July

afternoon, feeling its frustrating infinitude, her back sweating against the seat? I didn't know her that well, and I never asked.

I didn't see my great aunt before she died. It occurred to me to visit her on my way south this June. I had been at a wedding of a friend in the spring, and the presence of old people there reminded me that I'd ignored the one I was related to, or forgotten her in the long Vermont winters. I pictured driving across the bridge to her house, and talking to her in a room that contained only us. We had never been alone together.

When my parents called they said she had had leukemia. The last time I saw her, her lisp was more pronounced and I couldn't understand everything she said.

Martha Sutro

TAKING IN

Taking in is marvelous. My favorite forms of taking in are inhaling and swallowing. I love the feeling of stuff going down my throat, whether it is fool or smoke. My favorite meal is a dozen raw oysters on the half-shell with a squeeze of lemon, followed by a cigarette and a glass of wine. No need to chew, just swallow and breathe.

Julie Neidorf

A BRIEF HISTORY OF VANESSA

Vanessa Williams had a Top-40 record in 1989. Prior to that she was Miss America. Prior to that she let some clown take her picture while she gave the distinct appearance of having sex with another woman. Prior to that I was in a band with her. We were in high school.

It's funny how these things work. If you had taken a poll back then, if you had asked the guys in the band, "What is the one thing you want to see more than anything else?" I'm sure the answer would have been: Vanessa naked.

Before Vanessa, we had another vocalist. Her name was Gina Truini, and she sang beautifully. She showed up for rehearsals on time, learned her parts, smiled as a vocalist ought to smile, and generally was everything that a vocalist ought to be. She had deep green eyes and a prominent, fine Italian nose, a soothing alto speaking voice and edible-looking Mediterranean skin. She came from a nice Italian family. What could be better?

With our skewed suburban sensibilities, we saw in her the perfect companion—wholesome, talented, and perfectly sweet. We each imagined ourselves married to her, with several children, idyllic and free of earthly cares. She would sing for us at night and make us pot roasts and macaroni salad. She'd wrap pieces of pie for our kids to take to school. She'd chisel soapstone statues and grow a fine and sizable garden. We were all in love with Gina Truini. Especially the rhythm section. I played the piano.

Then one day in December Vanessa showed up, and all our plans were shot to hell.

We lusted after Vanessa almost instantaneously, but we saw that it was hopeless. She was otherworldly. She had wild blue eyes and samurai eyelashes. She was easily a foot taller than most of the band. If we were in love with Gina, we were lost with Vanessa.

So we daydreamed emptily about her, pathetically wondering what she looked like naked. It wasn't an obsession, or even a compulsion. It was just one of those things, one of those crazy thoughts you have in idle moments. I wonder how the sun bear of Borneo maintains its body weight in winter. I wonder what Vanessa looks like naked.

She was a good singer. Gina saw this, and a few weeks later she handed in her book.

Predictably, attendance at our concerts swelled. When it was all over we went off to college and forgot about Vanessa. I buried myself in books: literature, philosophy, math and science. Late in my sophomore year my mother called and said, "Your friend the vocalist is Miss New York."

A week later I got the clipping. There she was, smiling like a used computer salesman, wearing a sequined dress that said MISS NEW YORK.

Out of a perverse sense of pride I watched the Miss America Pageant that fall. I was a junior in college. So was she. She won.

"She won!" I yelled, bursting into my friend Jon's room.

"She won! She's Miss A-mer-ica! She won!" I was trembling and I didn't know why.

Immediately the rumor swept the campus that I had slept with the new Miss America all through high school. People I didn't even know approached me and asked, "Is it true that you and Miss America were once engaged?" I gently squashed the rumors out of painful respect for the truth.

That summer she was forcefully dethroned after *Penthouse* published several black-and-white photos of her naked with another woman. When I arrived on campus for my senior year, my friend Ky presented me with a copy of the magazine.

"Here ya go, BIG GUY," he said.

I took the magazine and looked at it, both saddened and amused.

Five summers later I was laying flagstone on a back patio in Santa Fe when my boss looked up from his grouting and said, "I hate that stupid song." The radio was tuned to an Albuquerque Top-40 radio station. He got up and changed it.

"Who was that?" I asked, covered in limestone dust.

"You mean you don't know?"

"No. Who was it?"

He was incredulous. "Vanessa Williams!" he said. "Don't you know Vanessa Williams? She's got an incredible body, but she can't sing worth shit. I hate that fucking song."

Greg Toppo



Editors for this issue:

Ann Lew

Martha Sutro

Naomi Wax

Layout: Jessie Robbins

Some of the names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

Thursday, July 25, 1991
Bread Loaf School of English
at Santa Fe
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

JEMEZ FEAR

This little school has become an enclosed box, a maze of festering, grinding, sleeping and tapping occupants. We scurry like ants under the tilting and drifting sky that without knowing it has created a backdrop for us to act against. It presses down on us and makes us perform. There should be tickets on sale for the play we're in.

Unfolding ourselves in the morning, we find the air is still. We pause for a moment to look at the mountains waiting quietly on the horizon. They've been awake all night, all century, and for all of geologic time. Creeping cotton cloud banks come in at 2:00. We're getting out of class and there's a lead-colored wall above the library. It sits there, birthing its mushrooms, daunting us, and by 5:00 still hasn't made a sound. After dinner the mountains we watched this morning are hiding; there's a silty bank of clouds coming that we climb up on the roof for.

"It's like a wave," says Naomi. "It's coming for us." We can see the white fringes of the monster nibbling at the slope of the hills out of town; its wretched frontlines are marching for us. Naomi's got her camera, and she's fumbling around with her film trying to get a new roll in. She glances over at a bright spot on the plains to the south. "Do you think they even know what's coming for them?" she asks. It's inky night to the north, and moving rapidly for us. "I want a panorama," she whines to herself as she snaps shut the camera. Lightning jabs earthward across the valley. She wants to capture that stabbing fork on film. No thunder yet. Another bolt hovers and flickers in the distant, murky soup. I've got my legs dangling over the edge of the roof, my sandals hanging loose on my toes. I can feel the tide coming on. We yell off the roof to a friend. Around the bush where he's parked his car a guard

appears who queries up at us, threatens us with a fine, and chases us off the roof.

That's okay. Inside it's tight. We know this thing is pushing down hard on our maze of boxes. I turn on the lights so we can read to each other. The wind lifts in a second, and gives a high sharp whistle in the window. Naomi's eyes widen. I dive for the sleeping bag on the bed. Midnight and midwinter have descended. "If we were on a boat at sea right now . . ." I start in. Another gust, a bolt, and the deep throat of thunder lifts Naomi's brows even higher. We hear the intonations of voices downstairs, the exclamations from the balcony audience. They're shutting windows, moving together, checking on each other. Out the window branches beat on the roof. I've got that boat anxiety and in my mind I'm battening the hatches and catching the flying salt shakers in a cinderblock room that's welded to the desert floor 600 miles from any ocean. I roll shut the windows over a cluster of spectators out on the walk. Abruptly the wind ceases. It's dead silent. We're in the middle of reading, but the stillness quiets us a minute. Suddenly it looks like someone's hosing down the windowpanes. "This is no rainstorm," says Naomi. "Those aren't raindrops. It's more like . . ." She drifts off. We can't see a thing beyond the liquid panes. In an instant there are puddles in the courtyard, rivers on the path, twigs and branches are down and drenched. Rain runs like water from a faucet off the roof; it chases the spectators inside and the set of boxes is left alone in the deluge. The curtain is drawn on the calm ridgelines, on our glassy box, on the scattered liquid stars.

We go to sleep in a drumming, dripping trance, and in the morning our dreams are polished, glimmering little gems. The windows are fogged over, so we roll them open onto the damp, heavy sponge of the yard. We've got to see what we can, and there it is, a clear straight view to the peaks across the valley.

Martha Sutro

THE PURPLE HERMAN

The more they told me how pissed off the Oak was, the less appealing my lunch became. Several of my teammates were huddled about me in the lunchroom revealing in hushed tones what was said. Bob Rooney said Oak's cheeks had turned that strange blotchy red as he spoke. This was not good. I vividly recalled how the Oak had pummeled Billy Kuvich for messing with his car. I messed with his sister.

Marlin Oakley was without question the finest linebacker, if not the finest athlete, my high school ever produced. He was six-foot-four, and his massive frame was perfectly sculpted of tight, firm, hard meat. Oak's domain was the sports complex, where he reigned among the barbells and smells of sweat and ointment. He ruled this kingdom like a tyrant. Even the coaches gave way to Oak, partly out of a sense of awe, and partly because the past three division championships were in no small part due to his presence on the field.

My dislike for Oak began the moment I met him. After my first practice as a varsity player, I hit the showers and poised myself under the last available nozzle which surprisingly was the best. It had a powerful head and was closest to the floor drain so a guy could easily spit or piss from where he stood. I was not aware that this select chunk of tile belonged exclusively to Oak. I had fully soaped my body when I found myself staring up at Oak's grinning face.

"Hey, Greek boy! You're using up my hot water," he said. "Your hot water?" I retorted.

Oak closed the already minimal distance between us and stated slowly and deliberately, "Now, how about you move that hairy ass of yours somewhere else?" I was unable to respond, but I tenaciously held my ground. Suddenly, I felt a warm stream strike me in the left thigh and cascade down my leg. I looked down and saw Oak's hand placed firmly around his pecker. The bastard was hosing me!

Several weeks later I met Oak's sister, Nicky, at a party. She was the apple of her brother's beady eyes. Unlike her brother, however, Nicky was affable and quick-witted, and was making remarkable strides in her development as a young woman. We spent most of that night together dancing and laughing. After the party we necked in my car at the town landing where our mutual inexperience resulted in little more than fogged windows and smudged lipstick.

I couldn't think of anything else during class except my inevitable collision with Oak. Could grating braces with any girl be worth Oak's wrath? We had a game that afternoon against a neighboring high school. Oak and I started at the linebacker slots; he played the strong side of the line, and I the weak. There was no discernible difference in his behavior on the field, and I began to think that the issue was dropped. While showering after the game, Oak lumbered toward me from his coveted spot by the drain, and before I could put my soap down, he slammed my body against the unyielding wall tiles. He planted his leg firmly against my groin and wedged his club-like forearm tightly across my throat. Then, in a low, guttural voice he said, "Listen, douche bag, I don't ever want

to hear you been within thirty feet of Nicky again. Ya dig me?"

He pushed his forearm deeper into my throat, as if to give his words greater emphasis, and with his free hand he grabbed my left nipple between his thumb and forefinger, twisted it clockwise one hundred and eighty degrees, and simultaneously lifted me from the ground. This was a Purple Herman, so named because of the massive black and blue trademark it leaves behind. I clenched my teeth to deprive Oak of any satisfaction resulting from my pain, but I couldn't prevent the tears from flooding my eyes. Slowly, he set me back down, turned, and headed out of the shower. My teammates were silent, and there was only the sound of running water as I crouched, rubbing my breast.

I was the last to exit the shower. Directly ahead the Oak was bent over drying himself, his smooth white ass mocking me. I trembled with rage and humiliation. Without thinking I went to my locker and removed my tie clasp. It was an alligator clasp, the kind that you squeezed at one end, opening what resembled a set of jaws, a jagged and sharp set of jaws which would bite down hard on your tie. I opened it to its widest, walked up behind Oak, and plunged it deep into the woolly eye of his ass. He catapulted upright and the two ham-like spheres of his buttocks slammed shut. For the next few glorious moments, I watched Oak hop and howl his way around the locker room, grabbing frantically with both hands for the buried clasp. Amid the cacophony of young male laughter, a synchronized clapping began in rhythm with Oak's gyrations. Eventually he removed the clasp, and a fine stream of blood trickled down the inside of his leg. I braced myself for whatever abuse was to follow. But none did. The eyes of the entire team fell critically on Oak. If he belted me, he would become nothing more than a common bully, a mere punk who couldn't admit he'd been topped. Instead, Oak headed back to his locker tenderly daubing the blood from his leg.

Matthew Fontis

LETTERS

I have always said goodbye through letters. Words seem to distance me from the pain of a last embrace or kiss. They are a way to escape from that final glassy eye.

I couldn't say goodbye when I went to visit my mother for the last time before I headed off to college. She was lying in a hospital bed, so thin and yellow that I wondered how she was still alive. Yet I couldn't say goodbye for fear I would be telling her something she had not yet realized. She asked me to scratch her itching head, and I was afraid because I thought I would pull her hair out. She asked us all to pray for her, and I refused because I didn't want to give God an excuse to take her. When I left that morning for college, I kissed her on the forehead and told her I'd call her on Monday.

I had never seen a corpse before. She was to be cremated, but they waited until I got home before they did it because I had asked to see her. The holding rooms were filled so they had her stored at the front of a mortuary chapel. The light was dim, and there were fake candles burning on the walls. From

the rear of the chapel she seemed a long way off, raised up on the altar. The hazy light of stained glass clouded my vision. I walked up to the altar and stood away from her, too far to touch. Her body was covered with a sheet, but her face was in the open, criss-crossed with patterns from the stained glass. She was swollen, her cheeks distended and her teeth showing like a snarl through her lips that had grown tight as her skin stretched out. She looked like a giant grotesque doll, and I was afraid that her eyes would suddenly flash open and she would make that false crying sound that modern dolls make. I turned and walked down the aisle, wanting to run the whole time, but knowing I shouldn't.

She was cremated the next day, and we had a funeral. She wanted her ashes thrown over the creek in a canyon behind our house or dropped into the ocean from a sailboat in Hawaii. But my father could never get himself to do it, so her ashes were put in a cemetery under a cold piece of stone. It made me wonder why she was cremated. I thought people were cremated so they could be dropped out of a plane without killing somebody below, and it seemed like such a waste to put ashes in a metal box and bury it in the ground like a casket. The ashes stayed on the upper shelf of a closet in our house for six months before the plot was picked and the stone was carved.

If I were to write her a goodbye letter, it would be about how the wind picked up her ashes and curled them around in its salty currents before it dropped her swiftly into the ocean. It would be about the hummingbirds she used to feed and how they never returned after that summer. It would be about children who gathered together and spilled tears loosely on each other's shoulders. It would not be of a tearless boy running away from a rotting corpse or of ashes suffocating in the earth.

Colin Chisholm

SUNDAY IN THE PARK

"Hey mister what's that?"

I folded the corner of the sports section and took a look. It was a little kid pointing at my detached prosthesis which was lying on the grass next to me. Without a word I went back to the baseball scores hoping the little brat would leave.

In about five seconds a hand pulled the newspaper away from my face.

"What's that thing with the sneaker at the end of it?" he asked.

I ripped the newspaper out of his grip.

"Beat it, kid."

As I read the Yankee's score I thought to myself, this happens every time I'm in the park. Either it's a dog or a kid that wants to play with the leg. I looked up and saw the kid balancing himself on the leg like he was on a log or something. Sure enough, the leg rolled and the kid fell right on his ass. He started crying. In disgust I threw the paper down and hopped over to help him.

"Kid, you alright?"

With a long face and tears dripping down his fat cheeks, he nodded yes.

As soon as he stopped crying I yelled, "Who said you could stand on my leg?"

The kid started crying again. I knew I was defeated. He shut up only after I promised to tell him about the leg.

He stood the leg up. It was taller than he was. Then he sat down with it across his legs. Running his greasy fingers over the smoothness of the fiberglass, he stopped at every shiny point.

"What's this button for?"

I answered in a technical voice. "That's the air valve that mediates pressure on the remainder of my leg." I was hoping that would scare him away.

He squinted and looked me hard in the face. I thought my plan was working.

Then he said, "OK."

We talked about the entire prosthesis. With each question he asked me, my answer became more technical. But the kid didn't let up. Finally, he was at the last mechanism. He made a face.

"What's this thing that smells and has numbers on it?"

"It is an oil-filled hydraulic cylinder that controls the extension of my leg and my gait," I answered.

After the last word I asked him for the leg back, but he refused.

"Just a little longer. Pleeease," he said in his whiny voice.

I thought about ripping it out of his hands and hopping away on one leg, but there were too many people staring at us already.

"Five more minutes, kid," I said in a deep voice.

He bent the leg at the joint and looked into the opening where it attaches. His eyes went from the prosthesis, to the remnant of my leg, then back again. I knew the question was coming.

"Mister . . . how did you lose your leg?"

I thought to myself, I can't tell the kid the whole gory story. I saw the image of the bloody bumper. I couldn't do that even though I wanted to. My eyes narrowed and I placed my hands on his shoulders.

"This is what happens when you go too near traffic, son." Robert Young couldn't have done it better.

His eyes almost bulged out of his head. A jumble of words stuttered out of his mouth.

Then an old lady came up to him.

"Jason, what you doing with that thing in your hands? Drop it now. I said now, boy."

The kid let go of the prosthesis and stood up. The old lady locked onto his arm and started to drag him across the park.

Before they got too far she yelled out, "Are you crazy playing with someone's wooden leg?" Then she looked up at me and screamed, "He must be crazy letting you play with that wooden leg."

"Fiberglass," I muttered.

When they were gone, I put on my prosthesis, picked up the newspapers and went to my car.

I pulled into traffic and got stuck at the crosswalk. As I waited for the light to turn, I spotted them, the kid and the old lady, walking up to the crosswalk. I sunk down low in the seat. The pedestrian light turned green and everyone on the corner crossed, except for them. The kid wrapped his arms

around a pole and wouldn't go into the street. The old lady tried to pry him loose, but the kid would not budge. The light turned green. I hit the accelerator and left them on the corner.

Michael Ricci

EIN GEV

Sweat stings my eyes. I release my armload of wood onto the pile and use my T-shirt bottom to wipe the salty drops that slow stream from my forehead. Wood is rare here. The groves house branchless trees of layered fronds, moist and alive. Even the ground is damp with discarded leaf sheets that would smoke aromatic but will not flame. We scavenge for wood on the periphery of the grove. Decayed ladder pieces, rotted fence posts, and thick desiccate weeds will make our fire. It is a struggle to tear the kindling from clutching reeds, long intertwined, and the Middle Eastern sun is unyielding. When we have enough wood we note the location of our pile; it is easy to get disoriented within the acres of stocky banana trees.

It is before picking season, so no one from the kibbutz sees us when we enter the grove. Thick, flat fronds canopy the sky and allow only slices of sunlight through. Layers of leaves carpet the floor and cushion the crunch of our steps. It is a different world among the closely clustered trees; cool, contained, and silent except for the slight rustle of a warm breeze in the leaves and the distant caw of a gull. Green bananas hang draped in plastic sacks, protected from receiving too much sun too soon. Purple leaves roll back to reveal clusters of flowers that open up to hands of bananas. The immature flowers are closed like clenched hands not ready to reveal their fistful of fruit. They hang long and loose at the ends of bobbing tentacles, reminding me of a monster's disconnected eyes.

We adjust to the slow placidity as we scout the dimly lit floor for a fallen hand of bananas. A mouse scuttles beneath fallen fronds at my feet and emerges to gnaw at a rotting bunch of bananas that has fallen unprotected. It will be best if we find our food before dark, before the bats emerge.

It is rare to find a fallen bunch that is intact and ripe. Scrutinizing the ground in every direction as we brush through hanging leaves, we are disappointed when the stalk we spotted from a distance turns out to be a brown and oozing bunch swarming with insects or a green and thick-skinned hand, too recently fallen. Finally we spot a stalk resting on a bed of leaves cradling a hand of at least twenty small bananas. We cut them loose with the knife and sample them to confirm their ripeness. The sweet fruit is cool and thick; I knead it with my tongue against the roof of my mouth. We roll the bananas into a scrap of burlap for insulation when we carry them with the wood.

When I emerge from the grove, the sun pierces my dilated eyes. As they adjust I see that the light has softened in the waning afternoon, but the cooling air is not enough to ameliorate the laborious task before us. We locate the woodpile and begin loading up and transporting through the thorny weeds and barbed wire fence, across the stony beach.

Our site is marked by our army bags warming in the sun and our packs carelessly camouflaged with stones and reeds. There have been no intruders in all the time we've been here and this seems an unnecessary precaution.

As we continue in silence back and forth, burdened by cumbersome loads, the sun lowers over Tiberias. The sea glitters large golden beads atop calming waves, beckoning us from our work. Arms scraped from wood, legs from the errant fence wire, we divide the last load, cradle the banana bundle, and make our final trek to the site. Losing the definition of objects in the fading light, we are eager be finished.

The sun has become a pink-slitted memory on the western horizon and the water is quelled to a flat-topped almost waveless surface. Fading iridescent pink and blue waves slap subtly against the shore. Ready to herald out the day, we peel off sweat-soaked clothes and discard them on the rocks. We do not rest until we have run the length of the stony beach, bounded gracelessly over shallow waves, and dived into the fold of sea following the sinking sun.

Naomi Wax

BEADS ON A STRING

I hit an eight-year-old boy when I was driving a cab. He jumped in front of me from between two cars that were stopped in the other lane. I've forgotten his name, but I still remember the sound as he bounced off the van's grill. It sounded like I had hit a heavy, wet blanket with a broom handle. I heard the sound again yesterday after I almost hit a couple on a motorcycle.

They pulled out in front of me on St. Michael's. I slammed my brakes as the motorcycle reared, almost like a horse, and landed with its front tire on the curb. It was then I heard the sound. It wasn't really there, just the clear memory, echoing down from Alaska and through the years, but it hadn't lost any of its wet thickness. A glimpse of the man's startled face as he settled the bike reminded me of Jack.

I only knew Jack for two days. I was hitchhiking into Juneau, looking for a shower and a bed without rocks, when he picked me up in an old green Ford, dented and rusted through in spots. I threw my pack in the trunk and climbed in the back. Jack was drunk. "Where ya headed?" he asked.

"A cheap hotel. Know any?"

"Shit man, there's no such thing in Juneau. Why don't ya stay on my boat? There's room."

It was as quick and simple as that. I stayed on his boat for two days, until I took him to the emergency room, and they shipped him off to a veteran's hospital in the States.

I doubt Jack remembers me. He might have a dim recollection of a kid running from a divorce. But I doubt it. He was drunk every second that I knew him. But he gave me one of those instances in life that become perfectly preserved, a memory captured like a bead on a string.

These memories are like photographs, capturing every detail, the significant as well as the mundane. I can see, for

instance, the boy's convulsions, with just his heels and the back of his head touching the gravel. I remember thinking, "Rabbits do that when they're shot in the head." After the cops took over, I sat in the ditch staring at an old Clorox bottle, half buried in the sand, its label whitened by the sun and wrinkled by the rain. Sometimes I can still feel the weakness in my hands and the coldness as I broke into a sweat.

I can predict now what events in my life will become locked into these memories. They are always accompanied by an intensity that causes my mind to hum like an electric line and my knees to weaken. The intensity comes on quick, like with a flip of a switch, and I know that I am fated to live with the memory for the rest of my life.

That switch flipped when Jack said, "The first person I ever killed was a pregnant woman," and he began to cry. "Didn't the bitch know we'd shoot her? I was trying to help her. I shot her right in the belly." He took a swig of wine and wiped his mouth and nose on the sleeve of his jacket. The boat rocked gently on the incoming tide. "Man, if ya weren't in Nam, ya ain't shit." He began raging at everyone who had never been in Vietnam. His swearing reached a crescendo, and then just stopped. Tears streamed into his beard, and I could smell saltwater and the mildew from his jacket. In a calm voice he said, "You know, I could have been a hero. I captured a major, but the son-of-a-bitch bit me." He started laughing, the tears still running down his face. "Look," he said and he pulled up the leg of his pants. His calf was a mass of waxy white scars, long healed. "I can't feel my legs."

"Sure, you can, Jack. It's just the booze. You've been drinking too much."

"Goddamn it, I can't feel my legs. See," and he grabbed my pencil off the table and stabbed it into his leg. "See."

I saw, and continue to see.

I won't remember much about the man and woman on the motorcycle. In a year's time I'll forget that she was wearing a pale yellow kerchief on her head, and that the man's grey hair flared from beneath the red, white and blue band of his goggles. Like old Clorox bottles and the cracks I occasionally notice in a van's grill, the couple are only string upon which I hang my memories.

Bob Davis

LIES, ALL LIES

Melinda's troubles with a flooded crawl-space floated over the top of my putty-colored cubicle. Sue's bladder-control problems from her advancing pregnancy leaked in from the other side. I stared hopelessly at the purple South Africa hovering on the edge of my desk. My world map had changed from being merely a means of covering up the neutral space that was my office to a representation of all the places I would rather be.

A few weeks earlier someone had phoned in a bomb threat to the publishing company where I worked as an editor. Fire trucks and a bomb squad complete with dogs came through

the building, and we were first sent to the parking lot, and then home. The three hours of freedom stretched before me like summer vacation. I went home through non-rush hour traffic, sculled on an empty Charles River, then miraculously found a parking space right in front of my Somerville apartment. That afternoon confirmed what I had suspected about my job; I didn't belong in an office from nine to five working with women who wore cardigans without putting their arms through the sleeves. As I watched the days lengthen through other people's tinted windows, and as I realized that my job wasn't going to change, I grew increasingly dishonest. Sometimes I would lie to get away from work, and at other times I manufactured a life for the benefit of my co-workers that left my real life untouched by that stultifying place. My lies were elaborate and unnecessary, often requiring follow-up lies; I was fearless, and I wondered at this newfound talent.

I eavesdropped a bit more, then as the shoop-shoop-shoop of stocking-clad thighs warned of my editor-in-chief's approach, I focused on the Teacher's Edition of *Dances for Ducklings*, the first grade primer I was editing. "Suggested Activities: Have students dance like a cow." I could feel another huge lie coming on.

In my cube, I rose, assumed the pose of headache-sufferer by placing my hand to throbbing temple, leaned on the divider between our cubes, and begged an aspirin of Melinda. I was laying the foundation for a fictional eye-doctor appointment. The next day, I told Lucy, the secretary, about my Thursday afternoon appointment; I figured a Friday appointment looked like I was taking a long weekend. I had no special plans for my afternoon; I just wouldn't be at work. I chose 2:30 because I would be unable to return to work after the doctor dilated my pupils. I was so convincing that as I talked, I worried aloud about how I would drive myself home after the appointment. Lucy assured me that if I waited in the doctor's office and put on the dark glasses they provided, I could drive, but I wouldn't be able to read for a few hours.

Friday I returned to work, refreshed and triumphant, but I couldn't just let the story die. I reported to Melinda that I needed new glasses. Melinda took off her glasses and informed me that in her three years there, she had needed three new prescriptions. Donna chimed in with her spectacle story, and I felt a thrill at having started all this with my lie. I went on to talk about how expensive new glasses were. This, too, provoked animated discussion. I received and wrote down several recommendations for inexpensive eyewear stores in the area, and, finally satisfied that I had milked the lie dry, I retired to my cubicle.

Soon the novelty of successful and boundless dishonesty wore off, and I began to look for a teaching position. All lies stopped. I drove away from the office at lunchtime to schedule meetings, and I used up my vacation days for the interviews. Superstitiously, I feared that if I lied to get time to interview for a job I cared about, the lie would taint the interview and I would be condemned to wearing cardigans for the rest of my professional life. Just as my vacation time was about to run out, I received a call at work; the headmaster offered me a job over the phone. I gave notice that day, and finished the two weeks in a blaze of honesty.

Jean Klingler

STORMS

"That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires. Where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone. And what is it to say goodbye to the swift pony and the hunt? The end of living and the beginning of survival."

-Chief Sealth (Seattle)

I

I, like all little boys, used to play cowboys and Indians. I would paint my face in vicious rainbow stripes, wrap a brown or tan towel about my waist, put on my mother's leather bedroom slippers, and if I was lucky, find the feather of a bluejay or a hawk to put in my hair. I made a bow from the branch of one of my father's aspen trees, which I strung with old fishing line. My arrows were willow branches that I sharpened with the dull edge of my Cub Scout knife. There was never any argument. I was always the Indian, no matter who I was playing with. Sometimes, if there were enough of us, I would allow one or two others to be Indians with me, but I was always conscious of how they played, and I remember thinking that they were doing it wrong.

Still, the Indians always won. There was a lot of screaming. I got you first. No, you didn't. Yes, I did; ask Brad. Brad, did I shoot him first? I don't know. Well, I did. You're dead. And because I was bigger, the cowboys always ended up at my feet, sprawled in contorted positions, their eyes staring blankly at the sky, quivering in avoidance of a blink. Eventually, not many kids would play with me anymore because I always won. Also, I was getting to the age where it was more acceptable to play army and blow each other away with machine guns. Cowboys and Indians became a game for little kids.

I resorted to going out on scouting missions of my own. In full costume I would follow the creekbed down to the meadow and wander around in the bushes, crouching and trying to perfect my silent step which was one of the keys to being a proper Indian. Once in a while, I would come upon a fisherman or a family having a picnic, and I would spend hours stalking them, reveling in the joy of being invisible. Once a young boy saw me through the branches and started screaming and crying to his mother. He was pointing at me, and they looked where he was pointing, but they couldn't see me. I stared right at them, not even blinking, until they packed their picnic and left because they couldn't quiet their hysterical little boy. I felt as if I were part of the meadow, as if I had transformed myself into one of those branches by the creek. I had become a piece of green and brown, a slice of the whole of that meadow. I never put on my colors after that day, afraid that I would not be able to repeat that perfect moment of invisibility. I rarely went to the meadow anymore, and I began playing with the machine guns, not always winning anymore.

II

Sante Fe, New Mexico. Ninety degrees. The traffic is thick and oddly European, with narrow lanes that wind in and out of flower-lined neighborhoods and business sections. Swarms

of tourists emerge from rental cars, their backs dark from the sweat of driving, their hands sticky, their faces long and white. The heat is mixed with car exhaust, and the air smells of coconut oil on sweaty skin. Across the street from the canal is a row of stores in adobe buildings, their fences and walls draped with rugs of all colors and sizes. Everywhere there are people holding the rugs, feeling them, smelling them. One woman, short and plump with bright red lipstick, rubs her cheek against a rug that has a pattern like the sun.

In front of the stores at a stop sign, a man is selling newspapers in the middle of the street. His clothes are dirty and tattered except for his belt which is covered with silver and turquoise. His toes are visible through the holes in his shoes, and he wears a dirty, wide-brimmed cowboy hat pulled down low over his eyes. His face is wrinkled, although he is not old, and his cheeks are high and far apart. His dark eyes are red and distant, and his waist-length black hair is braided and tied with a strip of leather strung with painted beads. He is probably tall, but among the passing cars he appears crippled, like a reed broken by the wind.

III

I paid my three dollars at the gate and picked up a photograph of the performer, captioned "Harvey Stevens - traditional Apache song, music, and dance." In the photograph he wore a cowboy hat decorated with a band of beads and feathers on each side. His face was kind, creased at the outer corners of his dark eyes and along his inner cheeks where his smile broke. He wore a Western-style shirt, and around his neck was a silver medallion formed in the shape of an Indian chief. I thought how beautiful he was.

I sat up on the hill, in the grass and dirt, looking down on the stage. People were sitting in a semi-circle around Harvey and his wife, Angelina, who were giving a slide show of a coming-of-age ceremony. Although it was difficult to see because it was still light out, I made out the figure of a young Apache girl in full costume, running the pattern of the four directions. Angelina was directing the show and adding commentary to the slides. She had large glasses and wore her silvery hair down. Her dress was long, almost to the ground, and had beadwork on the hem. She had a high-pitched voice that seemed out of place in the open air and trees.

Every once in a while during the slide show Angelina would tell Harvey to play a song. He would beat on the drum and sing in a voice that sounded very sad, like the wind in the trees. It was slow and deep, and each time he played I wanted it to go on and on. But he would stop after about a minute, as if he thought we weren't enjoying it. It seemed he wanted to get it over with.

After the slide show Angelina talked about Harvey's newfound fame- he would appear in *People* magazine wearing Wrangler jeans and holding his traditional violin. She told us how good the publicity would be for their tribe. Harvey showed us how he posed when they took the pictures, with the violin held off to the side, against his body. He didn't talk very much.

He showed us the designs on many violins he had made; he was especially proud of the ones that he showed to George Bush when he accepted an award in the arts. The violin was

like all the others in shape and size, but instead of the traditional design, on it was carved two crossed American flags blowing in the wind, painted in bright red, white, and blue. Harvey held the violin up. "God bless America!" he said, followed by Angelina's "Amen!"

There was dancing after that, and the crowd joined in, holding hands and moving slowly around in a circle. Harvey played his drum and Angelina looked on, telling the crowd she was too tired to dance but would be with them "in heart and spirit."

IV

"We shall see. . . We shall see. . . We shall see. . ." I hear the words of Chief Seattle, and I wonder what I have seen. Driving down the mountain toward the lights of Sante Fe in a drenching rain I come across an accident in the road. A man in his pickup has hit a deer and driven into a bank. There are cars stopped all over, and everyone is gathered around the cab of the truck. As I swerve around the clutter, my headlights fall on the deer, crumpled by the side of the road, steam rising from its gaping wound. The last thing I notice as I pass by is its open eyes, glassed over, not blinking.

V

As I round the corner towards home, I come across a man selling newspapers in the street. There are no people around; there are no cars except mine. He is standing alone, hunched over, unmoving. Yellow water is pouring off the front brim of his felt cowboy hat. Two soggy feathers droop off the sides. I cannot see his face, for his hat is pulled down far below his forehead. The man's newspapers have turned to piles of white mud at his feet, and in his hand is a newspaper that is slowly melting, falling away in small chunks. I pull to a stop, and he holds out the paper to me, mumbling. I hand him two quarters which clink on the silver rings of his left hand. The paper slips and slides, and then slowly falls through my fingers like sand as I head up the hill towards home. *Colin Chisholm*

CUTTING THE CORD

The United Airlines flight #101 reached Kennedy Airport at 5:45 A.M. on the morning of September 3, 1988. Kristin and I quickly cleared our eyes, deplaned, found our luggage, and stepped out onto the arrival deck.

"First time in the city?" the cab driver asked.

"No. We've been here a couple of times before," I replied, trying not to appear inexperienced.

The ride lasted for about an hour through the traffic. The sun was out, slowly absorbing the early morning chill. Soon the skyline of Manhattan loomed in the distance. We arrived at the Helmsley Midtown Hotel and rested for most of the day. The loss of sleep had caught up with us, and we were exhausted.

The next day was the day for Kristin to move into the dorm. The sky was overcast, and her mood was somber. We went around the corner to get some breakfast and then to an electronics shop to buy a radio and a typewriter.

Kristin had loved New York when we were there on a family vacation in 1985. She loved the excitement and the stimulation of the big city. This was where she wanted to pursue her studies in drama. She had applied nowhere else.

"Your chance of getting into New York University is about 50-50," the college counselor had told her ten months previously. Her GPA had hovered around 2.9 and her test scores were low. I had felt frantic during her senior year.

"What's this about the overachieving Asians taking over the U. C. system?" a friend had asked once. "I can assure you," I had replied, "that neither of my kids will be guilty of that." No, the University of California didn't want kids with Asian surnames unless they had 4.0 GPA's. I feared other institutions would follow suit, and my children would be left to dig ditches.

The taxi ride from the hotel to the East Village was short. An awning with the sign "Brittany Residence Hall" jutted out into a tree lined sidewalk among the brownstone buildings on West 10th Street.

"Hi! Welcome!" A young woman with a giant laundry cart greeted us. We unloaded the luggage, and she instructed Kristin as to where to get checked in. The sidewalk and the lobby were buzzing with activity — eager, expectant faces arriving for the first time, and returning students looking for familiar faces in the crowd, all with their valuable possessions in tow.

We found Kristin's room on the third floor, a large room with three beds, three desks, and three dressers. Her roommates had not yet arrived, so she chose her corner of the room and sat down. A large window, framed in black, looked down onto the street below.

"Well, how does it look to you?" I asked.

"These are not my kind of people," she replied plaintively.

The blue eyed blondes in the lobby were a far cry from the Asian and Black friends she had left in San Francisco.

"You'll get used to them."

"I suppose so. I'll just concentrate on school." Her social life might have to be put on hold for the time being. Good. She looked out the window as if to say, "What am I doing here?"

I was secretly relieved to have her away from her friends. She needed to expand her horizons. As a young teenager, she had done very well, dancing and playing the piano. She had even done a stint with a professional theater company when she was fifteen.

Then her friends and interests had changed. She had stopped everything. In place of fine arts, she took up deejaying, staying away for hours at a time to practice, and coming home in the wee hours of the morning from her gigs. She had made a name for herself as the first girl deejay and rapper in the city. I had become notorious for waking up entire households with frantic calls in the night trying to locate her. I had felt her slipping away from me.

She had wanted to be independent, but at home she couldn't be and resented it. The three thousand miles between us would allow her to be her own person. She would grow up and perhaps even appreciate her mother.

There was no turning back now. She began to unpack her suitcases and make her bed in silence. The sun had broken

through the clouds and now streamed in through the window. The building was old and worn but well maintained. The walls were bumpy, having been replastered here and there. We put up a couple of posters, and the room began to lose its starkness.

After a while, there was nothing for me to do, so I left to return to the hotel. I wonder if she'll be okay . . . well, this was after all *her* decision . . . she *chose* to come here . . . such an expensive college . . . I hope she does well . . . she's never been away from home for long . . . I hope. . .

The next day was my last day in New York. The light drizzle turned into pouring rain. We had lunch with my friend Cassandra, a seasoned New Yorker, who gave Kristin some pointers on surviving in the city.

"The city has the best of everything, and unfortunately that means also the best of the criminal element," she said as she looked out into the rain over her burrito, "so if anyone approaches you on the street for any reason, I advise you not to even give them eye contact. You never know what they might be up to. . ."

Kristin had good sense about such things. Having grown up in the rough and tumble of a city, she had learned early to fend for herself, with a sharp tongue as her first line of defense. Her wide circle of friends had taught her to get along with a variety of people.

Lunch was over, and we walked back to the residence hall to get my suitcase. It was time for me to head out toward the airport. I took a picture of room 304 and of Kristin in front of the building which was to be her home for the next nine months.

We walked in silence to the "train to the plane." She handed me my suitcase and told me to have a safe trip home. Tears welled up in my eyes. I gave her a hug and quickly turned to go down the stairs, the "train to the plane" sign a giant blur overhead.

Ann Lew

TOM

I grew up in a small village on eastern Long Island known for its shellfish and boredom. Tom, my half brother, shared many of those early years with me and helped take some of the sting out of adolescence. He lent me his car when I had a date, and frequently pushed a five dollar bill at me through the driver's side window before I left. It was the early Sixties and one could actually make an evening on five bucks.

Tom faithfully attended my football games, one of my few sources of self-esteem back then. After a game he walked the two hundred yards from the stadium to the locker room with me and recounted the highlights of my performance. "Man, ya sure had that quarterback spooked," he might say, slapping my butt, "He felt ya breathin' down his neck all night." Or "Boy, you were dealin' out some hits today, could hear them bones bust clear up the stands." I grinned at these accounts and yet, even then, suspected Tom was guilty of hyperbole. It didn't matter though; I still shivered with pride.

After graduation, I fled to college. I was running from the tedium and confinement which becomes the legacy of many hometowns. Tom remained. Over the past twenty years our contact dwindled to the point where only a marriage or a death brought us together. This past fall we attended a wedding and sat at the same table struggling to resurrect fading connections. In between champagne toasts and cheap yellow cake we spoke in strained, empty sentences. The distance was too great. I didn't need his car anymore, and he was no longer a spectator in my life.

It was in late March that I found out Tom was sick. Pat, his wife, told me it was inoperable cancer; his insides were riddled with it. I said I would phone when he returned from the hospital. The call was put off for weeks. What does one say to a dying man over the phone? Eventually, guilt prodded me to call. I rehearsed repeatedly what I would say. My preparations collapsed the moment I heard his voice. Its familiar quality was there, but it was muffled by a hoarseness which arises from fear and weakness. For a quarter of an hour, we engaged in a tense and unsettling conversation, yet one which began to chisel away at the separation brought on by the stacking of years.

It was early afternoon when I pulled into Tom's driveway. The weather was warm and sunny, and I headed to the rear of the house expecting to find some of the family on the patio. There was only Tom seated in a chaise lounge. Pat was indoors preparing lunch. Tom struggled to his feet, smiled, and walked slowly forward to greet me. Fortunately, I had not yet removed my sunglasses; it saved Tom from seeing the pain and disbelief which filled my eyes.

Seven months before being diagnosed, Tom ran the New York Marathon. He had a squat, muscular frame, black wavy hair and a dark complexion that radiated health. Before my first visit, I was warned that the cancer and chemotherapy had already begun to ravage his body. Again my preparations failed me. He was withered like rotting fruit. His flesh, pale and mottled, hung limply and sparingly upon his bones as if he were slowly melting. Tom's head loomed large and heavy over his emaciated frame. His shallow and shrunken cheeks mocked a once full and vital face. We hugged. In my arms I felt only frailty and weakness.

We spent most of that afternoon reminiscing. As we spoke, I recall that I felt undeserving of all that was good in my life: my health, my work, my summer plans. Even having a future in which to make plans seemed, at that moment, an injustice. Surprisingly, however, beneath these waves of sorrow and guilt there emerged a sense of elation, not in Tom's being ill, but rather, in the knowledge that it was not my illness. I was nearly intoxicated with relief knowing that later, when I drove away, all reminders of death and suffering would vanish in my rearview mirror. Tom and I sat silent for sometime. In that stillness, I became keenly aware of the sun's soothing warmth on my skin and the tender touch of the breeze on my face. Such wonderful gifts, I thought. In Tom's eyes I saw similar revelations reflected. His eyes, however, did not gleam with the blaze of rebirth that pulsed in my being, but instead displayed the soft glow of acceptance and finality.

Matthew Fontis

23 JARS

A few years ago I saw myself as a kind of judge when it came to student writing. Weighing the "good" and the "bad" in the story, I came up with a "fair, impartial" grade. I was so concerned with judgment that I failed to read with pleasure or openness. And as I read, I was thinking of the comments I would put at the end of the paper justify my final judgment. Student writing became more tedious every year; through my judgment I was killing it.

Two summers ago at Bread Loaf I learned a new way to look at student writing. In a three-week mini-course with Michael Armstrong we looked at the writing of students, even the work of kindergartners, as literature worthy of close examination. We took the assumptions of literary theorists and applied them to the stories children write. Among other things, we assumed that students had something to say and that the work a student produced could be treated as a complete expression. We avoided discussing whether the writer intended metaphors or themes in the writing, and focused instead on the work itself. This is a simple proposal, but it opened doors of understanding for me. I brought my students' work with me to Bread Loaf, and during the three weeks wrote two long literary analyses of two students' pieces. My first paper was an analysis of "23 Jars," a poem by Casey Chernack, a thirteen-year-old girl who had been in my class the previous fall. I knew Casey's poem was good, but I never expected to find the unity and richness that one finds in a poem by an "established" poet. But it was there. I read the poem as if it were written by a graduate student:

23 JARS

Where am I,
do you know?
It's the home of the world's first
cricket museum.
And sometimes I think
why a cricket museum, here?
Why not?
When you stand on the grass
or sit in the field
little black soldiers
with their weapons,
their springy legs
and their black,
beach pebble, dried-pine, sap colored
armor, hop over your toes. And you do something that
they don't like which
makes them ready to fight you
and conquer new territory. And they want to struggle,
but they fail
only to get caught
and held captive in a jar
and
putting it in his room
with 22 jars other jars of crickets
in his museum—
The world's first
cricket museum.

I saw this as a poem about oppression, about imperialism, about being a woman in a boy's world. The poem has unity and a precision of language which I hadn't seen when I first read it. Yet when I wrote my analysis, I discovered all kinds of complexity. There was enough in this poem of thirty-one lines for eight pages of analysis, and when I finished my analysis, I felt like I still hadn't exhausted the richness of this poem by a thirteen year old. In my next paper I had similar revelations. Other student teachers in the class found the great themes of literature and the same structures and archetypal images one finds in Shakespeare in the works of their seven year olds.

I discovered that my lofty judgship put me at too great a distance from my students. The attitude that the kids in my class were "only students", not writers, blinded me to the richness of their work. I found that "judging" writing inevitably puts one in a position to miss its essence. If I read Emily Dickinson, I don't let myself be preoccupied with how good or bad the poem is. I assume the poem is a gem to be illuminated by careful reading. There are gems in my students' writing too, and I like to think I am better able to discover them now by suspending judgment while I read. Of course, it means breaking habits that have been firmly entrenched for years in my teacher repertoire. It also takes a great deal of time to find such richness in student writing. Even though I don't have the time to explore my students' writing as thoroughly as I would like, now I know that richness is there. I give my students credit. They are writers and they have something to say.

Doug Kilmister

SNACKTIME BLUES

Snack time was at about 10:45 for the eighth grade. Glass bottles of milk with paper pull tabs were handed out every morning. We had Spanish class after snack time and I always seemed to be stuffing the last mouthful of a Snowball or Ring-ding in my mouth as I walked into the classroom, chewing madly because I knew that Mr. Griggs didn't allow food in class.

Mr. Griggs was my Spanish teacher, and he was crafty. He was the kind of teacher who had a sixth sense about what was going to happen in a classroom, even before we knew what we were going to do. One time when he had "stepped out of the room for a second," we began to heave sharpened pencils into the sound proof panels on the ceiling. Fifteen or twenty of them were sticking at different angles, when my friend, Tom Hahn, put his hand on my arm mid-throw, and directed my gaze to the window. There, calmly taking it all in through the open window, was Mr. Griggs. He quietly chastized us before moving out of sight and returning to class. He told us that he had stopped at the Headmaster's office.

One day after snack time, I hadn't finished my tangerine so I stuffed it into my pencil bag and headed to Spanish. I chose a seat in the back of the class so I could tip my chair back when Mr. Griggs wasn't paying attention, and quietly popped a large juicy section into my mouth. Mr. Griggs entered the room and began sniffing the air.

"I smell an orange," he said quietly, scanning the room for the culprit. "Who has it?"

I rolled the tangerine pulp into the corner of my cheek, because it was too big to swallow and I knew that if I moved my mouth at all, he would notice.

He ambled to the back of the room, checking the angelic faces until he came to my desk.

"Mr. Bradford" he said. "The odor of citrus seems to be coming from the back of the room. Can you explain this?"

I smiled toothlessly and shook my head.

He fingered my pencil bag and out popped the tangerine peel.

"You can finish chewing now," he pronounced charitably. "But if you bring another tangerine into class in the future, I will confiscate it and eat it right in front of you and the class."

That night I selected an unusually large tangerine from the refrigerator. I painstakingly cut a small circle from the bottom of the fruit and gently removed the juicy sections with a baby spoon. I squeezed mustard into the hollow tangerine, followed by soggy toilet paper. Confronted with the problem of how to stick the bottom of the fruit back on, I tried loops of masking tape and they stuck to the peel alright, but not to the wet TP. I tried jamming some dry paper towel into the orifice and the tape held, but it was not convincing and kept popping out. Finally I hit on the perfect idea. I found the plastic bottle of Elmer's glue, popped the plastic cap, and squeezed a thick stream of glue into the tangerine's opening. It said on the label that it would dry in twenty-four hours. I squeezed in half of the bottle, filling it up to the top and returned the circle of peel to the bottom. I carefully carried it up to my room.

I brought an extra tangerine to snack time the next day. As I finished it, I took the last section and squeezed the juice on my hands, and then wiped them on my shirt and pants. I reeked of citrus. I gently picked up the loaded fruit and headed for class a little early, so that I would be seated when he entered the room. Mr. Griggs was only about five feet into the room when he wheeled around in my direction and headed toward me, hand outstretched.

"Bradford," he said. "Hand it over. I told you that if you brought food to class I'd eat it in front of you. I meant it. Hand it over."

I meekly reached into my jacket pocket and pulled out the ripe tangerine. I carefully put it into his hand, hoping that the seal would hold.

"Mmmm," he said, savoring his victory as he headed to the front of the classroom. "This looks like a particularly delicious tangerine, Mr. Bradford. Thank you. Perhaps you should bring your snacks to class every day."

At this point Tom Hahn couldn't control himself any longer and exploded into laughter.

"I don't know what you think is so funny, Mr. Hahn . . ." Mr. Griggs fixed Tom in his stare as he plunged his index finger into the fruit. He peeled down a large strip of the rind and mustard and glue oozed thickly onto the fingers of both hands.

"What the hell . . . ?" he trailed off, as he glanced down at his hands and the tangerine, the soggy yellowish mass of toilet paper and paper towel poking out of the hole. The gooey stuff began to drip on the linoleum floor. When the boys in the class had gotten over their shock, they joined in with Tom,

who was laughing so hard that he was hanging onto the desk to keep from falling to the floor.

Mr. Griggs truly had been had and he had violated the "no swearing" taboo. And we had witnessed it. He stood there with a helpless look, hands outstretched and dripping with slime. Then without a word, he left the room and headed down the hall, presumably to report me to the Headmaster. I thought I saw the corner of a smile as he headed through the door.

Several hours later Dr. Newcomb passed me in the hall.

"Hear you really got Griggs," he chuckled, as he headed to his office.

Ned Bradford

REFLECTIONS ON WALRUS HUNTING IN ALASKA

We have been on the sea since the early morning, and now it is the late afternoon. Herds of walrus drift up the straits by the tens of thousands, distributed in small pods throughout this area which is as vast as Texas, but we have seen nothing so far. Like everything else in the occupation of hunting, one must know what one is doing. Chance is but a poor provider.

At noon, we kill and butcher a *maklak*, a young bearded seal, and Ivan directs me to use the Coleman stove on board to cook it. I boil great hunks of lean red meat in a pot of sea water. We have no plates and no eating ware, so we slice the meat on the thwarts with our hunting knives. Afterwards, I make tea and sweeten it with lots of sugar. Seasoned with hunger, it is without a doubt the best meal of my life.

I think of the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." The silence is complete, the emptiness palpable. We are beyond the flights of birds and their noisy screeching and squawking. No surf beats against a rocky shoreline. No wind sloughs through the clefts and contours of the cliff-bound island coast. The only sound is the rhythmic swell of the sea and the dip of the oars. Drifting in the ocean current half asleep, my belly full of maklak and hot tea, surrounded by the thousand silent shapes of the flocks aglare in the intense of arctic sunlight, I understand mankind's ancient infatuation with the hunt.

It is not until much later in the evening that we sight walrus. The sun is already descending to its western nadir. In an hour or two the short arctic night will begin, two hours of twilight while the sun dips briefly below the edge of the horizon only to appear shortly a few degrees to the right of the point of its setting. In the distance—I estimate we are forty miles off the coast—only the peaks of the island are visible. Ivan tells Herman to cut the engine and clambers to the peak of an iceberg to survey the surrounding area with binoculars. When he comes down, he says that he has spotted something and that we must be quiet from now on. We proceed with paddles.

Nick nudges me, a smile on his broad tanned face, pointing to a distant cluster of dark spots on the other side of the ice pack. We pull our boat up on the ice and begin to work our way in stealth and silence to the other side of the pack, seeking the cover of a pressure ridge which will allow us to move within range of the walrus. It is a half an hour before we get around to the other side and set the boat in the water

again, having traversed several hundred yards of pack ice.

Jerry fixes the harpoon head on the shaft. Silently, we round a projection of ice, and I see the walrus for the first time close-up, a pod of about ten, mostly bulls, lounging lazily on ice, grunting and shifting about in a mass. One of the more watchful bulls casts about restlessly, seeming to sense our approach, snorting and bellowing a muted alarm. Anxiety spreads through the herd. The other walrus crane their bulky, fat-creased necks to get a better view, moving cautiously towards the edge of the ice. A solitary cow and her calf manage to lumber clumsily to the edge, and then, in amazing contrast to their awkwardness on land, slide with cat-like grace and speed into the water, slipping beneath the green surface.

A moment later, the cow surfaces a few feet from the boat, right in front of us in a splash of sea water, snorting loud vapory blasts of carbon dioxide and eyeing us suspiciously through beady little astigmatic eyes. She arches her neck out of the water to get the sense of us, sniffing with a great bristly muzzle. Jerry grabs an oar and whacks the water hard in front of her. She snorts in stunned surprise, then dives in a smooth plunging arch, dousing us with fine sea spray. An enraged walrus can gut or overturn a skin boat, and this is the worst disaster that can occur to men in the frigid Bering Sea—at best a merciful death in a half an hour from hypothermia, at worst a long and lingering death by starvation or exposure on an ice floe with no hope of return and little for rescue.

In a few more strokes, we are at the edge of the ice, seventy-five yards from the walrus. With precision and speed, the hunters draw the boat up out of danger, take up positions, and chamber their weapons, waiting on Ivan's command.

The walrus are now extremely restless, grunting, stirring, edging closer to the water for the final plunge. I stand behind Jerry, who takes a bead on a bull a few feet from the edge of the ice. Three shots ring out, shattering the silence. In the fraction of a second which follows, Jerry squeezes off a well-aimed round. The recoiling rifle slams back into his shoulders as the projectile catches the big bull in the temple, six inches behind the eye, midway in a frantic lunge toward the sheltering water, and he shudders and collapses in a sagging heap, a fountain of bright red blood gushing from his wound.

There is silence again. The surviving walrus have fled to the depths of the sea. Four dying bulls remain behind on the ice. The hunters survey the carnage briefly. Then, with business-like dispatch, step up to each one, place rifle muzzles to temples, and deliver the coup de grace.

They set to work butchering the animals. It takes only two men working for twenty minutes to dismember a walrus. An incision is made in the hide high on the carcass near the neck, large enough for the hand to pass through and grip. While one tugs on the hide, pulling the severed flesh out and away from the body, the other cuts with swift slashing strokes of the knife. The hunters work with the speed of practiced butchers,

knowing exactly where to cut, moving their knives deftly through the soft cartilage, never having to hack or pry. Great slabs of hide, blubber and flesh, called *manguna*, lie about on the ice. Pools of blood fill the indented surfaces where we work. Flippers, ribs, hips, thighs, hearts, kidneys, and liver are all cut, separated and spread on the ice in preparation for loading.

Finally the kill is ready to be loaded. Ivan directs the loading. To take all of the meat is impossible and to return for it is equally so since there is no way to locate this particular ice shield in the drifting immensity of the ocean.

"We have a custom around here," he tells me. "Four walrus a trip. Four walrus, then we have to bring it all back, unload the meat, take it up to the meat caches and store it, go home, and sleep. That's the way we do it. No head hunting." Then he adds, laughing, "Maybe we have just a cup of coffee sometimes, no sleep, if we want to hunt more."

We set the boat in the water and draw it port side along the edge of the ice. From each walrus Ivan selects certain choice portions, the heart, a section of intestines, the liver, a rack of ribs for drying, a flipper, and some slabs of *manguna*, and of course, the heads. He carefully distributes them to maintain ballast in the boat. When he is done, the gunwales are only a foot above the water line, hardly enough for clearance in swells or choppy water.

We load our rifles and gear into the boat and prepare to disembark for home, but not before we celebrate an impromptu meal in commemoration of a successful hunt. The paunches are slit. Each contains the meat of giant clams. We clean them in the sea water and then spread them on the ice. Like true epicures, we stuff ourselves with this exquisite delicacy, the firm, tender, white flesh which has been seasoned and pickled in their stomach juices. On the way back, we will eat slices of the raw liver to stave off the damp cold of the arctic twilight.

Men have been hunters longer than they have been anything else. It is programmed right into our nervous system. If you have ever killed, you know this. You know it in the way you become totally absorbed in the task, in the way your entire being becomes concentrated at the critical moment, the way your senses and instincts are sharpened to a knife's edge of precision and awareness, in the uncanny way your body and mind merge unconsciously into your surroundings, hunkering right down into contours of the earth and sea, your hands and musculature silently flowing into the rifle like an extension of yourself, the rush of adrenalin, the unbearable tension, controlled and directed. Then you know it afterwards, when you gaze upon the slain animal and you sense a communion, an awed gratefulness in the suspended stillness of death, that you are alive and it, though dead, lives through you, and you through it. In some unknowable way it has become a part of you.

Ben Orr



Editors for
The How To Issue:
Bob Davis
Julie Neidorf
Greg Toppo
Layout: Jessie Robbins

Some of the names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

Thursday, August 1, 1991
Bread Loaf School of English
at Santa Fe
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

HOW TO MAKE FISH ICE CREAM

First, drop your preconceptions. Fish ice cream is good stuff. Huge tubs of it disappear at every potlatch, and you'll reveal yourself a true gasuk (Anglo) if you don't spoon it down as quick as the rest.

Second, you need berries. Exactly what kind is a major controversy in Nulato. I'm a cranberry man, myself. Tartness goes well with fish. But a lot of people will defend blueberry fish ice cream to the last spoonful. It's sweeter. I guess I should also mention the few perverse souls who prefer salmon berries. But they're like people who put anchovies on pizza—you just can't take them seriously. Anyway, you need berries. And remember, your choice is a lifetime decision. It's OK to eat any flavor of fish ice cream, but if you're caught making more than one kind you'll lose all social standing. Traitors are regarded suspiciously by all sides.

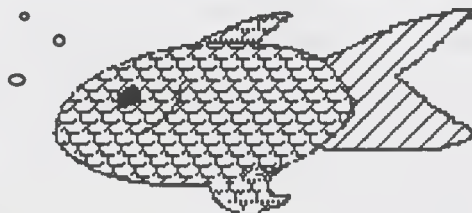
Pick your berries in late August, before the frost turns them to mush. You can find cranberries almost anywhere. They litter the moss under the spruce. Blueberries are scarce. They grow in patches, which are staked out early by the blueberry fanatics. Cranberry people like to raid these patches at night, and then bring blueberry pies to the potlatches and watch the blueberry people get stiffed-lipped. (I don't believe in enabling, so you anchovy/salmon berry freaks have to find your own berries). Oh, when you go to pick your berries bring a gun; bears like berries, too.

The next ingredient is fish. By general agreement, whitefish are the best. They run in September, just before the river freezes. In an afternoon or two, you can catch enough fish for ice cream and to feed your dogs through the winter. In a pinch it's O.K. to use pike, but people will think you're

cheap. Never, under any circumstances, use salmon. That's gross! Oh, and when you go fishing bring a gun; bears like fish, too.

The last two ingredients are sugar and Crisco. If you're Midas, you can walk down to the store and buy what you need. But if you're trying to live on a teacher's salary, order it from a catalogue and have it mailed in. Order early though, especially in the winter—planes don't fly when it's fifty below. Oh, when you pick your order up at the post office bring a gun; village store owners hate people who buy their food out of catalogues.

Now, you're ready to begin. The exact amount of fish is up to personal taste. But remember, you'll be called stingy if you bring less than 10 gallons of ice-cream to a potlatch. You'll need at least four or five big whitefish. Cut the fish into fist-size chunks, cover them with water and boil until the meat begins to separate. Take the pan off the stove and let it cool. Wrap the fish in a cloth, preferably clean, and squeeze the juice into a bowl. Drink the juice while it's still luke warm. Dump the squeezed fish into a big container. Then add equal measures of sugar and Crisco. Mix well. It should be the consistency of stringy putty. Mix in a gallon or two of berries and chill. Now it's ready to serve. Be sure to leave room for "rotten fish," a locally produced popsicle of raw, fermented grayling or trout, frozen and dipped in seal oil. *Bob Davis*



HOW TO MEET THE TAX MAN

In the bodegas, the corner bars and on the construction sites of a certain city there was the legend of John Gannon, Tax Consultant.

"All I have left is April twelfth at one o'clock at night. It's either you take that one or you're screwed."

I knew Gannon was right, if I didn't take this appointment in the middle of the night I would never get my taxes done, so I was forced to take it.

On the night of the twelfth I picked up a cold six-pack of Rheingold and drove over to Gannon's office. It was an old store front in the Congress Avenue neighborhood, which was commonly called "The Congo." When I pulled up in front of his office, the sidewalk was crowded with the patrons of the pool hall/after hours bar next door.

Someone unlocked the door and then deadbolted it right behind me. The office was one room, with about ten wooden chairs in front and Gannon's metal desk in the rear. I dropped my grocery bag full of tax receipts on the only open chair and headed for the back.

The area around his desk was strategically plan. Within reaching distance on one side was a copier and on the other side was a small refrigerator. I stepped over the IRS forms covering the floor and placed the six-pack into the refrigerator.

Gannon turned from the client he was with and said, "Is it cold?"

I gave him a nod and he added, "You're next in line."

I took my seat with the others waiting for their appointments. The front of the office looked like a picture of Ellis Island with all the new arrivals waiting to be processed. Most of them were husband and wife with at least one child to serve as an interpreter. All the wives and the children were sleeping, with their husbands clutching their paper bags full of receipts.

Then I noticed all the eyes staring at me. Almost none of them spoke English, but they all understood when Gannon said I was the next in line. I heard them mumbling to themselves in every language from Portuguese to Polish, probably putting curses on my family. They even woke the children on their laps to stare me down.

There was a snap of broken wood. The pool hall emptied out around two men beating each other with cue sticks. While the others were watching the fight through the plate glass window, Gannon finished with his client and signaled me to his desk.

I took the six-pack out of the refrigerator and placed it in front of him. Reaching into a drawer he pulled out a pint of Old Grand Dad and two stained coffee cups. After pouring two shots he slid one of the cups in front of me. I opened a beer and handed it to him.

He threw down the shot and chased it with a beer.

Gannon had these steel blue eyes, which contrasted with his fiery red hair, and a natural lean, which positioned him right in your face. He had this smile where just his upper lip moved. Lying underneath this smile was always a "fuck," either a "fuck you" or "fuck them." He smiled and said, "What you got for taxes this year, kid?"

I poured out the contents of the my grocery bag next to the

six-pack. He finished his beer, opened another and separated the pile of tax receipts. After a couple minutes of analyzing each piece of paper he asked, "How much do you want back?"

I asked him in a low voice, "Maybe fifteen hundred? I got a big insurance bill to pay."

"Whatever you want back, kid, I'll get it for you. You want five thousand? I'll get it for you. You want only fifteen hundred, that's fine."

Gannon looked down on the floor covered with IRS forms. After searching for a couple of minutes he found the right one and started filling it out.

Then I noticed that it suddenly got loud in the office. The cue stick fight was over and the others realized that I had cut in front of them. They were yelling things that I could not understand, but that I knew were directed towards me.

Gannon looked up. They all stopped. He pointed his finger at the group and said, "You don't like it get out." He paused for a second, looking at each person, and then went on, "Just see if you can find an accountant to do your taxes and if you do find one, then see how much you get back."

No one said a word. Gannon returned to the IRS form.

"Travel expenses. How many miles do you travel to work?" he asked.

"I've been working in Greenwich, so about sixty miles one way."

"All right, that's seventy miles one way at thirty cents a mile and 220 work days a year." He started to compute my expenses on the form,

"H-Hold it John, I said sixty, not seventy."

"OK, sixty-five miles one way."

"No, John, sixty. I don't want to get audited."

Gannon threw down his pen in disgust. "That's all everyone worries about is getting audited." He took out his appointment book and opened it up. "Do you see that?" He pointed at column for a week in January and added, "I had twenty clients audited that week. At least half didn't have to pay extra taxes and some even got more money back."

"Did any have to pay a penalty?"

The muscles in Gannon's neck tightened and he said, "Only the wimps who didn't want to fight them."

He pulled me close to him and started to whisper like he was telling me some great secret, "We got them on the ropes. I mean it. We got those bastards down at the IRS right we want them." He finished with his smile.

As Gannon was adding the final numbers for my tax return I noticed the bottle of "Black Beauty" amphetamines on a shelf and the cot against the wall. I had always heard rumors that the couple of weeks before the tax deadline he did tax returns twenty-four hours a day, but I never thought it was true.

"Alright kid, you're getting back nineteen hundred." He swiveled the chair to the left and made a copy of my return. After he gave me an envelope to mail it in, I paid him the fifty dollar fee.

Then I heard a cue stick break over someone's back. He told me I should wait inside, until the trouble outside cleared up.

"John, don't you get nervous about the trouble in the neighborhood?" I asked him.

"Nah. If they kill me, who will they get to do their taxes?"

As I moved away from his desk I saw him file his copy of my tax return. He just pushed it off the back of the desk. The paper floated down once, then twice, and landed on a pile of completed returns two feet high and three feet wide.

Before I mailed out my tax return I checked to make sure everything was correct. Just as I thought Gannon put down that I traveled seventy miles one way to work.

Michael Ricci

HOW TO BE A FAMOUS AUTHOR

Use the phrase *Things were getting out of hand*.

Books on writing generally classify this as a "hackneyed phrase," but these authors obviously haven't read the same books I have.

Here are a few examples (actual excerpts):

The white whale was smashing hell out of the ship. Things were getting out of hand.

Raskolnikov wiped the old ax blade clean. His head pounded, pounded like steeds in death throes. Would he be arrested, charged, convicted? His hands shook as he replaced the ax on the landlady's wall. Things were getting out of hand.

Jewel and I come up from the river that's flooding, mules drowned, Ma's head all full of holes. Cash's leg is broke. Darl foaming, going "Yes yes yes yes yes." The rain going tic tic tic

on the old bridge. Rope breaks, we all go in. Ma's floating downstream fast. Things're gettin' outta hand.

Even a smart guy like Auden knows the importance of a good phrase:

*He disappeared in the dead of winter:
The brooks were frozen, the airports almost deserted,
And snow disfigured the public statues
The mercury sank in the mouth of the dying day.
O all the instruments agree
Things were getting out of hand.*

I wouldn't be surprised if this phrase was used in all great works of literature, and I think it's time that everybody knew it. Use it. You won't be sorry. Forget "showing." Tell your reader: *Things were getting out of hand. Things were getting out of hand.* This is where great stories begin. Things get out of hand. Write it. Use it. Credit me.

Greg Toppo

HOW TO FILL SPACE

First Layout YEAST carefully. Then notice a tiny bit of white space at the bottom of a column. Type this. Repeat if needed.

HOW TO REMEMBER JACK

He was found smashed against a tree next to the long curve of tracks leading into Des Plaines. Freak accident, they said, doors flew open on the train and he was sucked out, never happened before, weird way to go. The family thought so, too.

Hours after the accident, a family friend was walking through the hospital and saw someone who looked like Jack on a bed, hooked up to a respirator, part of his face blue and swollen. Name unknown, the chart said, no identification. The friend made a quick call to the frantic family who hadn't seen Jack for twenty-four hours and they were immediately there to identify him and be with him in the last moments.

A year later the coroner's report said he'd been beaten, probably robbed, murdered . . .

I remember standing speechless, holding the phone, noticing the rhythmical beeping of the dial tone but unable to stop it. Down deep in my guts a knot slowly developed, tightening and gripping, forcing a low moan from my throat. The hot vomit worked its way up and I mechanically moved to the bathroom. Everything stopped. My apartment was a strange, silent place filled with heavy, breathless air.

We had worked together for two years and in that short time he had become a friend, a confidant and a brother. He was a jock, the only one I had been able to get close to who didn't think everything in life was a competition.

He let me share his life—his marriage to Marsha where everyone danced until four in the morning and the divorce a few years later in Houston; his awful lamp made from a rare saxophone dented when it fell from a truck; his gentle teaching of racketball at one in the morning, and his way of inspiring me to think I was the best teacher in the building.

Jack's boyish charm was deceptive. Women wilted with his old-fashioned courtesy, the single red rose and song dedications on the radio, the focused attentiveness in restaurants. He'd call at two in the morning telling me if he had scored or not, and we'd make lists of ploys that worked and didn't and why, leaving me wondering at his lack of confidence.

Sometimes he'd just call. Men in small towns don't do that much. We'd talk about music and movies and how we could make the marching band get back to the top five in the state again. And we would talk about forbidden things until the early hours of the morning—of death and cancer, of love and commitment, of fear and failure and weakness.

I called him "The Boy" and he called me "Buddy." The school couldn't figure out the connection between such an odd couple. He was blonde, blue-eyed, had a perfect physique and was ten years younger. He was loud and brash, always ready to do something outrageous; everything I was not. The talk about us was infuriating and delicious, adding a little danger to my otherwise tedious life, and I enjoyed every stupid question from my colleagues.

Five years is a long time to mourn, a long time to have that knot in my stomach. But each time I hear "The Rose," see flags move across a green marching field or drink whiskey straight, I remember Jack and quietly smile. Keith Younker

HOW TO BE A PARENT

It was hot and sticky inside the house. My shirt felt damp, like I got it out of the dryer too soon. My daughter accidentally tipped over a potted rubber plant. She asked me to help her put it back on the bench. Holding onto the spindly trunk, the clay pot released itself from the plant, crashing to the floor.

"Shit!"

My daughter looked at me sheepishly and slowly started to pick up the pieces. Later in the kitchen, I could hear her whisper to her mom, "Daddy swore."

I don't swear around my children. It's something I told myself I would never do. But then, there are a lot of things I thought I'd never do as a parent.

When I became a parent, I didn't have a clue about raising children. My only models were T.V. fathers like Ward Cleaver, Ozzie Nelson, and Fred MacMurray. Most of the books I read were about the importance of reading and singing to your child while it was still in the womb and using M&M's as a reward during potty-training. I was unsure of myself and willing to listen to anybody . . . even to my childless friend Bruce Smith.

Bruce and I teach together. He helped me get through my first two years of teaching and I helped him get through his divorce. He has always seemed wiser and more knowledgeable than I. Anytime Bruce came to our home, he'd instruct my wife and me on how to raise our children. "You need to be firmer . . . Don't let Katie crawl under the table during dinner . . . Listen Steve, I've been listening to this famous child psychologist on the radio. It's his belief that a father should never kiss his son. It makes him effeminate." I listened to Bruce and naively tried many of his ideas. It didn't take long before I realized Bruce wasn't as wise as I had thought. There are no perfect rules to being a parent, and many of the things you say you won't do, you end up doing.

Katie started asking about getting her ears pierced when she was in the third grade. "Daddy, all of my friends' ears are pierced. Matt Santos even has a pierced ear. I'm the only one in my class who can't have pierced ears. Why can't I?" I told her I didn't want her to grow up too soon and she could get her ears pierced when she was in the eighth grade. This fall Katie will be entering the sixth grade with newly pierced ears. Now her question is, "Daddy, when do you think I can add another hole?" I tell her not until the tenth grade. She just giggles.

Katie's brother has wanted a pocket knife ever since he saw Daniel Boone blazing a trail on T.V. Eric felt he *really* needed one to blaze a new trail through our neighbor's backyard. I told him I'd allow him to have a knife when he is old enough to drive. "Until then, you can use this as a pretend knife," I told him, handing him a wooden nail file.

"But, Daddy, this won't cut anything."

"Yeah, I know."

As I write this, Eric is leaning against the window ledge, whittling a branch into a spear with his newly purchased knife. He bought it with the birthday money he received from his grandmother.

Within six weeks, my friend Bruce, at the age of forty-five, will be a parent for the first time. I can't wait. I'm not sure if

he will ask me for advice. I sure hope so. Then I can tell him what I've learned about being a parent: "It's okay to kiss your son and to never say never." I hope he listens.

Steve Grundmeier

HOW TO CLAIM A BIRTHRIGHT

You're an American. When you're on a roadtrip, you're even more of an American. As an American, you've got one birthright: Free coffee.

Only drink refills.

Here's how:

Walk into a McDonald's, that quintessentially American emporium, and ask for a styrofoam coffee cup. Next, take the cup out to your car. Get in your car and pull around to the drive-thru. Hand the empty cup to the drive-thru attendant and kindly say, "Can I get a refill on this?" Don't be bashful. You're just asking them to do their job, which they'll promptly and cheerfully do.

Your cup filled, they will ask you if you want cream and sugar. Make your selection. You will be given, free of charge, a bewildering assortment of stuff: Coffee, cream, sugar, a plastic top, a plastic stirrer, and, if you like, a napkin and a paper bag. That is eight items you didn't have just a minute ago.

Thus armed, you are now free to drink free coffee for the rest of your life. Simply drive up to the window at any McDonald's, produce your cup and say, "Can I get a refill on this?" You will not be turned down, and you will always, always get a new top.

Try this on a long trip. Get a cup in Boston, get it filled at the drive-up window, then pull up to a McDonald's in Hartford and say, "Can I get a refill on this?" Ask for a refill in New Haven, New Rochelle, Newark, Bethlehem, Harper's Ferry, Natural Bridge, Knoxville, Nashville, Memphis, Little Rock, Sweet Home, Sulfur Springs, Texarkana, Paris, Abilene, Lubbock, Clovis, Fort Sumner, Moriarty, and three locations in Santa Fe.

Don't be bashful. Pull right up. They'll fill your cup happily, time after time, as many times as you like. Pour it out in the parking lot and go back again. They will be just as cheerful the second time around.

You're an American. You're a respectable person. Get your coffee free. It's your birthright.

Greg Toppo

HOW TO PAINT AS I DO

Here is one way to paint. It is good for the person with little time in the day, or little patience for painting. The preliminary step is to notice color. When you're driving along the road you can practice with the clouds. Stare at them. The first thing you will realize is that they're not white. Neither is a styrofoam cup. Maybe grey and blue, with some faint orange on the lightest parts. Nothing is white.

Never look at the overall color. A cloud will try to snow you into thinking it's white, like a teacher will try to snow

you into thinking that math is easy. Neither is true. You can't judge a book by its cover.

Whenever I paint, it's inevitably between work and dinner, or dinner and something else. So when I do paint, I want results. I look at my subject hard, staring into it to see what a flat color changes into. I look at that face until the face disappears and a morass of geometric swatches of color appears. If those colors are flesh-toned I am not there yet. A man's face is blue and red with patches of yellow and grey at the temples and the sides of the mouth. That's what I see. You will see something else. If it's flesh pink, or ruddy tan, you need to look harder. Forget that it's a face. You will see the strangest things. That's what you paint. That is the beauty.

I've taken a few art lessons. Teachers always try to persuade me to build my paintings, like building a house. Put on the foundation color first and let it dry. Paint the basic composition over this, in shades of one color. Let it dry. Go over this with the dark, base colors. Let it dry. Work up slowly over the course of several days, or even weeks, until you can finally put on the lights with white.

When we lived in Mexico I had the time for this. With little to occupy my mind, the creative instinct could persist in this stark, incremental form for days on end. At the end of the year I had one little painting that was built like a house. But the weather down there was terrible and by the time I was ready to add the lights it was too hot to sit outside and too strenuous to lift the brush, so I never finished the lighthouse because it was white.

Julie Neidorf

HOW TO DISCIPLINE STUDENTS IN YOUR FIRST YEAR OF TEACHING

My first year of teaching was like most teachers' first year: chaotic hell. I had five different preps and students like David Petit, a bristle-top red head who flipped me off the first day of class while I was leading my students in the pledge of allegiance. I guess it was his way of letting me know he was patriotic. In another class there was Les Crenshaw, a bruiser, who towered over me at 6'4" and passed gas during social studies. My fifth period class always had the pungent aroma of whatever was served for lunch that day. And then there was the kid I wished was on home study: Bob Danner, a fat whiney kid, whose pudgy cheeks looked like two deflated volleyballs.

I don't recall taking an education course on the "art of disciplining students in middle school." Either my professors were sadistic and savored the thought of their student teachers being devoured by a bunch of hormonally imbalanced adolescents, or they were overpaid educational theorists who had never actually taught middle school students. Regardless, I was unprepared for the kind of students I had and desperately needed help.

My neighbor was Paul Greco, a gregarious, massive Italian who taught inner-city high school students in Roseville. He knew everything about teaching and about life, so I went to him pleading for help.

"There's always some wise-ass who thinks he's tougher than nails. That's the kid to make an example of," Paul said.

I was leaning against a railing, absorbing his words.

"I tell him to wait after class . . . that I have something to discuss with him. Make it sound like it's no big deal. Never let him know you're pissed off about what he did in class," Paul continued, his eyes flickering like he was enjoying this. "The kid stays after. I calmly go over and pick him up by the neck and shove him against the wall."

I was getting excited. I couldn't wait until Monday to try this new method of discipline.

"Then, in a very stern, quiet voice, I say, 'The next time you pull shit like that, I'm going to beat the crap out of you. Do you understand?' Trust me, you'll never have another problem with him, or any other kid, 'cause he'll tell all his buddies."

It was the day before Christmas vacation and I was as anxious to begin vacation as my students were. I gave my students an early Christmas present: their mid-semester grades. When I handed Bob his grade, he threw it across his desk back at me. "This is crap! You don't know what you're doing."

"Bob, I'd like to talk to you after class," I said.

Bob sat at his desk doodling, waiting for the other students to exit. I quickly reviewed everything Paul told me . . . "go over and pull him up by the neck, then . . ." As I mentioned, Bob was a large kid, so when I went over and tried to pull him up by his neck, things didn't go as Paul had promised. Bob pulled away from me, his face twisted with fear and bewilderment. I grabbed his sweatshirt, ripping it in half, exposing folds of fat. "Wait 'til I tell my mom!" he screamed. "She'll get you for this!" Paul never said anything about moms or tearing sweatshirts in half. Uncertain of what to do next, I yelled back, "I don't care . . . now get out of here!" Futilely trying to piece his sweatshirt back together, Bob sidled out the door, peering over his shoulder.

I knew my principal would be getting a phone call from Bob's mom, so I told him what had happened. He was surprisingly understanding and told me he'd take care of it and to enjoy my two-week vacation.

Driving home, I thought about getting a job at K-Mart or becoming a U.P.S. truck driver.

My wife was already home when I pulled into the driveway. Her face was bleached of its usual ruddy color.

"I hit a kid on a motorcycle . . . he ran a stop sign . . . never saw him. . . he's O.K., but I need to go over and talk to his parents," she said, getting into her car.

"Who's the kid?"

"Bob Danner. Is he one of your students?"

I never had a problem with Bob or my other students for the remainder of the year. Who needs Paul when I've got my wife?

Steve Grundmeier

HOW TO CATCH 'EM BEING GOOD

A few years ago, the faculty of the small prep school where I worked was required to attend a workshop entitled "Catch 'Em Being Good: The Power of Positive Discipline." The

premise of the workshop was that by raising the self-esteem of the students, they would lose the compulsion to break any rules, challenge any teachers, or test any limits; in short, they would bypass adolescence completely and turn into miniature adults. Students would be so buoyed by praise that their mission would become one of pleasing those in positions of authority. Our school had opted against the Christian-oriented workshop, but Robert Biggers, the director of our workshop, also ran the Christian one. With the hairstyle, voice and carriage of a televangelist, Biggers opened the meeting with his own prayer, which we were cordially invited to join. Perhaps in the Christian workshop, we would have been required to pray.

As we began workshoping, I doodled and watched the faces of my colleagues. The headmaster sat in the front row, nodding seriously at particularly good points, and taking copious notes. My department chair gazed in slack-jawed horror at the language-abuse to which he was an involuntary witness. The dean sat in the back with his arms folded over his chest, hands tucked into his armpits, and grinned at me shaking his head slightly.

When I did tune in to Biggers, he was talking about the students' need for clarity. We were advised to post rules and to be as specific in our standards for behavior as possible. For instance, writing down the rule that says, "Calling other children bad names will not be tolerated," is good, but writing "Elephant-breath and Tinsel-teeth are names that will not be tolerated," is better. I suddenly felt an overwhelming urge to call someone "Elephant-breath," a term that would never have occurred to me otherwise.

Most of the workshop has mercifully faded from my mind, but I still have the pastel-pink pamphlet that every attendee received, as well as the certificate of attendance, designed, no doubt, to make me feel good about myself. As a testament to the level of creativity with which the Biggers' Associates credited teachers, the pamphlet provides two pages of praise statements, some complete, some fill-in-the-blank. A few particularly helpful statements for use by high school teachers include, "I like the way you put away your toys after play time!" "I like the way you folded your napkin!" and "I like the way you played with your sister!" A few of the more open-ended statements begin with the phrases, "I like the way..." and "You did a good job when..." but those phrases are clearly for the advanced praisers. Suggestions to further increase the effectiveness of the statement are to smile, place a hand lightly on shoulder or forearm of the praise-recipient, wink, and/or give a thumb's up sign.

Biggers perhaps intended that the praiser use only one of those reinforcing techniques at a time. It was only a matter of hours before the more subversive members of the faculty, that is to say, all but the headmaster and a couple ambitious climbers, began rattling off praise statements straight from the book and independent of context, winking ferociously and punctuating every line of praise with a thumbs-up so energetic as to be considered profane in some European countries. Our quality time with Biggers did manage to boost the collective self-esteem of the faculty more effectively than any other workshop we had attended. I liked the way he enabled us to feel good about ourselves.

Jean Klingler

HOW TO DO MUD

You find good dirt with some clay, but not a lot of it. Or you find some dirt with a lot of clay and mix sand into it. You can find good adobe dirt in almost any backyard in northern New Mexico. Plow the dirt or turn it over with a shovel (depending on how much you need). Soften it, and pile it up. Make a hole in the middle so that it resembles a volcano. Put water and straw in it, and let it soak over night. Rest well.

You wake up early in the morning, like at daybreak—*la madrugada* . . . Have a good breakfast: *huevos fritos*, red and green *chile*, *papitas*, bacon or *carnitas*, *tortillas*, coffee, and homemade apricot or peach jam.

Go outside and grab your shovel. Turn the mud over and over; if you really want to have fun, get your husband or wife, the kids, the dogs, the cat, the horses or burros . . . anything that has feet . . . and walk around in the mud instead of turning it with a shovel. Add water as necessary until you have a solid mud: a good mix of water, dirt, straw, and sand that isn't runny.

Put the mud in a wheelbarrow and have your wife push it to the form. If you're a feminist, have your husband push it to the form. If you're a responsible, child-rearing adult, have your kids do it (builds character). In the olden days they used put it in gunny sacks and carry it.

The form: 10" x 14" They used to use wooden forms and soaked them in a five gallon can filled with water to keep them slick. Later, after the turn of the century and The Technological Revolution (1962, Land of Enchantment time) . . . a lighter, slicker form was made out of aluminum.

The process: 1. Dump the mud in the form which is on a flat, dry surface. 2. Have your wife pack the mud in the form with her hands. If you're a feminist, have your husband do it. If you're a parent, have the kids do it. 3. Pick the form up, clean it in the five gallon can, move it up, and repeat the process. 4. And repeat the process until you have enough adobes to build whatever it is you're building. 5. Take a bath. 6. Clean your fingernails and toenails. 7. Let the sun dry the adobes for three or four days or until they are solid enough to stand on their sides. 8. Stand them on their sides, but stagger them so that they support each other should they fall (you don't want them to break). 9. Have your wife stack them unless you're a feminist or a parent. 10. The adobes are ready for construction.

Alfredo Celedon Lujan

HOW TO OPEN A CLOSED CASE

Barbara Ripley moved to North Yarmouth in the fourth grade and sat behind me in class. We got to be friends that year and played together at recess. At Christmas she drew my name and bought me Santa Claus stationery. She told me how she was adopted. She wore hand-me-down dresses from her older sister and would have to wear the same dress for two weeks. When she first arrived at school in the morning, she didn't like to talk to me—she was withdrawn and grouchy. In fifth grade she threw up all over herself. The next day she came to school in the same dress with dried throw-up all over it; she

was still sick. It was during this year that she also ran away a couple of times. The volunteer fire department had to go out and search for her in the middle of a snow storm; they found her under a tree on the power lines, with her dog. It was also during fifth grade that her morning moods became more intense. Fifth grade was the last year I remember talking to her because she wasn't in my class the next year.

It was Saturday morning, the last week of September, and I was riding to the mall in the backseat of the Erwins' Volkswagen. All of a sudden I heard, "The twelve year old North Yarmouth girl, Barbara Ann Ripley, who was last seen getting off the bus on Wednesday, has not yet been found." I was stunned. This does not happen to people you know. On Monday rumors were flying around the school that there was a kidnapper around; we all were frightened.

Supposedly, Barbara had wanted to go to the Cumberland Fair with Sharon Maloney but her parents wouldn't let her. The rumor was that when she got off the bus, she didn't go home but headed towards the fair. But as the weeks went by, she never turned up. The fire department went out for many searches in the woods. They called in psychics and detectives. Kids at school said that she was being held prisoner by her parents. One girl said she saw Barbara's brother taking food out behind the barn. As the year progressed and no Barbara, I couldn't stand having the Santa Claus stationery anymore. One day I threw it out in hopes of being able to forget about the horror of Barbara. I hadn't been able to talk to her before she disappeared and in some weird way I felt guilty.

My senior year in college, ten years after Barbara disappeared, they found her body partially decomposed in a box, in a barn five miles from her house. Although in my heart there are still many missing pieces, some detective in an office somewhere closed the case.

Jane Gamage

HOW TO CLIMB

The first thing you have to do is find a crack. The best are in faraway places. Find a sandstone crack hidden way back in the canyons of eastern Utah on an isolated pinnacle. Wake up early and wrap your fingers in tape. Stretch deeply as the sun rises over the red desert rock. Don't talk. Listen to the desert and the sound of scurrying lizards. Tie yourself in to your partner, checking the rope for kinks or cuts. Dip your hand into your chalk bag and crack your knuckles one last time. You are ready to climb.

Reach your hand forward into the crack, feeling the texture and temperature of the rock. Make a fist and pull back on your arm, feeling your hand jam in the crack. Step one foot up into the crack, testing the rubber of your climbing shoes. Now you are ready and the process begins, fist after fist, step after step, as if you are climbing a rock ladder. Only there are no rungs on this ladder, except the ones you make with your own body. Stop every seven or eight feet to place a piece of protection. Take out a hexentric and slot it in the crack until it is completely stable. Clip the rope into the carabiner attached to the hexentric. Continue climbing.

You are climbing with the sun, which meets you as you are a hundred and fifty feet off the ground. Your hands are raw and cold against the rock, and the sun feels good as you prepare a belay and your partner follows the vertical tracks you have placed. It feels good when she pulls up over the ledge, like you haven't seen her for a long time. You can't help smiling at each other. The desert is layed out like a giant red maze at your feet.

Unclip yourself from the belay and repeat the process. Your muscles are tired but the adrenaline is pumping through your veins as you look up three hundred feet above you to the crux of the climb, a crack that runs through a five-foot horizontal roof. It looks unclimbable from where you are. Fist jam after fist jam, step after step, foot by foot you narrow the distance between you and the roof. After two more belays you are thirty feet below the roof, which now looks massive. As your partner climbs up to you, clips into the belay and looks up, she will probably say something like, "Hooooly shit!" Ignore the comment and forget the cramping in your stomach. Retape the bloody spots on your fingers and dip your hand in the chalk bag. Realize after the fifth time you have dipped your hand that it is covered in chalk and you are only dipping as a form of procrastination. Your partner smiles at you, one of those good luck smiles with a faint trace of fear in it. The sun is very hot by now and you wish you were down below in the cool currents of the San Juan. Unclip and climb on.

After the first few fist jams towards the overhang you feel the fatigue in your biceps. You are sweating profusely and the chalk is all slimy on your hands. Your leg begins to shake a little, known as "sewing machine leg." Keep climbing. Keep focused and make your body listen to you. You are right underneath the roof. Pull out a camming device and place it as far out in the crack as you can. Clip the rope into the carabiner and quickly get your hand back in the crack. Don't hesitate here. Begin the roof.

Jam out as far as possible and let your legs swing free. You are hanging by your fists five hundred feet above the desert floor. Don't look down. Raise your feet and jam them into the horizontal crack. You are like a spider climbing on the underside of a table. Your muscles are straining and your arms begin to shake. One jam after another and you are at the lip. You reach up and over the roof, expecting to find a hold. Don't panic when you can't find it. Your hand slips off the face, your fist pops out of the crack leaving a residue of skin on the rock, and you are airborne. Don't tense up. Remember you are tied into a rope and you trust your partner. The red rushes past your eyes, you think you see your partner rush past, and then you hear a loud scrape as you jerk to a halt and slam against the pinnacle.

Take a deep breath. You are still alive. The desert spins as you dangle from the end of the rope. The screech of a hawk shocks you back into consciousness. You look up and your partner is looking down at you, her face tense and worried. Tell her that everything is O.K. Get back into the crack and jam your way back up to the belay. Your partner smiles as you clip in and you lean back on the rope, resting. Thank your partner.

Climb up to the roof. You are less afraid this time. The fall has driven the fear from your body. You feel strong. You

climb out and over the roof, jam after jam until you are standing on the summit and the desert is spread out below you like a quilt of stone and rivers. Your partner climbs the roof and joins you on the summit. You notice her hands are worn and bloody like your own. You see a hawk circling and you know you are alive.

Colin Chisholm

HOW TO COOK WITH JACK

I stand over the scarred butcher block table armed with a steak knife. With a chipped wood handle and scratched up blade, it is one of three unmatched knives that we have scrounged up in Jack's chaotic kitchen drawers. His whole house is in disarray: collected shells, stones, and driftwood are strewn among tables and floor space, and there are magazines, newspapers, and journals scattered on chipped coffee tables and sheet-draped sofas. Jack, who has just arrived from the market with two cardboard boxes loaded with food and liquor, seems unconcerned with the disorder. He begins pulling vegetables, many of which appear soft, bruised, and discolored, out of the cartons. I am not surprised that Jack would skimp on the vegetables in order to afford the bottles of wine and a case of imported beer. He announces that we will make a big stir-fry and that we can start with a bottle of wine to get our cooking juices flowing.

He pours the wine into old jelly jars and passes them around. It is cool and sweet and rushes warm through my chest. I watch as the others select vegetables from among the bottles in the worn carton. They quickly set to work, dicing an onion over a plate, peeling and cloving garlic, sipping wine, and making light conversation. But I am preoccupied—too aware that I have one of the only sharp knives while the others cut with dull-bladed army and butter knives. I feel obligated to perform some immaculate cutting in order to legitimize my having the steak knife. But, coming from a home where the only slicing we did was of bananas over cold cereal or of leftover roast beef for sandwiches, I conjecture that there is a system for cutting each type of vegetable as well as a standard "stir-fry size" that I just don't know. By the time I select from the bin, it seems that all the self-explanatory vegetables are gone. Only the green peppers remain, lurking in a corner behind wine bottles. I have certainly cut peppers for salads and omelets, but only in the privacy of my own kitchen, and I am self-conscious that my haphazard approach which always results in uneven slices and scattered seeds will not hold up to scrutiny. I anticipate the "No, not that way" or "Why are you cutting like that?" which will draw attention to my deficiency.

I search for the most casual phrasing and ask, "So Jack, what's the best way to cut green peppers?"

Jack, with his long, jagged beard and baggy face and hands, looks up from his debauchery and mumbles, "There's only one way."

Taking the pepper and knife from my hand, he lays the vegetable sideways on the block and neatly slices off its cap about a half inch below the stubby stem. He smiles, a mad surgeon making a clean amputation. The cap flips over and

lands like an upside-down umbrella without a handle. He glances up to make sure I'm watching and then continues, turning it over, and begins to slice, leaving scarcely a knife-blade's distance around the stem. I am always awed by the life-affirming reverence with which Jack utilizes every aspect of an object before he discards it, so it doesn't surprise me when he cuts so closely to the stem.

Next he addresses the bulk of the pepper and gently reaches in and with a slight twist extracts the seeds and white, spongy innards and puts them aside. He quarters the remaining pepper, slicing long, thin strips and segmenting those. He then retrieves the seedy, spongy mess of insides, and to my surprise he begins to slice those. Parts that I was sure were on their way to the garbage! Suddenly I am an expert on cutting green peppers.

"Jack! What are you doing with the seeds and the white stuff? We have to throw that part out."

"Oh no. It's the best part." He replies as if I don't know anything about green peppers. Doesn't he know that in their bitterness those seeds can take over a whole dish? And that the white stuff, in its spongy texture, is as succulent as unseasoned slivers of foam packing material?

"Jack . . ." I try again.

"This is the part with flavor," he insists.

It is no use.

"I can take over from here. I think I understand now." His wine jar is empty and he hands the knife to me.

Desperate to discard the spongy, white innards and seeds before they end up in the stir-fry, I secretly watch Jack while I pretend to scrutinize the next pepper for a good angle for the incision. To my dismay he refills his jar and begins breaking broccoli spears, sharing the table next to me. He glances up every once in a while, possibly to check my progress, but more likely to keep guard on those seeds and white pepper walls. Finally he goes to retrieve the beers that are cooling in the refrigerator on the porch. Dave comes up behind me, whispering, "Get rid of it. Before he comes back!" I look up and the others are nodding in agreement. Bill is collecting skins, seeds, and stems in a trash bag. "Quick, put them in here before he comes back."

Naomi Wax

HOW TO BUY A CONDO IN 13 STEPS

1. Consider buying a condominium when you are in the midst of a nervous breakdown.

Let the fact that your younger sister just bought a house influence your decision. Believe firmly that if you don't act now, real estate will appreciate another 38% this year.

2. Live in Boston.

This needs no explanation.

3. Disregard your friends' and family's advice.

This is extremely important. They will have strong opinions about the property and location and can see much more clearly than you can.

4. Imagine possibilities.

Look at the building and apartment through impressionist eyes. See the exterior as a potential Victorian "painted lady,"

like those in San Francisco, not as the slum of the neighborhood. Figure that it will take you only a couple of months to renovate the interior.

5. Continue to ignore friends' and family's advice.

By this time, they will have seen the place. They will be convinced that it is not as big as you think it is.

6. Convince yourself that real estate brokers are doing you a favor.

This is critical. Do not haggle over the price of the unit. Be concerned that they like you, and do everything you can to make their job easier.

7. Don't have the property inspected.

Ignore signs like charred 2x4's behind the walls, ants in the kitchen of your top floor apartment, and front stairs that flex when you step on them. Don't consider that storm windows might be useful in the Northeast.

8. Don't consult a lawyer.

Avoid the one person who might prevent your self-destruction.

9. Sign the purchase and sale agreement.

This is the first really big step. It ensures that you are legally bound to your mess. Sign it because at the very least you will lose \$500.00 if you back out.

10. Rip out the ceiling in the living room before you "close."

Act on your fantasy of a cathedral ceiling. Rip out the ceiling so that no one in their right mind would ever buy the place again. This is also important because when the wind blows, the house will shake and the coffee in your cup will stir itself.

11. Use students to renovate interior electric and plumbing systems.

Use them to reroute pipes and electric lines. This will ensure that "cold" is "hot" in the bathroom, and that the switch in the kitchen will turn on the ceiling fan in the living room.

12. Close.

This is the final step. It will obligate you to a whopping mortgage payment every month for the rest of your life. It is at this point that you will realize you will never be able to rent the place for your monthly payment, and will be forced to live in it for all eternity.

13. Watch the bottom fall out of the Boston real estate market.

Realize that if you had only waited, you could have bought the town of Quincy for what you paid for your condo.

Ned Bradford

HOW TO COOK YOUR OWN GOOSE

Cambridge, Massachusetts: 1982.

The only sounds in the room were the barely audible operatic piece which crackled from the radio and the shuffling of the papers in my application folder. I intently studied the faces of the two professors as they scrutinized letters of recommendation, transcripts, personal essays, and scholarly papers. The next fifteen minutes could determine whether this would be the place I'd do my graduate work in philosophy. My optimism waned as the only direct response had been, "Where the hell is Patchogue, N.Y." Their faces reflected only the ennui that comes from examining a multitude of

folders scarcely distinguishable from my own. As I reviewed the merits of my second and third choice schools, the dense solemnity of the meeting was broken. "Hey, Wilcox get a load of this. This guy was a chef." Wilcox became animated for the first time since I arrived and quickly huddled around Samuelson who was responsible for this discovery. Wilcox gazed at me over his bifocals with an expression that seemed a cross between surprise and awe and said slowly, "You studied at the La Varenne Cooking School in Paris?" "For a time," I answered, somewhat defensively. Samuelson jumped right in with, "It says here you were also at the Cambridge Culinary Institute. Was Madeline Krammer there at that time?" I nodded yes once again and was curious as to where all this was leading. I soon found out. Both Wilcox and Samuelson were rabid gourmards and would just as soon rhapsodize on the virtues of a Grand Marnier soufflee as they would Kant's critiques. For the next hour, we discussed with great animation the pressing questions of fine cuisine: Do the finest peppercorns come from Madagascar? Is Nouvelle Cuisine overrated? Is a beaujolais or bordeaux the preferred wine to use in a sauce reduction? Is semolina the optimal flour to use in preparing French quenelles? We parted this session with vigorous handshakes and mutual pats on the back. Needless to say, I was accepted.

The rise of affluence in this country has transformed dining out from a matter of convenience to an art form. There has also developed a concomitant growth in the charisma of the chef. He is perceived by many as a kind of macho artist whose palette is food and whose canvas is the plate. Individuals ranging from doctors and lawyers to teachers and stockbrokers have confided to me that their fantasy occupation is to become a gourmet chef. Based on this response, I have felt it my duty to create a simple questionnaire that would help answer the question "Am I suited to become a chef?" The following is a series of exercises and simulations one can do in the home. If you successfully complete the series and are still passionate about becoming a chef, you have my blessing.

1. Confine yourself in the smallest room in your home, preferably one without windows. A large walk-in closet is ideal. Turn up the thermostat as high as it will go. If you happen to have extra quartz or kerosene heaters, fire them up as well. This will provide a *gestalt* experience of the spacial and climatic environment you will be working in.
2. Have a family member hold a professional hairdryer on high against your ears. This will approximate the sound of the industrial exhaust fans you work under all day. For added authenticity have a boom box blare out music from groups such as Metallica or White Snake, as this is generally what is played in most kitchens by dishwashers. If you happen to have a toddler, have them constantly bang a cast iron pot with a hammer. It will be a treat for them, and will very closely replicate the noises from the bus station.
3. Grease your hands, arms and face. Crisco works well.
4. For this simulation I suggest you enlist someone you trust implicitly. While standing in the closet, greased up in the heat with all the accompanying noise, have this trusted individual burn you with a curling iron somewhere between the finger tips and elbows at fifteen minute intervals.

5. Fill a laundry basket or similar container with bricks or gravel. You can time this activity with the burns from the curling iron. After each burn lift the basket chest high and carry it from one end of the closet to the other three times. This will test your ability to handle moving the endless containers of produce, canned goods and butchered meats.

6. By now you should be drenched with perspiration and suffering from the heat. Have someone run a cold shower and quickly hop from the closet directly into the shower. Though not perfect, this is to simulate the experience of going from the 115 degree heat of the industrial ranges to the freezing temperatures of the walk-in refrigerator to find some item which is invariably buried in its most remote recesses.

7. Bring four other acquaintances into the closet and have them shout different questions at you simultaneously. Make sure they shout loudly so they can be heard over the boom box, hair dryer and banging of the cast iron pot. These individuals represent waitpersons demanding their orders.

8. Starting to get a bit crowded, isn't it? Well, we're not through yet. Have two more individuals who are generally thorns in your side—employers, parents or ex-spouses are common choices—enter the closet with all the others. Their role is to bitch at you with all the venom they can muster. Again, they must be prepared to shriek to be heard over the waitpersons and other noises. These are your dissatisfied patrons.

9. Maintain this total sensory simulation for approximately twelve hours. Remember, you can't sit down, that would be cheating, although drinking a fifth of bourbon to ward off dehydration is permissible.

At the end of twelve hours you are free to leave the closet. If at this point you still wish to join the ranks of the culinary greats, then I wish you a bon appetite and a heartfelt bon chance!

Matthew Fontis

The Students' Students

Reprinted with permission from Kaalogii, 1990, literary magazine of Chinle High School, Chinle, Arizona, 86503, Sponsor: Ardith Maddoux, candidate for the Master's degree at the Bread Loaf School of English, Santa Fe.

CYNTHIA'S SONG

I am Cynthia, a relative to the Towering House people.
 I am the daughter of Betty.
 I am of the Navajo.
 My grandfather tells me the story of what
 our people called The Long Walk.
 History makes it known to me that my father
 would have been an enemy to my mother
 in the times of the ancient ones, for then
 the Spaniards were our enemies.
 Spanish men captured Navajo women and
 made them slaves.
 My creator is Mother Earth.
 It is said to be a legend that within the
 Four Sacred Mountains, I'm safe. I
 believe it to be true.
 I was born where there are streetcars
 and ambitious people—Dallas, Texas.
 Deserts and mesas surround me.
 My body is always tired.
 My heart is always strong.

Cynthia Towne

LADELE'S SONG

I am Ladele born of the Water Flow Together Clan
 born for the Coyote Pass Clan.
 My grandfathers are of the Bitter Water People and of
 the One Who Walks Around Clan.
 I was born in the canyon of dead—Del Muerto.
 I was born along the banks of an over-flowing
 river.
 I am of a sacred clan. We are sacred, for we still
 remain on the banks of the river from which we
 received our clan name, our power.
 I am truthful; I am from the Water Flow Together
 People. The word of the Water Flow Together People
 is truthful and honorable.
 I am born for the Coyote Pass people. They are people
 who are tricksters. They are said to have
 another way of ceremonial purposes, said to be evil.
 So the Coyote Pass Clan is said to be like the coyote.
 We are all children. I am a child of Mother
 Earth and Father Sky. My brothers are the bear, eagle,
 and all other animals who are also children of Mother
 Earth and Father Sky.
 I dwell in the canyonlands of my ancestors, the Anasazi.
 My ancestors have dwelled within the walls. I say dwell,
 not claim. Who can own land that belongs to Mother Earth?
 We do not own the earth; the earth owns us. By those
 rules, I have dwelled and survived.
 I bear the name of great cattle herdsmen. I bear
 the Roanhorse name
 I am here; I am Ladele.

Ladele Roanhorse



Editors for this issue:
Colin Chisholm
Matthew Fontis
Michael Ricci
Layout: Jessie Robbins

Some of the names have been changed or omitted
to protect against embarrassment or injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

Wednesday, August 7, 1991
Bread Loaf School of English
at Santa Fe
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

THERE'S AN ELEPHANT IN MY ROOM

There's been an elephant in my room for many years. For the longest time I didn't know what it was and couldn't get into the room to find out. But I knew there was something there. I could see and feel the stress cracks on the outside walls, travelling erratically from the ceiling to the floor, the plaster bulging in places. But no matter how hard I pushed on the door, or how many times, it wouldn't open.

After I graduated from college I retreated to the shabby Victorian mansion of my childhood. My father had lost his job and my family had moved to New England. I was to paint the interior of 69 Prospect Street for the new owners before they moved in. For months my footfalls echoed through the three floors of empty rooms. As I passed from room to room, noticing the discoloration where the pictures had been hung, snatches of my childhood jumped back at me.

I still remember my chest tightening one night as I started up the staircase to my old third floor bedroom. My shadow slid jagged and noiseless before me. On the fifth step I stopped and peered over the edge of the railing, looking down through the open space boxed by the winding bannisters to the first floor, remembering the story of the little girl who supposedly fell to her death at the turn of the century. I stood for a long time on that dimly lit staircase, feeling as though this would be the night to see her. There was something dark in the air, something powerful. It was spiraling up and I could almost smell it. Images flashed through my mind, long past friendships, my horse collection, the locker room, high school dances with dates chosen out of obligation, my "go anywhere as a group" college friends. I thought about Andrew, suddenly realizing why I had moved into the study lounge in his dorm to finish my thesis. I had needed to be near him.

My knees would not support me any longer and I dropped to a sitting position, my head in my hands. "Oh my God," I

thought. "That's what it is. I'm gay." I sat there for an hour, smoking cigarettes, crushing them out on the stair tread. I had never known anyone who was gay and I didn't know how to begin to understand. Eventually I slipped back to the second floor to drop on the mattress in the little room in the center of the house. For several weeks I didn't speak to anyone, afraid to leave the house, hunting down change for the cigarette machine so that I wouldn't have to face the woman behind the cash register. I was certain that she could read my shame.

This time when I pushed, I felt the door move a little and heard something heavy shift its weight. I managed to get it open about a foot and saw a softly creased gray hide in the space. I squeezed through, pushing against the beast's side, anchoring my elbows against the wall, keeping the massive animal from crushing or suffocating me. It shifted its weight again and the door clicked solidly behind me.

I brought my parents one at a time into the back yard, strong cocktails in our hands, and I told them that I wasn't the all American son they thought I was. My father was first. As we sat at the picnic table, he told me about a homosexual experience he had in the service. He concluded the story by telling me that he had smashed the guy in the face when it was over. As I sipped my drink I could see my mother in the upstairs window of the little cape, watching intently. When it was her turn she listened quietly, saying "All we want is for you to be happy." I couldn't get out of my mind the one story that she had told me about one of her boyfriends who turned out to be gay. "He was an actor," she had told me, "and now he is a very lonely man."

"I'm still the same person," I tried to tell them. They believed me because they were convinced I wasn't gay.

Dr. Stubin, our family psychologist, didn't believe me either. All I can remember of our face to face armchair session was a story that he told me about some bikers who beat up a gay man with chains in Central Park.

I knew that I couldn't move around it and I was exhausted, sick of being frozen in place. I had managed to progress along the wall a little, but my elbows and arms would no longer keep back the weight. I was now pinned. My breath was shallow, as I couldn't raise my chest, and there was no light. I pinched the supple hide as hard as I could and the beast shifted again. I slipped down toward the floor, the warm flesh giving way as I made my downward progress. I gave a final shove and popped out underneath the great animal's belly, four solid legs defining the boundaries of my mammalian fort. I sat cross legged on the braided rug, foggy light highlighting the wrinkled skin on the animal's knees. A trunk curled back and forth by my desk, occasionally stopping to point in my direction, freezing me in its gaze. "It's only an elephant," I thought out loud, somewhat relieved.

I downed a six-pack of Miller in my parked car, several brown-stoned streets away from the bar, waiting for a long time after the last can, trying to build up enough nerve to go in. I managed to make it up the darkened stairs into the crowded disco, feeling it was right, yet terrifying. The lights flashed in neon streams as I watched the mass of men and women dancing in combinations that I had never seen before. I couldn't look anyone in the eye and the music was too loud to talk. I left when they turned up the lights.

I noticed that the space between the elephant's front and back feet had become smaller, all four legs were now planted on the braided rug. I found that with some effort I could slide up between its gently heaving side and the wall, with several inches to spare. I moved along, stroking the warm hide, conscious that if it moved suddenly I could lose my foot. I passed the huge flap of its ear, careful not to catch it on my clothing, until I could see the giant profile over my desk by the window. I slipped by its massive shoulder, pulling myself around the tusks to sit on the varnished wood of the desk. As I stroked its forehead I noticed deep liquid eyes. Finally here, I rested and stared into their depths.

I first heard about AIDS several years later from Oprah, who was still doing a small time talk show in Baltimore. Confused about a disease with a name associated with nurturance, I unconsciously induced night sweats and examined myself daily, certain that every imperfection on my skin proved that I had been rightfully infected with the mysterious plague. Eventually I called a hot line and explained my "symptoms." They assured me that what I described was perfectly normal and gave me the name of a dermatologist who dispelled my fears. It took me another two years to get tested for HIV. I tested negative.

When I awoke I realized that I was once again pinned. The elephant seemed to have swelled in size and its foreleg had trapped one of my legs against the desk. This quiet beast was suddenly threatening and unpredictable again. I gagged as I smelled its sweetly acid breath. Bracing my back against the molding of the window I pushed against its chest, trying to inch my leg away from the pressure.

In 1987, I boarded the Provincetown bus that was heading from the outer Cape to the nation's capital for the gay/lesbian march, although I didn't know a soul. Laughter and conversations spanned the rows of seats and spirited sing-a-long and "air guitar" sessions accompanied several boomboxes. I felt

part of the scene when a spike-haired woman festooned with cameras jumped across my lap into the window seat. She had been sitting next to an extremely heavy man and developed a case of claustrophobia. As the old chartered Bluejay rolled down the dark highway towards Washington, we cracked my bottle of Drambuie, laughed about our "seats from Hell," and toasted our good health and happiness.

Getting off the bus the next morning, we shook the aches from our bodies and fog from our heads and joined the mass of people heading for the start of the march. As soon as the crowd on the sidelines saw the Pilgrim Monument, Provincetown's landmark, etched on our banner, a cheer of "Yeah P-town" rose up, often responded to by us with a rousing, off key rendition of "Old Cape Cod." As we passed the White House, thousands of fists were raised to the chant of SHAME, SHAME, SHAME.

When we reached the Names quilt stretching over most of the mall, marchers were hushed by the sight. People hugged, sobbed, and laughed through wet eyes as they remembered personal moments with their friends and lovers. As hundreds of thousands of people poured over the lawn, I knew that I would never again go back to that staircase at 69 Prospect Street.

The elephant is much smaller now, about the size of a year-old calf. I have spackled the cracks and filled the old indentations in the walls and the room feels more airy and light. The elephant wanders playfully around the room, occasionally knocking objects off my desk and bureau. But I don't mind. We now share the space. I move freely in and out of the room, going about my business. It seems as if every day it has become even smaller. I imagine that before too long it might be the size of a cat. Maybe then I'll let it sleep at the foot of my bed.

Ned Bradford

DAMN YANKEE

"If anyone ever asks who you are, you tell them you're a damn Yankee," my Grampa told my sister. Grampa Gamage is a damn Yankee. He was born in 1900 and now lives in a nursing home. He often did things that used to make my Grammie so mad. When he turned eighty, he said he was in his eighty-first year. "You're only eighty, John, don't rush the year." He smiled knowing how much age bothered Grammie.

Grampa is not much into pleasing people. He always spoke his mind and sometimes this offended them. He felt he was complimenting us when he said we were well covered; however, we took it as meaning fat. But to Grampa a little extra meat on our bones showed we were healthy. Us kids knew when my Grampa was giving a compliment, but my friend, Jen, did not see it this way. Jen was home from college and had come over while Grampa was visiting. She had gained weight at school and was feeling depressed. My sister just finished French braiding one side of her hair and Grampa looked over and said, "My goodness, that takes ten pounds off you." Jen was insulted. While all of us giggled, he continued with, "Why don't you braid the other side and you will lose

ten more pounds." Jen did not take too kindly to Grampa.

My grandparents lived on the farm that had been in the family for generations. During the Depression they lived completely off their land. The only income they had was the butter they sold. But every week they saved enough money to go to the local dance. They loved to dance. Sometimes during holidays Mom played her accordian and Grampa and Grammie took turns dancing with all of us. There are still pictures of us in our pajamas twirling around the living room with them. My other grandmother said that she never saw a couple so in love for so many years.

On the farm they had a big garden. Once a New York couple came to admire it. Grampa gave them a tour through the rows of vegetables and patiently answered their questions. They had brought a plant book with them and they periodically stopped and asked, "Oooo, what do you call this?" Grampa answered, as politely as he could, "That's pigweed." Meanwhile, the couple thumbed through their handbook to find its appropriate name. We giggled behind Grampa's back knowing what he was thinking. He later remarked with his subtle mockery, "Wasn't that an interesting pigweed?"

Grampa did not go to church, but if we were staying with him, he would make sure to take us. He was hard of hearing and didn't like to wear his hearing aides because they drove him crazy. It was embarrassing because he got confused during mass. "Those Catholics," he would whisper loudly, "just when you get seated, they jump up or kneel down."

Grampa wore a partial plate in his mouth and took it out before he ate and put it in his shirt pocket. He gave us a wink when we caught him doing it. We loved to ask him to wiggle it up and down in his mouth. "Grampa, jiggle your teeth." He almost always sneaked a quick wiggle while the adults were engrossed in a conversation about politics.

One of our favorite things to ask Grampa to do was to imitate Richard Nixon. He scrunched up his face and mumbled, "I will never tell a lie." He sounded just like old Tricky Dick.

Just before I came to Santa Fe I visited him in the nursing home. It's hard to hold a conversation with him now. But with the same sparkle in his eye he still holds on to a no nonsense approach to life. This has made him a favorite with the nurses.

Jane Gamage

FRED

Fred looks unapproachable, yet he wants to be approached. He sits a little off to the side and stares at the woman who will save him. He quickly reworks the catalog of songs that he plays very well on his guitar so that they all speak to her, to him, and to their relationship, which is now quite advanced in his mind. Fred plays and sings the songs with such precision that it's clear he must have spent hours alone in his room listening to the records. There's no place for improvisation in Fred's repertoire, and he doesn't much like people singing along.

He is wary of her. If she talks to him, she might have the wrong voice; she might disappoint him. It's best if she listens appreciatively to his singing, and is introduced to him just

before she has to leave. Fred is traveling abroad for a year, so nothing can come of this initial meeting, but he tracks down her address, edits himself, and presents a shiny self in prose. When she responds, he reads her letter several times, looking for lines of encouragement, yet needing no encouragement; the fact that she has written at all is a testament to her interest. But perhaps her letter is a bit superficial, chatty. Fred defines himself through his loneliness and is protective of that quality which separates him from the rest of humanity. He won't give it up for someone who is unworthy. Therefore, upon reading her letter for the twelfth time, he comes to an astounding revelation: she is as lonely as he is; she is protecting herself, too; she understands him and is waiting for someone to break through the protective cocoon that lonely people must build to save themselves, a cocoon that sometimes manifests itself in chatty letters. He knows; he can help.

Fred writes long letters full of questions that he would have her ask him. He says he wants to come to know the dark side that lurks under her chipper surface. He waits for the chance to unburden himself of his own dark side, the depths of which he has plumbed in his time alone, in his years spent waiting for the right audience.

Her letter output is no match for his; she doesn't always respond to his questions, and at times she ignores an entire letter. He takes that as a sign that he has hit a nerve and that he should probe a bit more. If she ignores two, he backs off, apologizes profusely and pleads for her to write. To encourage her in what he sees as their mutual psycho-exploration, Fred writes revealing letters. He makes pronouncements of her with the certainty of a prophet, and he eagerly awaits her return prophecies. He wants her to define him as he defines her, but she resists. He views her as a challenge, an epistolary conquest, and he secretly believes that she sees him in the same way. He takes risks and places unsolicited responsibility for his happiness into an envelope with her name on it.

When Fred returns from his travels they go out to dinner. He and his expectations knock at the door for what is, in a way, a first date. He attributes his initial disappointment in her to the fact that she must be nervous. She is really much more interesting, witty, and mysterious in letters. He wrote to her once that she was a woman of meager beauty but substantial grace, but now he questions the part about grace. She fidgets and avoids his gaze. Fred wishes he had brought his guitar so he could sing the songs that speak to them. The bulk of their letters seems to press down on the conversation. They know more about each other than their relationship dictates they should know. The evening ends awkwardly at her door. This is not at all how he imagined the scene.

Fortunately, Fred met a woman shortly before he came home from his travels, the woman who will save him. Fred buckles his loneliness into the passenger seat and hits the road, composing his letter to her as he drives away.

Jean Klingler

AMOS COMES

Dad rubs me hard with the towel after the bath. He rubs my shoulders, each leg and arm, and the hair licked wet on my neck. He's rough with his drying, but it feels good. He douses

powder on my front and bottom and buttons up the pajamas all the way. I'm tight and clean and warm enough already when he puts me in the bed and pulls the sheets and blankets down across my chin.

In this dark room I'm always in the middle. The beds are lined up like in an army barracks. I hear the toilet in the bathroom running after it's been flushed and the tap squeak when the water gets turned off, and then some mumbling. Mother moves slowly. She's big now and has been for awhile. My bed is hard; the flat, cool sheet presses against my back. Lying there waiting, I can hardly breathe. On either side of me the boys are also tightly clamped in between sheets, one in a grown-up bed, the other in a crib. My big brother has a wall he rolls over against. Dad shoves open the window after he turns out the light and a shaft of cold air fills the dark. I pull at the sheets with my shoulders to loosen them and flip over, but I can't sleep. The darkness makes it tight in here. With my head one way I see the slats of the crib in the dim light that seeps in from the hall. From the other side I hear heavy breathing. With my feet I jab loose the blankets at the end of the bed and feel the cool air creep in. A sigh comes from the crib. Voices down the hall filter into silence. The engine of a car fades in the distance.

Someone rustles the covers and I wake. Lights in the hall and bathroom are on. I can make out the chin and nose of our neighbor, Mr. Davis, lifting my little brother out of the crib. No one turns on the light. We're out of the room, squinting and making our way down the stairs. Outside, I hear the engine of Dad's car, and realize that he has left with Mom. Mr. Davis leads us across the gravel walk. I follow at the end of the line with Dad's sweater on over my pajamas. The wool flaps against my knees.

I know where Mom and Dad are. I've never known before but I do now. They told me all about a baby coming, and I knew when they asked me if I wanted a brother that I could say something but not really choose. The next morning Mr. Davis wakes us from the couch in his living room and gives us Cheerios and milk. Dad arrives in the middle of breakfast to get us. He picks me up and I get close to that place on his neck where I feel his stubble and smell his clothes. Of course it's a boy. Brother. It sounds familiar.

Question is, where are we going to put it? There's no room in the barracks, and Tom is still in the crib. When Mom and Dad bring the baby home they take it in their room, away from us.

On the second afternoon after they get back from the hospital, I hear Mom in her room as I am going down the hall. She calls to me and I go in and sit on the end of their big bed, my legs hanging off the end. Mom sits in her chair with the baby against her breast. She asks me a couple of questions. It seems like I haven't seen her in a long time. From outside, I hear the shouts of the boys skateboarding. Yes, school's fine. Yes, Mr. Davis was nice to take us to stay over last week. Tom still makes me mad—he breathes too loud at night. I stare at the pink fringe of her robe resting down on the floor and don't feel like staying. I've gotta go, I say. She wants me to wait. She's got to tell me that we're going to a new house and that it'll be big, big enough for everyone, big enough for me to have my own room.

Martha Sutro

CUTTING WORDS

I was the second best speller in kindergarten. Larry Baron could spell Kresge's and he was a boy, so he was the best. I never actually tried to spell Kresge's because Miss Etzler thought that girls should concentrate on other skills. She didn't care that I could read and write, but she considered my cutting problematic. I hated the dull round-bladed scissors we used at school, more conducive for spreading cream cheese on a bagel than for cutting snowflakes out of folded paper. I blamed them for my deficiency. I also didn't care much for cutting and preferred to color or to read the illustrated storybooks on the wooden shelves beneath the fish tank.

One day Miss Etzler called me to her desk and presented me with a purple horse I had cut out of construction paper the day before. "This just won't do. Look at the uneven edges, and . . . It's scandalous. He's missing an ear. Do you think that it's right to deprive a horse of its ear?"

I was confused at being held responsible for a paper horse's hearing. I had no response.

"Your cutting just won't cut it." She chuckled at her pun. "You're going to have to work hard until it's up to par. I want you to hold off on your reading until the rest of the class catches up. Meanwhile, you're to practice cutting out pictures from your coloring books at home."

I walked away dejected. She continued to mutter: "A girl must know how to cut. How else can she sew and make decorations?"

"Decorations for what?" I thought.

At home that night I took out a pair of sharp scissors and flipped through my Pink Panther coloring book looking for an easy picture to cut out. But every time I found a figure with smooth rounded edges, it seemed a perfect one to color and I didn't want to ruin it with scissors. Or I'd like the picture on the backside of the page and couldn't bring myself to cut through that. I studied my coloring books page by page, and my eyes filled with tears as I realized that I would not be able to bring Miss Etzler any pictures. I couldn't bring myself to cut up my coloring books.

Every day that week I tried to be as quiet as I could at school, thinking that if she didn't notice me she'd forget about the cutting. But a few days later, Miss Etzler called me to her desk.

"Don't you have something for me?"

"Uhh . . . I don't know," I stammered, not having prepared an explanation.

"Well you were supposed to cut out some pictures for me. Where are they?" she demanded.

I told her that I had forgotten them at home, and she made me promise to bring them the next day. I went home and again approached the coloring books. I even considered cutting from my sister's books since I didn't want to ruin mine. But it became clear that I couldn't cut up any book, regardless of its owner.

Each day for a week Miss Etzler asked me for the pictures and each time I said that I had forgotten them at home. Then one day she called me to her desk and asked if I wanted to stay in kindergarten next year too. Not knowing what she was implying, but certain that I didn't want to spend another year with her, I broke down in tears and whispered, "No."

She stared at me without expression. "Why don't you

bring the pictures in!" she demanded, jolting me out of my tears.

"I don't understand what to do. If I cut perfectly along the lines of one picture in my coloring book, then I can't follow the lines of the picture on the other side. So if I cut out one picture neater than I usually cut, I cut the other picture much worse. I don't think I can learn to cut this way."

I don't know if I confused her or what, but she never asked me for the pictures again. I finished kindergarten believing that I couldn't cut, an idea that stayed with me for a long time. When cutting was required in a group project, I was uneasy until the role was dealt to another. As I got older I became more forthright and would admit, "I flunked cutting in kindergarten, so someone else better do it."

I cut hair now once in a while to make extra money. I've found that cutting horses and snowflakes isn't much different from following the line on the edge of a comb. All it takes is a steady hand and a sharp pair of scissors.

Naomi Wax

AN ACT OF KINDNESS

I met her on Christmas Eve, 1950. I was flying back to the Philippines on a commercial flight after being home with my family. I was twenty-three and stationed at Clark Air Base not far from San Fernando.

I flew into San Francisco from Washington and was changing planes. Soon after finding my seat I was joined by an attractive woman of about forty who looked to be a Filipina. "Excuse me," she said. "Would you mind letting me have the window seat?"

"Well," I said, a bit surprised, "I special-requested this seat, and—But sure, if you'd like . . ."

"Oh, that's alright."

"No, really."

"No, I'm fine. Thank you very much."

I asked for a window seat and got one. I thought to myself. Why should I give it up? We sat silent awhile after that as the plane filled up.

"I'd never flown before yesterday," she finally volunteered. "It wasn't as bad as I expected."

"Is that right?"

Then she sat quietly with her hands folded and we found ourselves in another awkward pause. For a few minutes we each sat silently as the stewardess addressed the 200-plus passengers on our big four-engine, trans-oceanic propellor plane. The journey to Honolulu would take eight hours.

"You'll enjoy this flight," I told her, breaking the silence. "The views taking off and landing are spectacular." She frowned. "Look, why don't you switch with me?" I half-pleaded. "I'm tall enough to look over you and out the window anyway." She threw up her hands as if to say enough already.

"Okay, I'll stay for now, but you take this seat for the last leg and the landing in Manila. Deal?" She agreed and I felt better.

The tension eased and I asked, "How did you get to the

United States? You said that your flight last night to San Francisco from the East Coast was the first time you'd flown."

In 1935, Corazon Gomez was twenty years old and unmarried. She was already the mother of two small children. Alone and having never traveled more than ten or fifteen miles from home, she left the small barrio of San Fernando for the United States.

San Fernando, about sixty miles north of Manila, was poor, dirty, but a spectacle of village life: dusty, unpaved streets, with picturesque, horse-drawn calesas, thin, mangy dogs looking for scraps, and many very young children, all naked from the waist down. There were hawkers of balutes, the highly desirable fertilized eggs which are cracked open and drained into the mouth, embryo and all. The local buses were crammed with travelers, the excess on the running boards and roofs. Prized fighting cocks remained close to their owners, carefully hand-carried, while other domestic animals and luggage traveled on the roof. Corazon had left on such a bus to get her ship in Manila.

She had acquired a position as a domestic for a family in Philadelphia. The voyage by ship took three weeks, and then it was another week across the country by train. For fifteen years she worked for this family, not once returning home.

They provided her with a small apartment in the basement of their elegant suburban home, and she was required to cook, clean and take care of the children. "It was very hard," she explained softly, "to leave my own children to take care of someone else's."

Her hopes of bringing over her children and other family members slowly faded. She could not possibly save enough to establish a place to live. Finally, after fifteen years, using some of the money she had saved, Corazon decided to return and do what she could to improve the family's situation in the Philippines.

After sixteen hours of flying combined with a six hour layover in Honolulu and an hour on Guam, the flight was ready to resume. Dawn was not far off. This final eight hour stretch would seem the longest. A few hours into the flight we were awakened by the serving of breakfast. About thirty minutes before landing the captain announced the start of our descent. Corazon and I both felt a second wind with the actual moment of her reunion coming closer and closer.

Realizing how significant the moment of landing would be for Corazon, I offered again to exchange seats so that she could sit by the window and enjoy the beautiful view of the early morning sun washing over Manila and its harbor. She graciously accepted and we switched seats. As the plane began its final approach, the lovely deep blue of Manila Bay came into view. She held my arm as she muttered prayers of thanks. Tears were in her eyes.

As the plane descended there was an imperceptible lift of the right wing, just like the beginning of a turn, or a slight final adjustment. Still, no one became alarmed. I remained silent, keeping a smile on my face so as not to upset Corazon. But soon there could be no mistake; something was wrong. "What is so noisy?" Corazon demanded, eyes ablaze. Leaning over her, I looked out to the wing. The inside propellor was screaming, turning much faster than the other.

The propellor continued faster and faster out of control.

Then, before the pilot could shut it down, all in the matter of less than a second, the huge triple-bladed mass of metal tore loose from its engine mounting. With an instantaneous sound of metal scraping metal, one of its blades sliced savagely and deeply into the cabin, and through Corazon's head, into her neck and body.

A few moments later the plane landed safely and I remained buckled in my seat, unharmed, silent, covered in blood, amidst shrieks from the other passengers. I stared at the mutilated remains of Corazon Gomez and I wondered at my small act of kindness.

Jeff Sindler

TIMES SQUARE MUGGER

Dear Times Square Mugger,

You never sent me a copy of your poetry. It's been ten years and I've long since moved. I suppose I'll never see you again, yet I still remember the night we spent together.

I'll never carry my wallet in my front pocket again. When you flashed that serrated kitchen knife at me in Times Square, I realized that my upbringing had not prepared me for the possibility of you. Thanks for letting me buy a coffee and you a coke before we negotiated about the money. I hope the thirty dollars you eventually got from me was enough to take your son to Coney Island. I had enough left to drive to my new job in Florida.

I'll never forget when we came out of the coffee shop; you standing behind me with that knife inches from my back. I'm glad that I had some good pot with me. When you told me that you weren't going to kill me as my shaking hands tried to roll a joint on that bench, I realized that you didn't like to do the mugging thing. I still count our conversation that early morning to be one of the most wonderful I have ever had. When you told me what you wanted the money for, and what getting out of prison was like, how could I resist? When we stopped and looked at each other, you, black dressed in black, and me, white dressed in white, I realized that this was not how the script was supposed to go. You brought me into another world. The mugger and the muggee shouldn't have enjoyed each other, shouldn't have had common ground to talk about. But we did. The pride in your voice when you told me about your son helped me to better understand you, to understand that you too were a victim. He must be a teenager now. I hope he's still in school.

Maybe you learned something that night, too. When you told me that the only reason that you stabbed your targets was because they resisted and because you hated yourself for what you were doing, I could feel your desperation. I know I resisted that night. Thanks for not stabbing me. When you told me about your experience in school, I understood completely what started your problems. I hope you believed me when I said you were smarter than you thought. I don't blame you for being pissed when your teachers thought your poetry was dumb. It was probably wonderful. They just had to get through their curriculum. They were trapped too.

I thought it was funny when we both took some of my money out of our pockets and changed it into quarters to play pinball. I've never played pinball since that night. I told you that I sucked. I still can't believe that I beat you by 25,000 points.

The image of our walking through Times Square as the rising sun turned the buildings gray will stay with me always. Watching you call out to the hookers and point out those guys who were looking for marks to roll has helped me be more careful in cities at night. Thanks for walking me to the subway. I felt safe with you.

My friends thought I was crazy when I told them I gave you my address. Somehow I couldn't imagine you would stray very far from your territory. I did hope that you would send along your poetry, though.

I'm spending the summer in the Southwest. I don't know if you know where New Mexico is, but the sky is big here. From the ground you can see further than from the top of the Empire State Building.

Take care of yourself,
Ned Bradford

FOOTBALL, CIRCA 1972

One time we're all out in the street playing football, Mickey Hartigan and Phil Tartaglia and Phil's little brother Bruno and I, when all of a sudden this big burly guy in a green sweater comes by, all swaggering and loud, and asks if he can play.

We all stand together at the goal line, my dad's old Rambler. Nobody says anything.

"Come on!" says the guy. "Just a little!" He looks at me because I have the ball. "How's about it?" he says. "Yeah?" His breath smells sweet. He's drunk. He pulls at his sweater. "Come on, guys."

He holds his hands out for me to give him the ball. "I'll just throw you guys a coupla passes," he says. He goes like he's passing. "Some long ones so you can catch 'em."

"It's a game," says Mickey. "We're in the middle of a game. Two-on-two." He waves his hand. "We're playin' a game."

The guy wipes his mouth. "Then I'll take ya' on, just me! Four-on-one, I'll lick ya' all. Gimme the ball." He touches it.

I pull it away.

"It yours?" he says.

"Yeah," I say.

He looks me right in the eye. "Give it to me."

I shake my head.

"Look," he says, "I'll throw you fellas some passes. Some REAL ones." His hair is all messed up and gray.

"No way," says Mickey. "Uh-uh."

I don't know why, but I just hand over the ball.

"Aw-right!" he says. "Here we go!" The other guys yell at me, but he's already pumping his arm to throw. "Nice ball!" he says. He slaps it against his palm. "God, what a ball!"

I push out of the way and start running. They follow after me.

"Why'd you do that?" asks Mickey, catching up. "He's a kook!"

I don't answer.

We look back at the guy. Phil's little brother Bruno is way back, trying to catch up.

The guy is waving us to keep going. "Keep going!" he says.

"God!" says Mickey.

We look back again.

"Farther!" says the guy.

We go farther.

"He's probably gonna steal the ball," says Mickey. We all stop running and look back. The guy is gone.

After a few seconds Mickey says, "Told you."

"God," says Bruno.

"Shit," I say to myself.

We stand there completely dazed for a couple of seconds, and then the guy pops up from behind my dad's Rambler. He's laughing hard, holding his stomach. We stand there watching.

"What an asshole!" says Mickey.

Finally the guy says, "O.K., here it comes!" He winds up, spins on his heels and throws it: a high, towering, spiraling throw, powerful and perfect, rising through the air, then dropping and heading right for us. The ball spins perfectly, like it is standing still.

We stand in a bunch and all at once jump. Our eyes are closed, we're holding our breath, all blue-in-the-face as the ball hits. It's like a cinder block shot from a cannon, it hits me right square in the chest with a thud. I groan and grab for it in the tangle of hands and arms, we fight blindly for a second, and when we all come down I'm the one. I've got it.

"Nice!" the guy shouts from way off. "Ooh-EE!" He shakes his fists in the air. "Aw-right!"

I come back and toss the ball to the guy. My chest is raw with pain. We're all breathing hard. Mickey pulls on the guy's sleeve and points down the street, then to himself. The guy nods and winks. We play all afternoon. *Greg Toppo*

ON TALKING TOO MUCH

I often wonder if I am losing my mind. I find myself talking all the time, and what I hear myself saying is not necessarily interesting to anyone, even to myself. In fact, there is nobody *really* listening to me at all: whoever is on the other end of the phone has left the receiver dangling on the cord and gone on to do something else; my students are rolling their eyes and are thinking about the mall; my house mate's dog, Chaucer, curls up on the rug in my room and goes to sleep. But I keep talking. My audience's inattention does not matter so much anymore; I am long beyond worrying about boring people. I just keep talking, wondering all the time what it is that I am trying to say.

All of this I inherited, or learned, or both, from my mother, as she did from hers. Our loquaciousness has been passed

down like an odd family heirloom. I used to come home from school and find my mother talking in full paragraphs to our Irish setter, Brody, who was a sweet dog and who always listened attentively, but who didn't have any brains in his pretty head. He could not possibly have understood what she was telling him. She would talk to him about what she needed to get done that day, what funny things my sister or I had done, and what things she wanted her ninth graders to know about *Catcher in the Rye*. I was fifteen then, and I thought my mother was a bit weird simply because she was my mother; I think I even worried about her a bit. Now that I am older and my life has become more complicated, I too find myself talking to Chaucer, my housemate's Springer spaniel, as if he were a trusted friend or colleague. I talk to him about my lesson plans for the day, about what I would like to eat for dinner, or about the tragedy of my soccer team's latest loss.

Like my mother's brain, mine is more like a messy desk than a well-organized file cabinet. I have trouble keeping things in neat files, or even in finding empty folders for new information. New information goes into the one messy, unorganized pile of stuff that is my knowledge and experience. In that pile is everything from my checkbook balance of two weeks ago, to what I thought of *Middlemarch*, to the fact that I have to write to my grandmother. When I learn something new, I have to get it out where I can hear it (or sometimes in writing where I can see it), or the new piece of understanding might get lost in that messy pile of stuff before I really know what it is. This is why I seem to always be talking or writing—never quietly thinking. I am trying not to lose things.

My sister and my father don't function this way. They are much better equipped intellectually than my mother and I, and they can compute and organize and understand things within the walls of their own brains. When stories or anecdotes come forth from either one of them, they have already been beautifully worded and impeccably edited for publication. While my mother and I are interrupting each other and making cosmic leaps between stories and various pieces of esoteric information—gesticulating wildly and becoming louder all the time—my sister and my father are sitting back quietly and listening with either amusement or slight irritation, or both. My father stores away wonderfully dry anecdotes and saves them for the most appropriate moment. When he does finally tell his stories, or writes them in a letter, it is with incredible precision and a perfect sense of timing, so that everyone listening is in hysterics. My sister, a left-handed red head with an inevitable streak of ornery-ness, saves up witty one-liners and small barbs, designed to cut your feet out from under you and cause you to laugh with everyone else at your own foolishness. All of us are verbal people in one way or another, but for all of us, the language of stories has different purposes and practical uses.

There has been much talk recently about cultures with an oral tradition. My family is a culture with an oral tradition—although that tradition is not as solemn and ordered as some—and I have inherited it, to pass along to my children and anyone else who will listen. My mother would always say to me when I was little that my family was so odd that I would have plenty of funny stories to write when I grew up and became a writer. But now that I think about it, I'm not sure that she really thought that our family was odd. There was

probably just a lot of stuff in her life that she didn't fully understand, including the reason for her conversations with the Irish setter; there were things that she had to put into external language in order to wrestle with them. These things became "good material for stories." And so I think that she was right . . . I will always have a lot of stories to write and to tell.

Beckett Stokes

REVELATIONS

She didn't run away from me. She just stood there limply, hair tangled and stringy on her shoulders. Her face was red and smudged from our afternoon's play in her fort.

The tall redwood fence served as a backdrop for Susie Durgan. It was the massive barrier that separated Susie from her mother, her home and her comfort. Somewhere on the other side of that fence, her mother was now feeding her baby brother and sister.

But Susie and I were outside this nest, and she was having what was probably the worst day of her short six years. I don't know why it was so important to me that I convince her of the truth, but it was. I was only six so my power of reason was meager and my vocabulary was small. Nonetheless, I had big ideas. They were strong and demanded to be heard, so I slammed Susie up against that fence. I was determined to do so until she finally saw the truth of my statement that Santa Claus did not exist. I don't remember that it took very long, perhaps just one or two slams. How did she think Santa Claus could possibly have the time in one night to deliver presents all over the world? She had to see reason.

Without the comforting support of her brother or sister, Susie faced the first death in her life alone, as I, her best friend, struck down her Santa. Susie didn't run from this, but stood there frozen, crying at the frightening reality that there was no longer someone watching to see if she was bad or good. I watched silently as she walked through the gate in the fence and into her house. The frenzy of the confrontation had now ebbed into a dull ache.

Later on in the year my family moved. Susie and I disappeared from one another's lives, continuing to grow without the benefit of each other's wisdom. Since then I, too, have had the wool brutally snatched from my eyes and have labored in many ways to patch up the holes others have punched in my family's fence. Much is lost in the name of truth.

Years later, my mother visited the Durgans and brought back the news that Susie had become a nun. In my mind that was the obvious step for Susie. From Santa to God. A straight shot, born of necessity.

Julie Neidorf

GRANDMA KATE

At the beginning of the processional hymn the ushers heard a slight rolling thud coming from the end of the hall.

Kate looked up from her resting place, her hat crushed behind her head, her legs akimbo revealing old-fashioned hose held up by garters just below the knee. Slowly regaining her composure, she tried to lift herself, but her head was still swimming from the tumble. A searing pain came from her left wrist. Obviously broken, she thought. The slightest motion now brought pain.

"Holy! Holy! Holy!" began upstairs, her favorite hymn, and she took comfort in its old familiar soothing message. She softly sang to herself and halfway through the third stanza she began to quietly chuckle.

"I can't believe I'm here, flat on my back with everything showing in church. I hope nobody decides to take a quick shortcut down these old stairs."

She looked around, seeing the tightly curving stairs in a new light. Some later building committee had decided that the narrow, slippery worn oak treads were too dangerous so they installed a long strip of carpet. It was this carpet that caught her.

She chuckled again as she noticed her black shoe precariously hanging over the edge of the fifth step from the bottom. The heel had caught in a torn part of the carpet and she had evidently continued her descent without the shoe and without using the next step. She remembered the vertigo of uncontrolled flight, smashing against the hard plaster of the corner and losing balance as her head replaced her feet and the sharp edges of the steps cut into her hips.

"Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow . . ." The somewhat strained sounds of the offertory floated down to her and she struggled to hear Zelda's high-pitched squeak and Ginger's forced vibrato. The familiar sounds made her feel less alone.

"The first Sunday in years I haven't signed the attendance book." Slight guilt made her blush as she thought about the sin of pride and all the years she had not missed Sunday services, Sunday school or Wednesday Women's Society of Christian Service.

"At least," she thought with embarrassment, "I can cover up my nakedness."

She tried to throw the material of her skirt up over her knees, but each exertion made her press on her left side and the pain was unbearable. Her wrist was throbbing now and the slightest movement made her grimace.

The stairwell rumbled with the tones of the organ and she jumped suddenly. The choir started singing a spiritual.

"Poor little Jesus boy, they didn't know who you was. . ."

"Poor little Katie McConnell, they didn't know where you was. . ." she sang, but then stopped as she laughed at her own joke.

After four more verses the whole building was eerily silent. She could hear someone speaking and realized the sermon had begun. If she strained very hard and did not think of the pain, a few of the words could be understood. He was a good minister and she always felt better after listening to him preach the gospel. Only twenty minutes before someone would be using the stairs to escape the long line greeting the minister.

She reached up to straighten her hat, carefully cradled her left wrist in her right hand, took a deep breath and waited for the sermon to finish.

Keith Younker

JACOB'S LADDER

I was on Interstate 10 just west of Lordsburg, New Mexico. Of that I was certain. In all other areas of my life I was lost, and so easily succumbed to that timeless remedy for the spiritually disoriented—the road trip. I had been on the road about six weeks as I breezed by Alkali Flats, New Mexico and crossed the border into Arizona. The trip, thus far, had been a pleasant but uneventful wash of images. My destination was Tuscon for no other reason than it was warm and I wanted to see real saguaro cactus. While gassing up outside of Wilcox, I thumbed through the worn and wrinkled pages of my road guide. There, among all the romantic and exotic sounding Native American names, the words Jacob's Ladder emerged. I knew that would be my next stop.

Jacob's ladder is a spot in southern Arizona which attracts rock climbers. Serious climbers. Climbers who follow a seasonal migration which brings them to Yosemite in the summer months and Joshua Tree in the winter. I am not a climber. I am, in their words, a 'pedestrian'. Five years ago I might have believed I found this place by accident, sort of stumbled upon it. But certain experiences don't get stumbled upon; they occur because they must, like when your about to choke on loneliness and the woman across the bar throws you a smile. An itch and a scratch. The two are connected by a magic thread. The trick is to find that thread and follow it.

It was late afternoon when I arrived, and the sun prepared to tuck itself behind the surrounding slopes. Assorted trucks and vans were nestled randomly among clusters of juniper and sage. The site was still with silence except for the barely perceptible drone of a radio. I followed the sound to its source and found a young woman with braided chestnut brown hair, tank top and shorts, sitting crosslegged on a blanket meticulously examining a pair of shoes. In one graceful motion, she rose to greet me, revealing a body of tanned, striated muscles which twitched under taut skin with each movement. This was Maya.

For the next half hour while I drank tea and listened, Maya talked. She told me she was a Taurus, that her real name was Kathy, and that she lived with Zeke, a climber she met in Australia five years ago. She said the others were out on the rocks, that she had pulled a shoulder muscle and was trying to make some extra money resoling climbing shoes. She asked if I had climbed at Jacob's Ladder before. I said I have never climbed anywhere before. She asked me why I was here and I told her I wasn't sure. Maya wrinkled her nose and smiled quizzically, then offered me more tea.

The next few days I spent out among the rocks. I didn't climb; I watched. I watched Zeke and the others dance on the rock faces. Like spiders they covered wide expanses of sheer rock, challenging gravity with each successive move. Most did so without the benefit of rope. The evenings were spent talking about the day's climb, sharing insights and techniques. They spoke of climbing with such passion and reverence that I soon understood that for this group climbing was more a religion than a sport. One evening, Zeke, who was generally sparing with his words, said that there was nothing worth knowing about life that couldn't be learned on the face of a rock. His words broke through the confusion which followed me to Jacob's Ladder. Later that evening I announced that I wanted to try climbing. Maya, delighted by my decision, gave me a vigorous hug and again

replenished my tea; Zeke nodded his approval and recommended we turn in early.

The sun was a rose red that morning and soon after breakfast I was brought to a rather large, free-standing boulder some climbers referred to as Gaia, the Greek word for earth goddess. It was no more than twenty feet from top to bottom and was characterized by a fine, longitudinal fissure that split the boulder into halves like the buttocks of a rather portly woman. The name Gaia was an apt one. Maya, Zeke and several others who had befriended me were at the base, eagerly pelting me with pointers, strategies and words of encouragement. Zeke stated in his calm, unshakable manner that I should try to relax, that the worst that could happen was I break a leg.

Only minutes into the ascent, I was frozen halfway up the fissure. I was losing my strength and will rapidly, and I was at the point where I wished I had driven on to Tuscon, where the saguaro cactus littered the slopes like surrealistic scarecrows. I bathed in sweat and my eyes burned from its brine. I could not defy gravity the way Zeke and the others had, but strained under the weight of my own existence. I had been lost in life and now I was lost on Gaia, a big rock at a place with a biblical sounding name. From my perch, I could see Zeke calmly tossing peanuts into his mouth, watching me with a kind of Zen-like detachment that characterizes so many of the climbers at Jacob's Ladder. Maya sat beside him, hands folded about her knees, wearing a thin smile of encouragement. I was ready to release my grip when Zeke's words returned. It was all here. All of life crystallized for me into this one moment, on this one rock.

At Jacob's Ladder, I often heard climbers use the expression, "commit to a move." As I clung disparately to Gaia, I understood in the most immediate sense what they meant. It's knowing where you are, where you have to go and how to get there. Once the decision is made, you summon the entirety of your physical and spiritual strength and act. I didn't let go. Instead, I made a series of clumsy but determined maneuvers and found myself within three feet of the summit. My temples thundered as I planned my final move. I was totally alone in concentration. At the chosen moment, I exploded with what strength I had left. As my right foot scraped futilely for a foothold near Gaia's crown, my fingers slowly slid from their already tenuous hold in the fissure. I fell to earth. Maya took my arm and helped me to my feet, brushing the dust from my spent frame. I sat on a small outcropping at the foot of Gaia, rubbing the soreness from my legs and gazing at her summit. Zeke sat beside me, his head also turned upward, and offered me his bag of peanuts.

Matthew Fontis

SORROW

She never won at Monopoly. She could have, she knew, for she was smarter than the boys with whom she played. But she knew that if she won, they would cry and call her a cheater and dump the board upside down. She would have to pick it all up. It had happened before. It was easier to let them win because then they continued to play with her.

She played baseball with boys, too. She was a fast runner and could throw and hit. But after she struck out Marcus, the

rest of the boys laughed at him for losing to a girl. He refused to speak to her for three days. In the next game she asked Marcus to pinch hit for her. He hit a double and drove in a run. He was a hero. She felt better.

She worshipped Pippi Longstocking, Caddie Woodlawn, Harriet the Spy, and Jo March. They were tomboys and rebels. They defied authority and beat the boys. They were independent, courageous, confident. She longed to live as carefree as they, but she knew from experience that she shouldn't beat the boys. She lived vicariously through books and was quiet and humble and settled for second place. The boys were happy.

Every evening she watched her mother prepare a home-cooked dinner for her father. Sometimes her mother was tired or sick, but she never missed making a meal because her father expected it. He always thanked her mother for dinner, and her mother always answered, "It was nothing, honey." That puzzled her, for she saw the amount of work that her mother put into each meal. Her father sometimes helped with the dishes, but usually her mother sent him off to rest after his long day.

She entered high school and puberty at the same time. When her figure changed from a little boy's into a young woman's, she cried. She wore two shirts, even in the summer, so no one could detect the outline of her bra. She cut her hair short and wore jeans every day. Her mother sighed and wondered if she would ever wear a dress. Her father warned her that she'd have to cut down on snacks and desserts or she would get fat. Her friends invited her to parties but she rarely went. She wanted to play frisbee or go sledding but her friends, wearing mascara and short skirts, drank beer, smoked pot and made out with boys instead.

She met a boy in college who liked to play frisbee. It was on a cross-country ski trip in January. In February they went rock climbing and kissed on Valentine's Day. In March they studied together in the afternoon and ran through the dark streets at night. She showed him her poetry and he played love songs on his guitar for her. In April he asked her to make love. She said no. Suddenly, he became very busy, too busy to see her anymore. She wrote him a letter that said I'm sorry I was insensitive it was my fault - I'm sorry I hurt you please forgive me. In May she was lonely, depressed, confused. She wondered if she should have said yes, for she missed him terribly. She called him and asked him if he wanted to go running. He said maybe some other time. Have a good summer.

In graduate school she met women who lived the ideals of Pippi and Caddie and Harriet and Jo. They encouraged her to read Alice Walker, Zora Neale Hurston, Toni Morrison. She felt, for the first time, that she could be powerful as a woman.

The men liked her because she was quiet, demure, adoring. But with her newfound courage, she stopped pretending. When she voiced her opinion which differed from theirs, they stopped smiling. "What's her problem?" they asked each other. "She's probably on the rag." They laughed, and she was silent again.

Alyssa from a woman's group invited her to join her health club. Her boyfriend grew uneasy. He used to say he loved her. He asked her to marry him. She said yes and devoted her life to making him happy. But now her boyfriend watched with increasing distaste as the muscles in her shoulders and neck and arms grew. Finally he told her that she looked more like a linebacker than a woman. He was physically repulsed. She said I'm sorry I disgust you it's my fault I'm sorry.

The next week she saw him at a party with his arm draped around a tiny woman in a peach crepe dress. He pretended not to notice her and moved his hand down the woman's bare back to her petite buttocks. The woman shivered and laughed. She left the party in humiliation. At home she put on a big grey sweat-shirt and ate a whole pint of oreo ice cream. In the morning she cancelled her membership at the health club and joined a diet center.

He called the next week and asked how she was. She said fine. He told her that he made it to the finals in his squash tournament. He said she sounded great and that he'd see her around.

She hung up and wondered why she couldn't tell him the truth. Why couldn't she say, "I'm not fine. I hurt." Because she can't hurt. She's happy, cheerful, sweet, giving. She can compliment and congratulate, but she won't complain. She can ask others if they hurt and help to ease their pain, but she is always fine. Because she can't hurt, she will smile. She will hide. And she will eat to stuff down her pain. Once she's eaten so much that her stomach hurts as much as her heart, she will stick her finger down her throat and get rid of the food. She will hate herself for doing it. She will believe that he was right to throw her away.

She wanted to say it. She wanted to scream at the top of her lungs, "Fuck you! Fuck you for crushing my ego and ripping my heart into pieces! Fuck you for leading me to believing that I was worth something and that you cared!" But of course she couldn't. Profanity was vulgar, cheap, unladylike. She couldn't yell, that was too aggressive. She couldn't cry, for he would dismiss her as a weak, irrational, typical female. She couldn't hit, for he would think her crazy. She couldn't stand up for her rights and validate herself as a person, for then she would be a feminist, or worse, a dyke. So she apologized, and dieted, and continued to believe she was inferior.

I'm sorry it's my fault you were right I was wrong I'm sorry I'm a woman I'm sorry.

Shawn Samuelson

